

Farr's
Select Poetry

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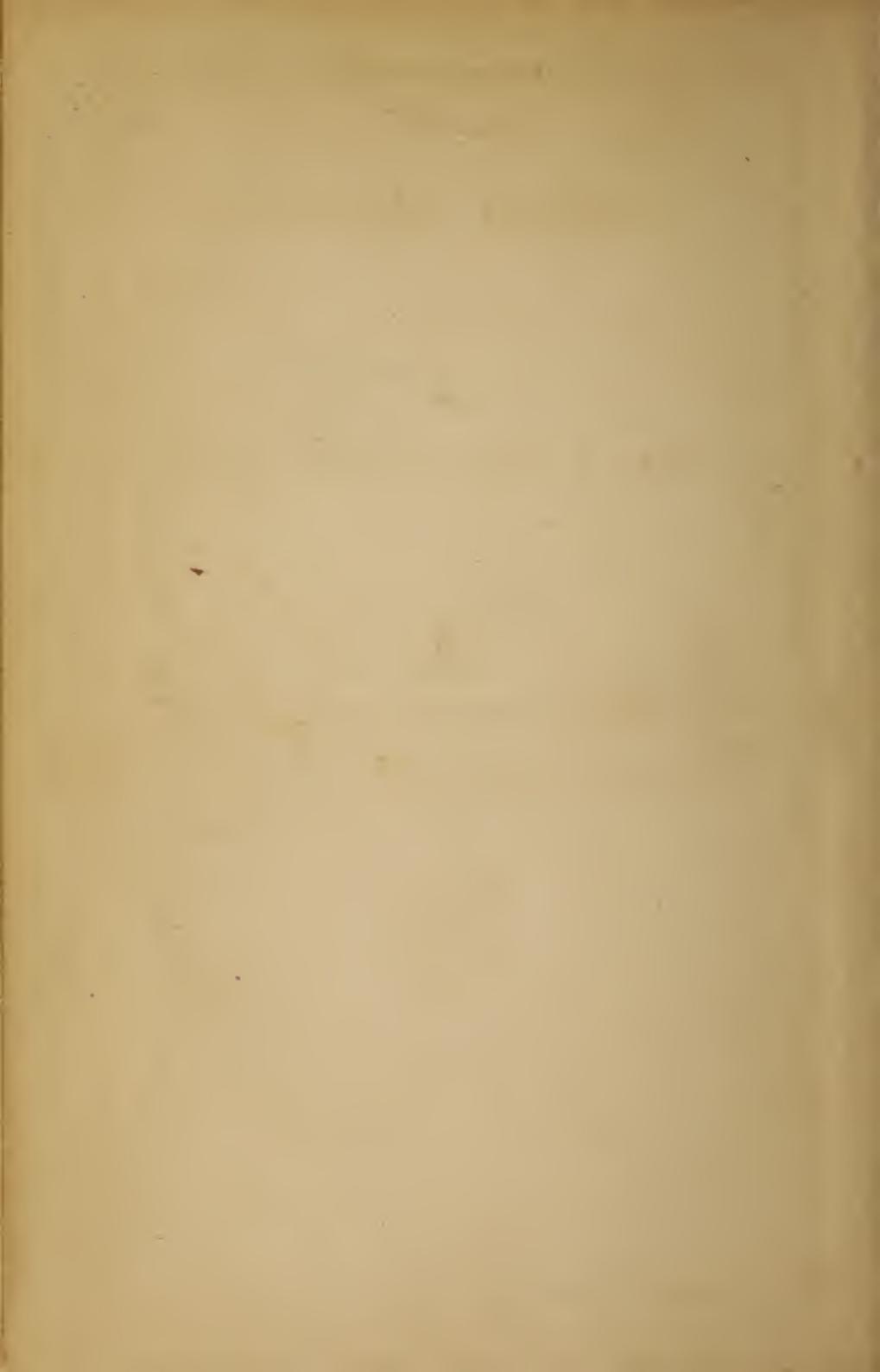
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Select Poetry

Chiefly Sacred

of the

Reign of King James the First.

COLLECTED AND EDITED

BY

EDWARD FARR, Esq.,

EDITOR OF "SELECT POETRY OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN
ELIZABETH," "GEMS OF SACRED POETRY," ETC. ETC.



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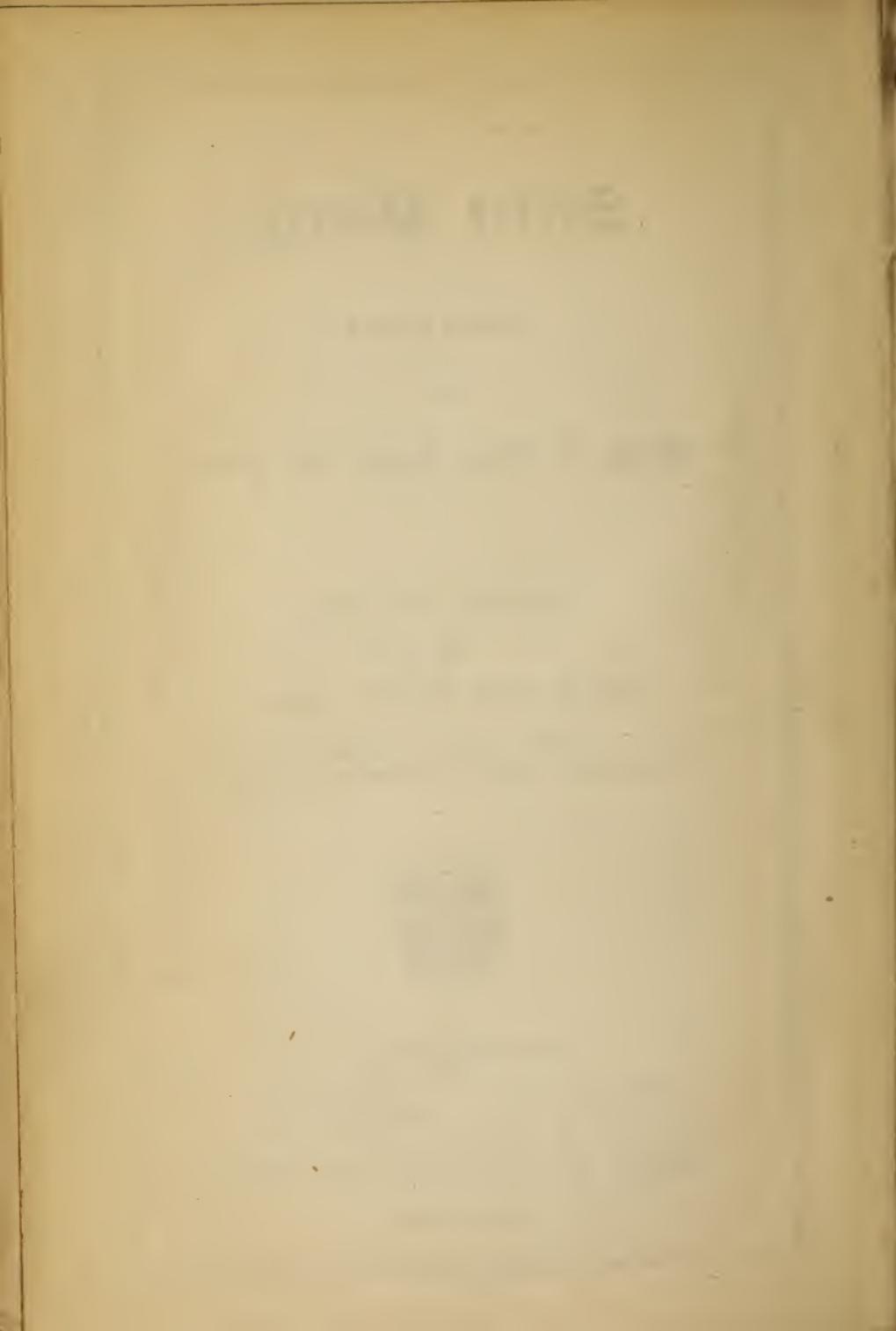
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P R E F A C E.

THIS volume of Select Sacred Poetry was suggested to the Editor in the course of his researches for the “Select Poetry of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth,” issued by the Parker Society. In those researches he met with so many unknown poets of the reign of King James—unknown, not only to the public at large, but to the lovers of poetry—that he conceived he should render some service to society by collecting specimens of the whole, and publishing them as a companion volume to those referring to the age of Queen Elizabeth.

In the pages of this volume are enumerated the names of Donne, Quarles, Herbert, Drayton, Sir John Beaumont, the Fletchers, Jonson, and others, with which the ardent reader of Sacred Poetry may be acquainted. But who, it may be asked, except the antiquarian, has heard of the names of King James, the Earl of Cumberland, Sir William Leighton, Sir John Stradling, Warren, Farley, Prickett, Peyton, Nathaniel Baxter, Æmelia Lanyer, Parkes, Willymat, Au-

gustine Taylor, Arthington, Peacham, Bulloker, Graile, Gokins, Crane, Zouche, Penuen, Lithgow, Small, Fitzgeffrey, and various others, as among England's Sacred Poets? Yet these authors will be found to be all worthy of remembrance equally with their known and more fortunate contemporaries.

It has been thought expedient to retain the original orthography, so that the extracts are literal reprints, except where obvious errors of the press have been corrected. Prefixed are brief biographical notices of the Writers from whose works selections have been made; but, as in the case of the Elizabethan Poets, so little is known of many of them, that the Editor is only able to mention their names and the titles of their books.

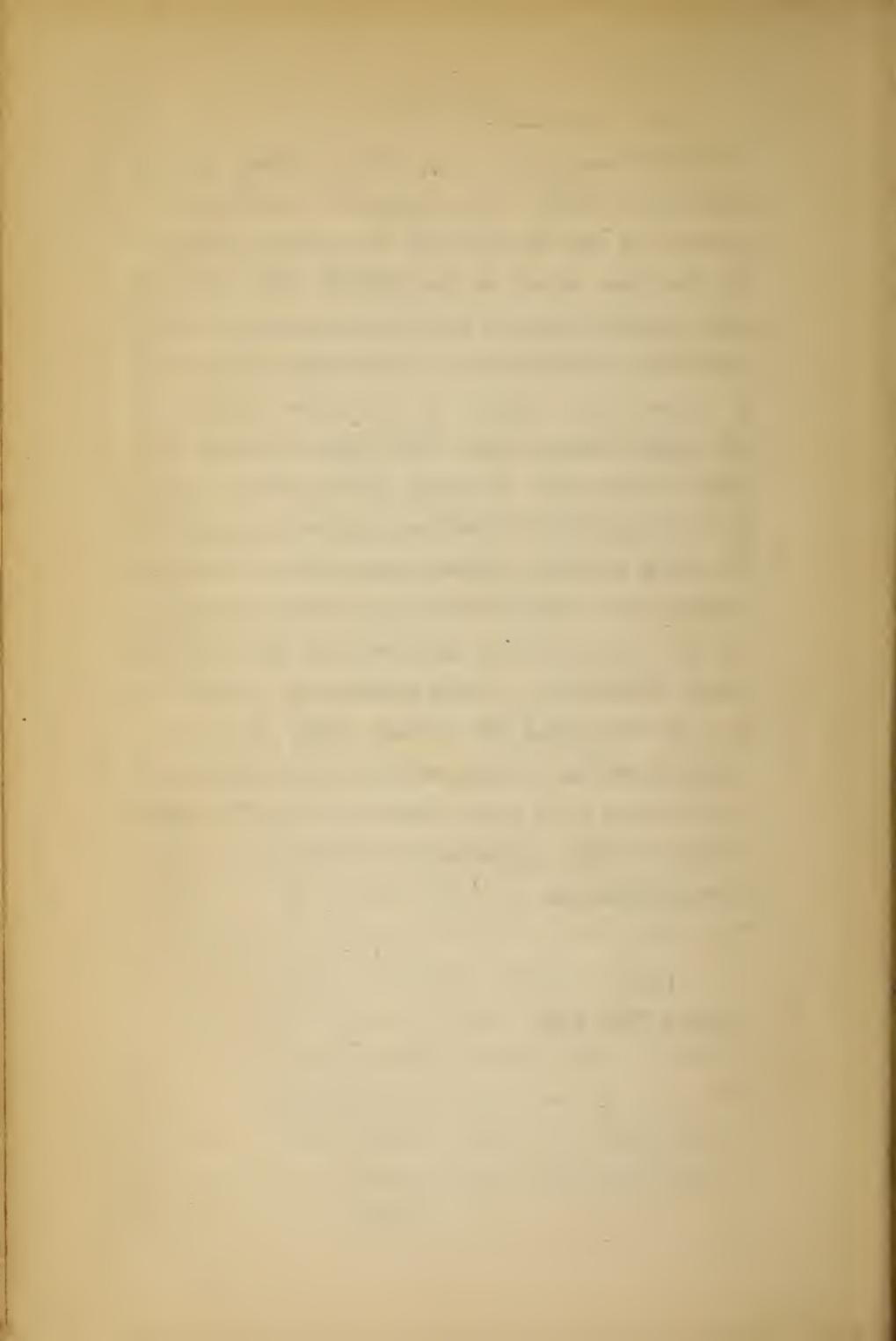
Concerning the merits of the writers in this Selection a few words will suffice. Among such a number of authors it must be expected that the talent displayed therein greatly varies; but the reader will find many pages of genuine poetry, and will, throughout the whole volume, discern purity of sentiment, devotional feeling, and solid thought. Some names there are among them not unworthy of being ranked with that prince of Sacred Poets—Milton.

The Selection has been derived from printed books and MSS. The material has been discovered in the public and in private libraries. All the rich stores in the British Museum and other public libraries have been examined diligently by the Editor, his anxious wish being to recover the names of the olden writers of his native tongue from the utter oblivion with which the lapse of ages had covered them and to render the Selection complete as possible. He must confess, however, that after all his researches the volume would have been incomplete but for the kind aid afforded him by William Henry Miller, Esq. That gentlemen pointed out to, and furnished the editor with, many rare volumes not to be met with in any other library than his own; for which kindness he gladly avails himself of this opportunity of making a public acknowledgment.

E. F.

IVER,

January 30th, 1847.

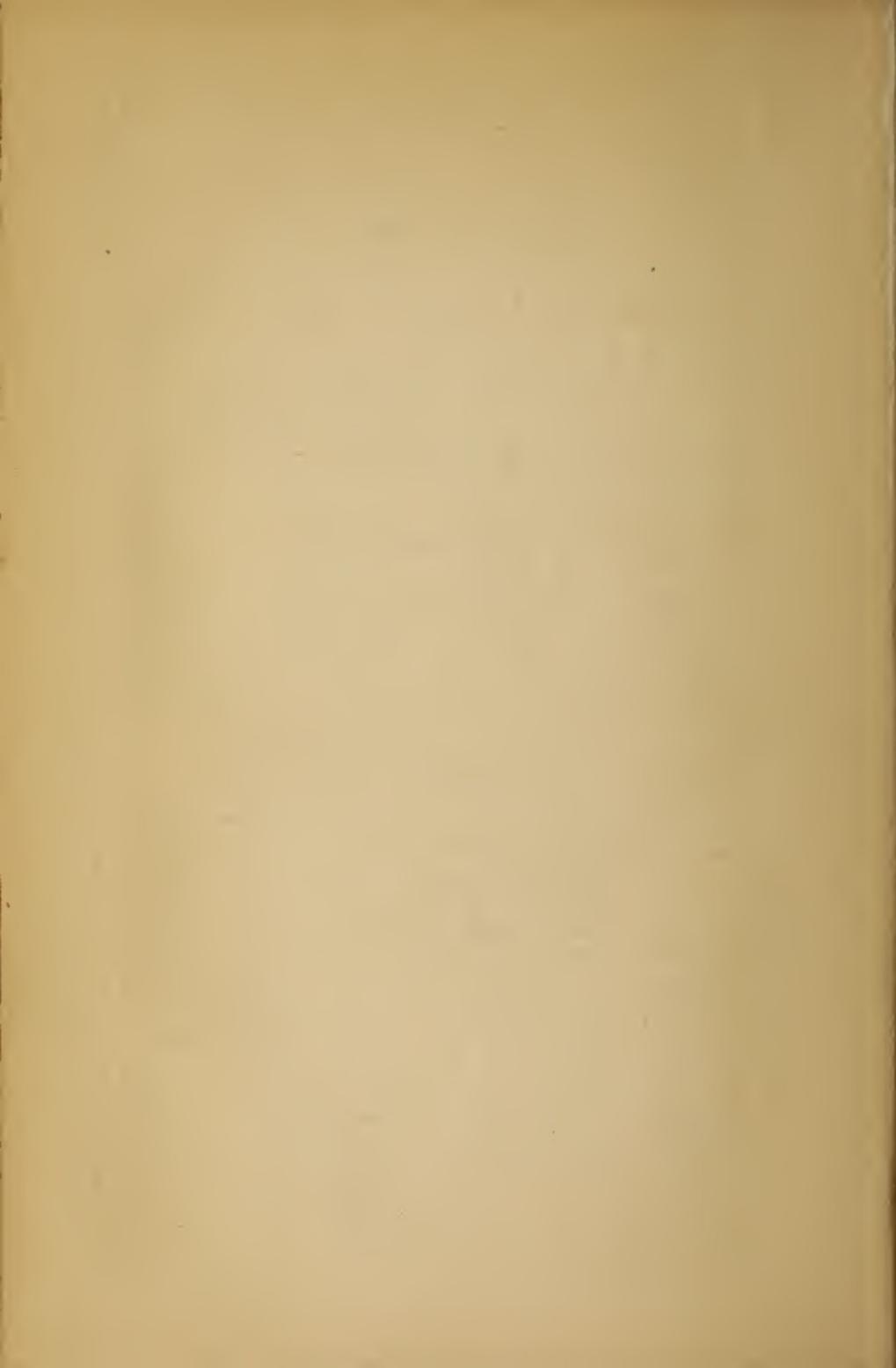


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BRIEF NOTICES OF THE WRITERS IN THIS SELECTION.

I.

KING JAMES I.

LIKE his predecessor, King James I. wrote poetry. His majesty, indeed, was ambitious of being handed down to posterity as a royal poet. Two of his productions have afforded specimens for this Selection. One of these is entitled, "His Maiestie's Poeticall Exercises at Vacant Hours." This volume consists of a translation of the "Furies," selected from Du Bartas, and the "Lepanto," an original poem. The "Lepanto," from which our extract is given, consists of about nine hundred lines, besides two chorusses at the end: the first, *Chorus Venetus*, and the second, *Chorus Angelorum*. The other volume alluded to is a translation of "The Psalms of King David," which was first published at Oxford in 1631. It does not appear certain, however, that his Majesty was the author of that Psalter in the whole. In his address to the reader in the "Poeticall Exercises," the Royal Author writes: "Rough and unpolished as they are, I offer them unto thee: which being well accepted, will move me to haste the presenting unto thee of my Apocalyps, and also such nomber of the Psalms as I have perfited, and encourage me to the ending of the rest." His Majesty, however, was either not sufficiently encouraged, or his kingly care prevented him from completing his good design. Bishop Williams, in the sermon which he preached on the death of the royal Author, and which was published with the title of "Great Britain's Salomon," says, in allusion to the

work under consideration : “ This translation he was in hand with, when God called him to sing Psalms with the angels. He intended to have finished and dedicated it to the only saint of his devotion—the Church of Great Britain and that of Ireland. This work was staid in the one and thirtieth Psalm.” A MS. in the British Museum in the handwriting of King James, comprising versions more or less perfect of thirty one Psalms, corroborates the bishop’s testimony ; and the real truth appears to be concerning the entire Psalter which bears his name, that his Majesty wrote some of the Psalms, and that the rest were written by William Alexander, of Menstrie, earl of Stirling. Brown bears his testimony to this fact in his Introduction to the authorised Scotch Version.

II.

JOHN DONNE.

THIS celebrated poet and preacher of the reign of King James was the first and the most vigorous of that poetical school, which critics have held up to ridicule under the character of “ metaphysical.” His collected poems were first published after his death, which took place in 1631, under the title of “ Poems, Letters, and Elegies.” Ben Jonson predicted that Donne would perish as a poet, for want of being understood. His great offence appears to be harshness of versification ; but admitting that he is frequently rugged and sometimes obscure, this once favourite writer may nevertheless be pronounced to be a true and often a delightful poet.

III.

ANONYMOUS.

IN the Harleian MSS. there is a small volume bound in white vellum, entitled “ A Handful of Celestiall Flowers ; viz. Divers selected Psalms of David in verse, differently translated from those used in the

Church ; Divers Meditations upon our Saviour's Passion ; Certain Hymnes or Carrolls for Christmas Daie ; A Divine Pastorell Eglogue ; Meditations upon the 1st and 13th verses of y^e 17 Chap. of Job. Composed by divers worthie and learned gentlemen. Manuscrib'd by R. Cr." The Psalms in this MS. are verbatim copies of those in another Harl. MS., and were written by Francis and Christopher Davison and others. Specimens of these may be found in the "Select Poetry of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth." The "Pastorell Eglogue" was written by T. Randolph, and will be found under his name. The "Meditations, Hymns, and Carolls," are partly anonymous, and it does not appear by whom the Meditations on the 17th Chapter of Job were written. It is from this part of this curious volume that the annexed specimens are derived. The "Handful of Celestial Flowers" was compiled by Ralph Crane, himself a poet, for a new-year's gift to Sir Francis Ashley, Knt.; and it subsequently belonged to Lady Henrietta Holles, daughter of John, last Duke of Newcastle of that name, who married Edward Harley, second Earl of Oxford, whence it came into the Harleian Collection.

IV.

SIMION GRAHAME.

SIMION GRAHAME was the son of Archibald Grahame, a burgess of Edinburgh. He was born about 1570, and was indebted for a liberal education to King James VI. of Scotland. After he left school he successively became a traveller, soldier, and courtier. In the beginning of the next century he returned from his travels, and in 1604 dedicated to his early patron, then king of England, a small collection of poems under the title of "A Passionate Sparke of a relenting minde." He also wrote a work entitled "Passionado," and another of prose interspersed with poetry, denominated "The Anatomie of Hvnors." He died in 1614.

V.

W. A.

These initials are found to some of the “Hymnes and Carrols,” in the “Handful of Celestial Flowers” described above.

VI.

B. N.

IN 1614, a small volume 4to was published, with the brief title of “I would and would not,” and the address to the reader is signed B. N., the inverted initials, it is supposed, of Nicholas Breton. The poem consists of 174 stanzas, and the volume of twenty-two leaves only.

VII.

GILES FLETCHER.

THIS author was born in the city of London, about the year 1588. He was the son of Dr. Giles Fletcher, and nephew of Richard Fletcher, Bishop of London. He was educated at Westminster School, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. While at Cambridge, and apparently before he took his bachelor’s degree, Fletcher wrote his noble poem entitled “Christ’s Victorie;” the first edition of which appeared in 1610. About two years after he received ordination, and he subsequently became rector of Alderton in Suffolk, where he died about 1623. Mr. Willmott, in his “Lives of Sacred Poets,” justly remarks that this author “has not received the attention due to his genius, either from his contemporaries or from posterity.” “Christ’s Victorie” is, indeed, one of the finest religious poems in the English language. It consists of four cantos, and in every part his “golden phrases flie,” in a stream of “choicest rhetorie.”

VIII.

HENRY AINSWORTH.

THIS writer was one of the Non-conforming Clergy, who in 1604 left this country, and went to reside in Amsterdam. While there he wrote and published "The Booke of Psalmes : Englished both in prose and metre ;" a copy of which is in the possession of the Editor. The version is accompanied with musical notes, and at the end there is a mass of learned annotations, which obtained the warm praise of Dr. Doddridge. Mr. Ainsworth died about 1623, leaving an "exemplary character for humility, sobriety, discretion, and unblameable virtue."

IX.

SIR EDWIN SANDYS.

SIR EDWARD SANDYS wrote "Sacred Hymns : consisting of Fifte Select Psalms of David and others, paraphristically turned into English verse. And by Robert Tailour set to be sung in five parts, and also to the Viole, and Lute, or Orph-arion. Published for the use of such as delight in the exercise of music in her original honour. London, 1616." It is uncertain whether the paraphrast was Sir Edwin Sandys, the second son of the venerable Archbishop of York, or another individual bearing both his title and his name, who lived at Latimers, in Buckinghamshire.

X.

ARTHUR WARREN.

ARTHUR WARREN wrote "The Poor Man's Passions ; and Povertie's Patience," which was published in 1605. The author inscribes this work in a copy of verses, "to his kindest favourer Maister Robert Quarme ;" probably an ancestor to his namesake the deputy-usher of the black rod in the House of Lords. The poem possesses considerable merit, though it is

occasionally diminished by an affected introduction of words, either novel in themselves, or in their formation and application.

XI.

HENRY FARLEY.

IN 1621, a volume was published entitled, “St. Paule’s Church, her bill for the parliament; as it was presented to the King’s Majestie on Midlent Sunday last; and intended for the view of that most high and honourable Court, and generally for all such as beare good will to the reflourishing estate of the said Church. Partly in verse, partly in prose. Penned and published for her good by Henry Farley, author of her Complaint.” This book consists of only twenty leaves, and has no printer’s or publisher’s name. The stanzas introduced into this volume from the poetical portion of Farley’s work, were, as he writes, “Given to his Majesty when he tooke coach at Theobalds, in his highnesse progresse to Scotland; as my faithfull farewell, or faire wish to the good success of his sacred Majestie, and of all his noble, reverend, and worthy followers, etc.”

XII.

GEORGE HERBERT.

“THE divine Herbert” published his principal poetical work, entitled “The Temple,” in the reign of King Charles, but in Playford’s Music Book there are seven Psalms attributed to him which appear to have been written in the period to which this volume refers. One of these is given under his name.

XIII.

ANONYMOUS.

THE pages derived from this author are from MSS. in the possession of the Editor. The volume, which

consists of about eighty pages, appears to have been written about 1620. It consists of songs and spiritual lays, the whole of which have poetical merit, but carnal thoughts and heavenly desires occasionally strangely agglomerate.

XIV.

ROBERT PRICKET.

IN 1606 a book was “imprinted by George Eld,” and “sold by John Hodgetts,” with this singular title: “Time’s Anatomie. Containing the poore man’s plaint, Briton’s trouble and her triumph, the Pope’s pride, Rome’s treasons and her destruction. Affirming that Gog and Magog both shall perish, the Church of Christ shall flourish, Judea’s race shall be restored, and the manner how this mightie work shall be accomplished. Made by Robert Pricket, a souldier; and dedicated to all the lords of his Majestie’s most honourable privie councell.” In this poem theological and secular concernments mingle in the mind of the soldier author with very sensible reflections on both.

XV.

ANONYMOUS.

THE extracts from this author are derived from Sir Egerton Brydges’ “Restituta,” who printed them from a MS. in the possession of the Rev. H. J. Todd. This MS. was noticed by Mr. Todd in his edition of Milton’s Poetical works, Vol. vi. It was evidently written in the age of king James, as in the epigrammatic portion there is an allusion to the “counsayle” of that monarch, which it is pungently said,

“Made wise men mad, and mad men wise.”

XVI.

HENRY PETOWE.

HENRY PETOWE wrote “*Elizabeta quasi vivens. Eliza’s Funerall. A fewe Aprill Drops, showred on*

the Hearse of dead Eliza : or, the Funerall Teares of a true-hearted subject." This work was published in 1603. Petowe also wrote "England's Cæsar. His Majestie's most royall Coronation, etc.," which appeared in the same year. No notice of this author has been transmitted by any of our poetical biographers ; but it seems probable that he was some dependent on the court, as in his dedication to "Eliza's Funerall," he speaks of his private sorrows for the loss of Queen Elizabeth, and as he so quickly pays congratulation to her regal successor. This work, from which our extract is given, was dedicated "To the worthy and courteous gentleman, Mr. Richard Hildersham."

XVII.

ANONYMOUS.

In the "Catalogue of the Collection of MSS. formed by the late Benjamin Heywood Bright, Esq.," sold in June 1844 by Messrs. S. Leigh Sotheby, and Co., the article No. 186 is thus described : "Poems of the time of Queen Elizabeth, written in a beautiful clear hand on vellum ; they are of a religious character, and appear not to have been printed." This MS. subsequently came into the possession of Mr. Rodd of Newport Street, from whom it was purchased by George Stokes, Esq., of Tyndale House, Cheltenham. Since it came into the possession of Mr. Stokes, the volume has been printed and published by the Religious Tract Society ; the contents being of such a devotional character as forcibly to illustrate the principles of the immediate successors of the English Reformers. In the whole there are one hundred and six poems in the volume, chiefly sonnets of fourteen lines each ; and specimens of them are given in connection with this article. The Editor of it—Mr. Stokes—justly remarks concerning them : "The general tone of doctrine, with the sentiments pervading the whole, will, it is trusted, amply satisfy the reader, if any part should not fully meet his wishes, either as

to the matter or the manner in which they are set forth. The rhythm is often rugged, as is usual in other poetry of that day ; but it is free from the false glitter, affected antithesis, and laborious pedantry, which characterize most of the contemporaneous versification, while the force, beauty, and simplicity of many expressions, give this little work a high place among ancient English poetry."

XVIII.

EARL OF CUMBERLAND.

IN the Bodleian Library is a MS. entitled, "Poetical Translations of some Psalms, and the Song of Solomon, with other Divine Poems. By that noble and religious soule, now sainted in heaven, the right honourable Henry, Earl of Cumberland, Lord Clifford, Vipont, Brumflet and Vessey, Lord of Westmoreland, and of the Honour of Skipton." Henry Clifford, the fifth and last Earl of Cumberland, who wrote this MS., was born in 1591, and died at York, in December 1643. The MS. is in quarto, and contains thirty-eight leaves ; comprising sixteen Psalms in metre ; David's Lamentation over Saul and Jonathan ; The Song of Solomon, in eight chapters ; An Historical Meditation upon the Birth, Life, Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension of Christ ; and Meditations upon the Holy Days of our Calendar.

XIX.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

THE works of this poet, who was born 1563, and died in 1631, were published, partly in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and partly in that of King James. The extracts in this volume are from his poems entitled "David," and "Noah." Drayton enjoyed a high degree of popularity during the greater part of his long life, and his name is still regarded with a high degree of respect. His principal works are the "Poly-Ol-

bion," "Ideas," "The Barons' Wars," and "England's Heroical Epistles," all of which are remarkable for historical research, extensive knowledge, and correctness of versification.

XX.

JOHN VICARS.

JOHN VICARS was an enthusiastic Calvinistic writer, who was born in London in 1582, and died in 1652. His writings for the most part are satirical, and written in prose; but, besides other things, he wrote and published "England's Hallelujah for God's gracious Benediction; with some Psalms of David in verse." His Psalms are after the fashion of the age, chiefly applied to contemporaneous events. Thus Psalm cxxiii. is "Paraphrased by way of thanksgiving for the great deliverances from the Papist Powder Plot:—

King David against the Philistines;
King James against the Antichristians."

XXI.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

FRANCIS QUARLES was born in 1592, and died in 1642. He was a writer of the age of King James, and in that of Charles I. Those poems which he published within the period to which this volume refers, were, "A Feast for Wormes," "Pentelogia," "The History of Queen Ester," "Job Militant," "The Historie of Samson," "Sion's Sonets," "Sion's Elegies," and "Funerall Elegies," with some few minor poems. Of Quarles as a writer, Mr. Willmott remarks: "It has been the misfortune of this poet to realize his own aphorism, that 'Shame is the chronical disease of popularity, and that from fame to infamy is a beaten road.' The favourite of Lord Essex, and the sometimes darling of the 'plebeian judgments,' is now known to many only in the ridicule of Pope. But Quarles will live in spite of the Dunciad. His manly

vigour, his uncompromising independence, his disinterested patriotism, and his exalted piety, cannot be entirely forgotten. These are flowers whose blossoms no neglect can wither." Perhaps the most popular poem of Quarles is his "Emblems," which first appeared in 1635, and which appears to have been imitations of some Emblems written in Latin by Herman Hugo, a Jesuit. The Emblems of Quarles were addressed to his "beloved friend Edward Benlowes," to whom he says, "You have put the theorbo [a kind of lute] into my hand, and I have played: you gave the musician the first encouragement; the music returneth to you for patronage." From the various works of Quarles a rich volume of genuine poetry might be compiled, and should such a volume be published, it would redeem his name from the contempt into which it has so undeservedly fallen.

XXII.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT was born in 1582, and died in 1623. He was the elder brother of Francis Beaumont, the celebrated colleague of Fletcher. His known poetical remains are comprised in a small volume of miscellaneous poems, of which the longest is on the battle of Bosworth Field. His contemporaries speak of his having written the "Crown of Thorns," a poem in eight books, but this is apparently lost to posterity. Winstanley, in his "Honour of Parnassus," speaks of Sir John Beaumont, as one of "the great souls of numbers," and his poems certainly possess great merit. The chief recommendation of them is, however, that they are all dedicated to the service of virtue and piety: no mean praise for a writer of the times in which he lived.

XXIII.

EDMUND DEE.

DEE'S "Verses against Popery" are an odd collection of verses, somewhat after the contexture of ballad-

verses. They are inscribed “to the noble, worthie, renowned prince, King James.” They are in MS. in the Royal collection in the British Museum, and were written in the summer of 1603. The composition professes to be,

An Exhortation for all those
That are blinded with idolatry;
They hate the light and walk in darknesse,
Deceiving themselves.

XXIV.

BENJAMIN JONSON.

THE principal works of this celebrated author are masques, comedies, tragedies, etc., but he wrote a few pieces of religious poetry, which are of a very high order. Jonson was born in 1574, and died in 1637.

XXV.

CHRISTOPHER LEVER.

THIS author, of whom little is known, wrote “Queen Elizabeth’s Teares: or her resolute bearing the Christian Crosse inflicted on her by the persecuting hands of Steven Gardner, bishop of Winchester in the bloodie time of Queene Marie.” This poem, which consists of only thirty-one leaves, was published in 1607, and was dedicated “To the right honourable Lord Robert Erle of Salisburie, etc.” The poem is written in praise of Queen Elizabeth, as Defender of the true Faith against the errors of popery. Subsequently Lever issued another poem entitled the “Crucifixe,” which is chiefly descriptive of our Saviour’s sufferings and crucifixion.

XXVI.

THOMAS DEKKER.

THOMAS DEKKER was a dramatic writer of the reign of King James. Like most of the poets of his age,

however, he sometimes touched on holier themes, and the extracts annexed, which are taken from a rare poem entitled "Dekker's Dream," and which was published in 1620, bears evidence of great poetic power. The poem is dedicated "to the truly accomplished gentleman, and worthy deserver of all men's loves, Endymion Porter."

'XXVII.

ANONYMOUS.

IN 1611 was published a small work quarto, and consisting of only twenty-four pages, entitled "The Passion of a Discontented Mind." This work, which possesses considerable merit, appeared anonymously, but it is supposed by some to be the production of Nicholas Breton.

XXVIII.

THOMAS PEYTON.

THIS author, who was a gentleman of Lincoln's Inn, wrote "The Glasse of Time," which appeared in 1620. The poem is divided into two parts; "The Glasse of Time in the first Age," and "The Glasse of Time in the Second Age." The work is illustrated with wood-cuts, which remind the reader of the quaint engravings accompanying Quarles's Emblems. The poem is dedicated "To the Right Honourable Francis Lord Verulam, Lord Chancellor of England." It exhibits deep acquaintance with Scripture history, with much learning and piety.

XXIX.

JOHN DAVIES.

SPECIMENS from this writer have been introduced into the "Select Poetry of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth." Those of his works from which extracts are given in these pages, are entitled "The Holy Roode, etc." 1609; and "Humour's Heaven on Earth; with the

Civil Warres of Death and Fortune, as also the Triumphs of Death : or, the Picture of the Plague, according to the life, as it was in Anno Domini, 1603." This work was also published in 1609. "Humour's Heaven on Earth" has a two-fold dedication : one to Algernon, Lord Percy, and the other to "the Ladie Dorothie and Ladie Lucie Percies."

XXX.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

PHINEAS FLETCHER, the brother of Giles Fletcher, was born in 1584, and died in 1650. He was a clergyman of the Church of England ; having the living of Hilgay, in Norfolk, which was presented to him by Sir Henry Willoughby. The principal poem of this author is "The Purple Island," a poem in twelve cantos, containing an allegorical description of the body and soul of man. As a whole, this poem would not suit the taste of the modern reader, but it abounds with rich and picturesque passages. Besides this poem, Phineas Fletcher wrote "Piscatory Eclogues," and translated a few of the Psalms of David in verse.

XXXI.

WILLIAM HALL.

WILLIAM HALL wrote "Mortalitie's Meditation ; or, a Description of Sinne : with a definition and plaine setting forth of Man's three chiefest and greatest enemies ; to wit, the World, the Flesh, and the Divill. 1624."

XXXII.

RACHEL SPEGHT

WROTE "Mortalitie's Memorandvm : with a Dreame prefixed, imaginarie in manner, real in matter. 4to. 1621."

XXXIII.

SIMON WASTILL.

SIMON WASTILL, "sometime of Queen's College in Oxford," and, subsequently, "Schoolmaster of the Free School in Northampton," was the author of "A True Christian's Daily Delight: being the summe of every chapter of the Old and New Testament, etc." 1623.

XXXIV.

ROBERT AYLETT.

IN 1622 Dr. Robert Aylett published a volume entitled, "Peace, with her Fovre Gardens; viz., Five Moral Meditations of Concord, Chastitie, Constant Courtesie, Gravitie. Also Thrift's Eqvipage; and Svsanna, or the Arrangement of the two Vnjust Elders." In 1623 he published "Joseph, or Pharoah's favourite," and posterior to the reign of King James, "Divine Speculations in Metrical Numbers," and "A Wife, not ready made, but bespoken by Dicus, the Batchelor, and made up for him by his fellow-shepherd, Tityrus: in four Pastorall Elegogues." The latter poem, however strange the title may appear, is nevertheless of a religious nature.

XXXV.

AUGUSTINE TAYLOR.

AUGUSTINE TAYLOR, "Preacher at Hawarden," wrote "Diuine Epistles: dedicated to the Right Honble or Worthy Guests inuited to ye Nuptialls of the Great King's Sonne, etc.," in which volume is included a poem entitled "News from Jerusalem." This volume was published in 1623.

XXXVI.

ANONYMOUS.

IN 1617 a volume was published with the title of "Machivell's Dogge." This is the sum of the title-

page, except that it sets forth that it was “printed by Bernard Alsop for Richard Higginbotham,” and was to be “solde at his shop at the signe of the Cardinal’s Hatte, near St. Sepulchre’s Church.”

XXXVII.

W. PARKES.

W. PARKES wrote “The Curtain-drawer of the World : or the Chamberlaine of that great scene of iniquity. Where Vice in a rich embroidered gown of velvet rides a horse-back like a judge ; and Virtue in a thrid bare cloak full of patches goes a foote like a drudge. Where he that hath most mony may be most merry, and he that hath none at all wants a friend he shall daily have cause to remember to grieue for.” This rare work, which is partly prose and partly poetry, was published in 4to, 1612.

XXXVIII.

GEORGE WITHER.

THIS celebrated poet was born in 1588, and died in 1667. His chief works are, “Prince Henry’s Obsequies ; or Mournful Elegies upon his Death ;” “A Satire, written to the King’s most Excellent Majesty ;” “Epithalamia : or Nuptial Poems upon the most blessed and happy Marriage between the High and Mightie Prince Frederic the Fifth, Count Palatine of the Rhine, Duke of Bavier, etc., and the most virtuous, gracious, and thrice-excellent Princess Elizabeth, sole daughter to our dread Sovereign James etc. ;” “The Shepherds Hunting ;” “The Moth ;” “Hymns and Songs of the Church ;” “Fair Virtue, or Mistress of Phil’arete ;” “Abuses Stript and Whipt ;” “Britain’s Remembrancer ;” “Emblems, Ancient and Modern ;” and “Epigrams.” These works were all collected and printed “for John Budge, dwelling in St. Paul’s Church Yard, at the Sign of the Green Dragon, 1622.” A reprint of this collection appeared not

many years ago, and a few copies may now occasionally be met with. Of this writer, Mr. Montgomery observes : “ There are scattered throughout his multifarious and very unequal productions, many passages of great beauty and excellence. He was avowedly a Christian poet, though he frequently lost his Christian meekness in the heat of polemics ; but his zeal carried with it every evidence of honesty ; and he was a sufferer, almost to martyrdom, both for his loyalty and his orthodoxy, in the troublous times in which he lived. That he was a poet can never be questioned by any reader, who has taste and sensibility enough to understand and enjoy the exquisitely affecting confession of his obligations to the Muse. That he was a Christian will be as little questioned by those who are most extensively acquainted with the character of his religious compositions.”

XXXIX.

JOSEPH HALL.

JOSEPH HALL, the learned Bishop of Norwich, was born in 1574, and died in 1647. He is chiefly known as an author by his prose works, and “ Vergidemiarum ;” but his name is introduced into these pages as the author of “ The Note of Divine Meditations,” in which there are some select psalms, which was published in 1607.

XL.

WILLIAM WILLYMAT

WROTE “ A Prince’s Looking-Glasse : or a Prince’s Direction, requisite and necessary for a Christian Prince, etc.” 1603.

XLI.

ANONYMOUS.

THIS author wrote “ Apollo Christian : or Helicon Reformed.” This volume was published in 1617, and was dedicated to the Duke of Northumberland.

XLII.

ÆMILIA LANYER.

IN 1611 was published a work entitled “*Salve Deus : Rex Judæorum* : containing, The Passion of Christ ; Eue’s Apologie in Defence of Women ; The Teares of the Daughters of Jerusalem ; The Salutation and Sorrow of the Virgin Marie. Written by Mistress Æmilie Lanyer, wife to Captain Alfonso Lanyer, servant to the King’s Majestie.”

XLIII.

SIR JOHN STRADLING.

SIR JOHN STRADLING wrote “*Beati Pacifici : a Divine Poem,*” which was published in 1623. This work is thus dedicated to King James : “To the Sacred Majestie of my dread Soveraigne Lord the King :

These verses present in your royal view,
Presumed not to presse into this roome :
Both brought as prisoners to receive from you,
Or death or life, as likes you best, the doome.
Thus the Author and his rimes both prostrate lie,
And as your highnesse says, say they and I.”

At a later date the poetical knight published a volume of Divine Poems.

XLIV.

NATHANIEL BAXTER.

IN 1606 a work was published, entitled “*Sir Philip Sydney’s Ourania : That is, Endimion’s Song and Tragedie, containing all Philosophie.*” This work has the initials N. B. on the title-page, whence some have supposed that it was written by Nicholas Breton, but it is now known to have been written by Nathaniel Baxter, who was tutor to Sir Philip Sidney.

XLV.

NICHOLAS BRETON.

THIS author wrote chiefly in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The extracts in this volume are from “Honest Counsaile: A merry fitte of a poetical furie; good to read, better to follow, 1605;” and “Invective: the Hate of Treason, 1616.”

XLVI.

GEORGE RALEIGH.

GEORGE RALEIGH wrote “Christe on his Crosse: or the Holy Lambe’s Funerall,” which was first published in 1624. This poem is written in six-line stanzas, and inscribed “to the virtuous and worthy gentlewoman, Mrs. Anne Monson, daughter to that truly noble knight, Sir William Monson, of Kenersley in Surrey.”

XLVII.

RO. VN.

Ro. Vn.—Vaughan or Underwood—“Bachelor of Divinitie,” wrote a small poem which consists of only a few pages.

XLVIII.

— JEROM.

THIS author wrote “Origen’s Repentance, after he had sacrificed to the idols of the heathen, gathered from Suidas, Niceporvs, etc. Divided into Origen’s fearful fall; his behaviour in it; his worthy and sound conversion.” This work was published in 1619.

XLIX.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

SIR HENRY WOTTON, whose name is familiar to the readers of the pleasing narrative written by Isaac

Walton, was the author of a few minor poems possessing sufficient merit to have survived to our times. He was born in 1568, and died in 1640.

L.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THE poem annexed to this celebrated name is claimed for Sir Walter Raleigh by Sir Egerton Brydges, on the authority of the signature “*Ignoto* ;” a signature generally used by him. Sir Egerton Brydges remarks : “ If we admit this to be Raleigh’s, what shall we say to the foul charge of Atheism, or even Deism, which has been made against him. The second and third stanzas are vigorous and sublime.”

LI.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

GEORGE CHAPMAN was the author of a great many dramatic works, and some miscellaneous poems. Extracts are given in these pages from his “*Euthymiae Raptus ; or the Teares of Peace, 1609, etc.*” “ There is a grave and masculine morality,” says Sir Egerton Brydges, “ in most of Chapman’s productions, which renders them deserving of particular notice : his personal character seems to have corresponded with his writings. Oldys remarks that the head of Chapman was a treasury or chronicle of whatever was memorable among the poets of his time ; and that he preserved in his own conduct the true dignity of poetry, which he compared to the sun-flower, that disdains to open its leaves to a smoking taper. Drayton calls him Reverend Chapman, and Wood pronounced him to have been a ‘ person of a most reverent aspect, religious, and temperate ;’ qualities rarely meeting in a poet.”

LII.

EDWARD HAKE.

THIS author wrote both in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and in that of King James. In these pages ex-

tracts are inserted from his work entitled “Of Golde’s Kingdome and this our unhelping Age. Described in sundry poems, intermixededly placed after certain other poems of more speciall respect, etc. 1604.”

LIII.

RICHARD CORBET.

RICHARD CORBET, Bishop of Norwich, was born in 1582, and died in 1635. He wrote “Miscellaneous Poems,” from which “An Elegie on Dr. Ravis, Bishop of London,” is here given.

LIV.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, EARL OF STIRLING.

THIS noble author was born in 1580, and died in 1640. His principal writings consist of poems entitled “Doomes Day, Aurora, etc.,” and some portion of the version of Psalms ascribed to King James.

LV.

HENRY ARTHINGTON.

HENRY ARTHINGTON wrote “Principall Points of Holy Profession, touching these three estates of Mankind: 1. Their Creation; 2. Their Subversion; 3. Their Restoration. Wherein, 1. God’s Mercifulnesse; 2. Satan’s Maliciousnesse; 3. And Man’s Weaknesse, is made manifeste. 4to, 1607.”

LVI.

SIR WILLIAM LEIGHTON.

IN 1614 a work was published entitled “The Teares, or Lamentacions of a Sorrowfull Soule. Composed with Musical Ayres and Songs both for Voyces and divers Instruments. Set forth by Sir William Leighton, Knight, one of his Majestie’s Honourable Band

of Gentlemen Pensioners. And all Psalms that consist of so many feete as the fiftieth Psalm will go to the foure parts for consort." This volume was published in folio.

LVII.

RICHARD BRATHWAITE.

RICHARD BRATHWAITE was the author of numerous dramatic works. The extracts in these pages are derived from "The Golden Fleece. Whereunto bee annexed two Elegies, entitled Narcissus' Change, and Æson's Dotage, 1611;" and "Remains after Death: including, by way of Introduction, divers memorable Obseruances, occasioned upon Discours of Epitaphs and Epyceds, their distinctions and definitions, seconded by approved authors, etc. 1618."

LVIII.

HENRY PEACHAM.

HENRY PEACHAM, Master of Arts, published in 1612 a work entitled "Minerva Britanna, or a Garden of Heroical Devises, furnished and adorned with Emblemes and Impresas of sundry natures, newly devised, moralized, and published." Posterior to the reign of King James, Peacham wrote "The Valley of Varietie: or Discourse fitting for the Times, containing very learned and rare passages out of antiquite, philosophy, and history."

LIX.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

SAMUEL DANIEL was tutor to Lady Anne Clifford, subsequently Countess of Pembroke, to whom several of his works are dedicated. Extracts from his Musophilus are inserted in the "Select Poetry of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth." In these pages an extract is given from "Certaine Small Poems lately printed with the Tragedie of Philotas," which was published in 1605.

LX.

THOMAS SCOT.

THOMAS SCOT wrote "Philomythie, or Philomythologie. Wherein Outlandish Birds, Beasts, and Fishes are taught to speake true English plainly," which was first published in 1616. A second edition, much enlarged, was printed in 1622, "for Francis Constable, at the White Lyon, in Paul's Churchyard."

LXI.

THOMAS RANDOLPH.

THIS poet is memorable as the adopted son of Ben Jonson. His principal works, like those of his great patron, are dramatic, but he wrote miscellaneous poems, many of which are of a Christian character. Winstanley says, "he was sententiously grave," notwithstanding the festivity of his principal poems. The Eclogue printed in this volume is derived from the MS. of "Celestiall Flowers," described in a previous article, to which the signature of "T. Randolph, gent." is annexed. This Eclogue has been reprinted in one or two modern collections of poetry, as in the "Poetry of the Seventeenth Century," edited by the Rev. R. Cattermole; but there is considerable variation in the textual reading of this MS. and the modern reprints. The genius and acquirements of Randolph, at an early age, held forth promises of great literary eminence, but they were frustrated by a premature death.

LXII.

EDMOND GRAILE.

EDMOND GRAILE wrote "Little Timothee; his lesson: or a Summarie Relation of the historicall part of Holy Scripture, plainly and familiarly comprised in meeter for the helpe of memory, and instruction of the ignorant." From the title-page of this rare volume we learn that Graile was "Master in Arts,

and Physitian of the Hospitall of St. Bartholomew, of the foundation of Queen Elizabeth in the citie of Gloucester."

LXIII.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

DRUMMOND of Hawthornden united in an eminent degree the characters of poet and historian. He wrote the history of Scotland during the reigns of the five first Jameses, and also poems, consisting of Sonnets, Epigrams, Epitaphs, and some large pieces, of which many are on moral and sacred subjects. His sonnets rank among the most perfect specimens of this kind of composition ; and in all his sacred poetry there is a genuine poetical feeling, and a natural sweetness and simplicity exhibited, which charm the reader. Ben Jonson, the contemporary of Drummond, said that his verses "smelled of the schooles," but they were generally the schools of Nature. Drummond's poems first appeared in 1616 ; but the most perfect edition of his "Flowers of Sion" was published in 1623.

LXIV.

JOHN BULLOKER.

JOHN BULLOKER wrote "A True Description of the Passion of Our Saviour Jesus Christ : as it was called by the bloodie Jewes ; and registered by the Evangelists." This was published in "English meetre. Calend. November 1618." It was printed by George Purslowe, for Samuel Pend ; and was "to be sold at his shop neere Holburne Bridge."

LXV.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

THIS author, the celebrated associate in literature with Fletcher, was born in 1585, and died in 1615. His miscellaneous poems, published after his death,

contain but little suitable to the present collection : yet there are a few pieces which entitle his name to a place among sacred poets ; and the Editor has selected the “ Funeral Elogie on the Death of the Lady Penelope Clifton,” as the least known of all his sacred pieces. The volume from which it is derived is entitled “ The Hermaphrodite, The Remedy of Love, Elegies, Sonnets, with other Poems.”

LXVI.

WILLIAM WARNER.

IN 1592 this author published “ Albion’s England : a Continued Historie of the same Kingdome, from the Originals of the first Inhabitants thereof ; and most the chiefe alterations and accidents there hapning vnto, and in the happie raigne of our now most gracious Soueraigne, Queen Elizabeth. With varieties of inuentive and historicall mixtures.” Extracts from this work are printed in the “ Select Poetry of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.” In 1612 Warner published a continuation of this work under the title : “ Albion’s England. A Continued History of the same Kingdom, from the Originals of the first Inhabitants thereof : with the most chiefe Alterations and Accidents there hapning, unto, and in the happie Raigne of our now most Soveraigne Lord King James. Not barren in Varietie of Inuentive and Historicall Intermixtures. First penned and published by William Warner ; and now revised and newly enlarged a little before his death. Whereunto is also newly added an Epitome of the Whole Historie of England.” It is from the Continuation that our extract is given in these pages.

LXVII.

LORD BACON.

It is not generally known that the great Lord Bacon paraphrased several of the Psalms. Yet his paraphrases possess considerable merit. “ The ‘ fine gold ’ of David is so thoroughly melted down with the ‘ refined silver ’ of Bacon, that the mixture shows no-

thing of ‘alloy,’ but a metal, greater indeed in bulk, and differing in show from either of its component elements, yet exhibiting at the same time a lustre wholly derived from the most precious of them.” There is not in the whole range of English poetry two finer or statelier stanzas than the first two of the psalm penned by Lord Bacon, inserted in these pages.

LXVIII.

JOHN TAYLOR.

JOHN TAYLOR, who was originally a waterman of London, and from thence is called the “water-poet,” was the author of a great number of poems published within the period from 1612 to 1624. In 1630 they were all published in one volume, with this title, “All the Works of John Taylor, the Water-Poet; being sixty-three in number; collected into one volume by the Author, with sundry new additions, corrected, revised, and newly imprinted.” The writings of Taylor are chiefly secular, but, like most other secular poets of his day, he sometimes tuned his harp to nobler strains.

LXIX.

HENRY ANDERSON

WROTE “The Court Convert; or a sincere Sorrow for Sin, faithfully traversed, expressing the dignity of a true Penitent. Drawn in little by one whose manifold misfortunes abroad have rendered him necessitated to seek for shelter here, by dedicating himself and this said small poem.” There is no date or printer’s name to this small work, but it is probable that it may be of the age of King James, and therefore it is here introduced.

LXX.

JOHN NORDEN.

EXTRACTS from this author are included in the “Select Poetry of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.” His name appears in these pages as the author of “The

Labyrinth of Man's Life: or Vertue's Delight and
Enuie's opposite ;" which was published in 1614.

LXXI.

THOMAS TVKE.

THOMAS TUKE wrote "The Holy Eucharist, and the Popish Breaden God," which was published in 4to, 1625.

LXXII.

ELIZABETH MELVILL.

ELIZABETH MELVILL wrote "A Godly Dream," which was published in 1606. An edition of this work was "imprinted at Aberdeen" in 1644, "by E. Raban, Laird of Letters," and was "to be sold at his shop at the end of the Broad Gate."

LXXIII.

S. A. GORGES.

THE lines annexed to this name are derived from the Royal MSS. in the British Museum, and they were addressed to King James.

LXXIV.

ROGER TISDALE.

IN 1622 a work was published having for its title, "The Lawyer's Philosophy: or Law brought to Light. Polarized in a Divine Rhapsodie, or Contemplative Philosophie. By Roger Tisdale, Gent."

LXXV.

J. W.

J. W. was "sometime a faithfull and loving servant, and unworthy gent. usher to the most Reverend Father in God, Doctor John Whitgift," archbishop of Canterbury; to whom he consecrated the epitaph

inserted in these pages as a "testimonial of his ancient duty." It is preserved in Dr. Ducarel's "Account of the Town Church, and Archiepiscopal Palace of Croydon.

LXXVI.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER was the translator of "The Divine Works of Du Bartas," the folio edition of which first appeared in 1621. He was also the author of some poetical pieces, among which is "Lachrimæ Lachrimarion: or the Distillation of Teares shede for the vntimely Death of the incomparable Prince Panare-tus," which was published about 1614. Sylvester's religious poetry was held in high esteem by Bishop Hall. In alluding in his Epistles to his own metrical versions from the Psalms, he observes, "Mr. J. Sylvester hath shewed me how happily he hath sometimes turned from his Bartas to the sweet singer of Israel." Wood also says that Sylvester was an accomplished scholar. Yet the poetical talents of Sylvester were not sufficient to furnish him with sustenance. Under the pressure of poverty he went to Middleburgh, where he became "Secretary to the Company of Merchants," and there died.

LXXVII.

RICHARD ZOUCHE.

RICHARD ZOUCHE wrote "The Dove : or Passages of Cosmography," which was published in 1613. From the title-page of this work we learn that its author was a "Civilian of New Colledge in Oxford." "The Dove" was reprinted at Oxford in 1839.

LXXVIII.

RAPHE CRANE.

RAPHE CRANE wrote "The Workes of Mercy, both Corporall and Spirituall," which was published in 1621.

LXXIX.

THOMAS GOKINS

WROTE "Meditations on the Lord's Prayer, the Key of Heauenly and Earthly Paradise," which is a diffuse Paraphrase of the text, and which was published in 1624. This work was "printed for Williard Sheffard, and are to be sold at his shop on the entering in of Pope's-head Alley out of Lombard Street."

LXXX.

DOCTOR BROOKE.

DR. SAMUEL BROOKE was the intimate friend of Dr. Donne. He has not generally been recognised as an English poet, though some of his contemporaries have left allusions which would lead to the belief that more copious remains than the short poem introduced into this volume at one time were in existence. The piece is preserved in an old MS. collection belonging to Mr. J. P. Collier.

LXXXI.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

IN 1609 this author published "Troica Britanica : or Great Britain's Troy ; a Poem divided into seventeen severall cantons, intermixed with many pleasant poetical Tales, concluding with an Universall Chronicle from the Creation untill these present Times." In 1635 he also published "The Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels," in both of which works there are many passages sublime in style and sentiment, though rude in metre.

LXXXII.

PETER SMALL.

PETER SMALL, "Batchelour in the Lawes," wrote "Man's May : or a Moneth's Minde, wherein the Liberty of Man's Minde is compared to the Moneth of May," which was published in 1615.

LXXXIII.

SANDS PENUEN.

IN 1611 a work was published having for its title “Ambition’s Scourge : described in the morall fiction of Ixyon.” This work was written by Sands Penuen, and printed for John Helme, by whom it was sold at “his shoppe in St. Dunstan’s Churchyard in Fleet-streete.”

LXXXIV.

J. F.

THIS author, of whom nothing is known, wrote “Christ’s Bloodie Sweat : or The Sonne of God in his Agonie ;” which was printed in 1613 by Ralphe Blower, “and sold at his house upon Lambert Hill.”

LXXXV.

WILLIAM LITHGOW.

IN 1614 appeared a work entitled “The 19 Yeares’ Travells of William Lithgow. By 3 Voyages in Europe, Asia, and Africa.” He also wrote “Pilgrim’s Farewell,” which was published in 1618. It is from the latter work that our extract is derived.

LXXXVI.

JOHN WEEVER.

JOHN WEEVER wrote “An Agnus Dei,” which was dedicated to Prince Henry, and published in 1610. This curious and rare volume consists of about sixty leaves, one inch square, and on each leaf only two lines are printed. The nature of the work is a history of our Saviour’s life and sufferings.

LXXXVII.

CHARLES FITZGEFFREY.

FITZGEFFREY wrote a volume of Elegies which was first published in 1617, and was reprinted in 1618, and

again in 1620. He also wrote "The blessed Birth-day. Celebrated in some sanctified Meditations on the Angel's Anthem, etc." from which work our extract is derived. Fitzgeffrey appears to have been a poet of some note in his day, for John Davies, of Hereford, includes his name in the list of contemporary poets to whom he addressed "Epigrams," and his death was lamented in lines by Chamberlain.

LXXXVIII.

WALTER QUIN.

WALTER QUIN appears to have held an office in the establishment of Henry, as well as Charles, Prince of Wales. He was not only a poet but a musician; for in the Appendix to the Life of Prince Henry, by Dr. Birch, it is stated that he had a salary of fifty pounds a year as "Teacher of Music." In 1619 he published the work from which our extract is derived, and which is entitled "The Memorie of the most worthy and renowned Bernard Stuart, Lord D'Aubigni, renewed. Whereunto are added, Wishes presented to the Prince at his Creation." This work was printed for George Purslowe, and consists of only thirty-eight leaves.

LXXXIX.

SAMUEL ROWLANDS.

SAMUEL ROWLANDS was a writer both in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and in that of King James. In the latter reign he published thirteen different volumes, chiefly secular. The extract in these pages is derived from "Diogenes' Lanthorne," which was published in 1607, and which consists of Fables with morals having a religious or virtuous tendency. The stanzas are a portion of a moral derived from the conversation of Diogenes with Alexander.

XC.

ANONYMOUS.

THIS author wrote a Broadside ballad entitled “An excellent Song, wherein you shall find great consolation for a troubled minde. To the tune of Fortune my Foe.” There is no date affixed to it; but it appears to belong to the age to which this volume refers. It is derived from the Roxburghe Ballads, now in the British Museum, Vol. i. Art. 106.

XCI.

JOHN HAGTHORPE.

THIS author wrote “Divine Meditations,” which was published in 1622, and “Visiones Rerum: the Visions of Things, or Foure Poems, dedicated to Charles I., when Prince of Wales,” which was published in 1623. This latter work is part prose and part poetry. Both of them are very rare. In 1817, Sir Egerton Brydges issued from the Lee Priory Press selections from them, under the title of “Hagthorpe Revived; or Select Specimens of a Forgotten Poet.”

XCII.

PATRICK HANAY.

PATRICK HANAY wrote “The Nightingale—Sheretine and Mariana—A Happy Husband—Elegies on the Death of Queen Anne—Songs and Sonnets.” This work was printed “for Nathaniel Butler,” and published in 1622.

XCIII.

RICHARD MILTON.

RICHARD MILTON was the author of a work published in 1625, entitled “London’s Miserie, The Countreyes Crueltie, with God’s Mercie. Explained by remarkable obseruations of each of them during this last visitation”—that is, the great plague of London.

XCIV.
ANONYMOUS.

In 1615 a work was published anonymously, entitled “Catascopos, or, A Survey and Critique Censvre of the Christian World.” The poem consists of about fifty stanzas.

XCV.
JOHN ABBOTT.

JOHN ABBOTT wrote “Jesus Praefigvred; or a Poeme of the Holy Name of Jesvs, in five booke,” which was published in 1623.

XCVI.
JOHN RHODES.

JOHN RHODES, “Minister,” wrote “A Briefe Summe of the Treason intended against the King and State, etc.; and Certaine Songs in Prayse of the King’s Maiestie, with Prayers for him, etc.,” which was published in 1606.

XCVII.
ANONYMOUS.

WROTE “England’s Welcome to James, by the Grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, of Ireland, Defender of the Faith, etc.,” which was published in 1603. The poem is divided into three cantos, the third of which is entirely of a sacred character.

XCVIII.
THOMAS COLLINS.

THOMAS COLLINS wrote “The Penitent Pvblcian; his Confession of Movth, Contrition of Heart, Vnfaigned Repentance, and feruent Prayer vnto God for Mercie

and Forgiueness." This rare work was published in 1610, and was dedicated "To the Right Honovrable, grave, vertuous, and religious lady, the Lady Katherine Hastings, Countesse of Huntington."

XCIX.

TRISTRAM WHITE.

THIS author wrote "The Martyrdome of Saint George of Cappadocia, Titular Patron of England, and of the most noble Order of the Garter, etc.," which was "printed for William Barley, dwelling in Bishopsgate-street," in 1614; and dedicated to "his worshipfull good friend, Mr. George Shilliton, Justice of Peace, the King's Receiuer for Yorkeshire, and one of the Chiefe Clarkes of his Maiestie's High Court of Star Chamber."

C.

HENRY RAYMONDE.

IN 1607 a work was published, entitled "The Maiden Queene: the Britaine Shephearde's Teares for the Death of Astrabonica: Augmented the Worlde's Vanitie. Both in sententiall verse, necessary and profitabile to bee read of all men." This work was written by Henry Raymonde, who dedicated it "To the right worshipfull and vertuous Ladie Katherine, wife vnto the worthy Sir George Morton, Knight."

I.

KING JAMES.

SONETT

From "Poetical Exercises."

THE azur'd vaulte, the crystall circles bright,
The gleaming fyrie torches powdred there,
The changing round, the shynie beamie light,
The sad and bearded fyres, the monsters faire ;
The prodiges appearing in the aire,
The rearding thunders, and the blustering windes,
The fowles in hew, in shape, in nature raire,
The prettie notes that wing'd musiciens finds ;
In earth the sau'rie flowres, the mettal'd minds,
The wholesome hearbes, the hautie pleasant trees,
The syluer streames, the beasts of sundrie kinds ;
The bounded waves, and fishes of the seas :
All these for teaching man the Lord did frame,
To do his will whose glorie shines in thame.

STANZAS

From "Chorus Angelorum."

SING, let vs sing with one accord,
Hallelviah on hie,
With euery elder that doth bow,
Before the Lambe, his knee :
Sing foure and twentie all with vs,
While heauen and earth resound,

Replenish'd with Jehoua's praise,
Whose like cannot be found.
For he it is that is and was
And euermore shall be,
Our only One vnseparate,
And yet in persons three.

Praise him for that he creat hath
The heauen, the earth, and all,
And euer hath preserued them since
From their ruine and fall.
But praise him more, if more can be,
That so he loues his name,
As he doth mercie shew to all
That doe professe the same.

CHORUS VENETVS.

SING praise to God, both young and olde,
That in this towne remaine,
With voice and euery instrument
Found out by mortall braine.

Sing praises to our mightie God,
Praise our deliuerer's name:
Our louing Lord, who now in need
Hath kyth'd to be the same.

The faithles snares did compasse vs,
Their netts were sett about;
But yet our dearest Father in heauen,
He hath redeem'd vs out.

Not only that, but by his power
Our enemies' feet they slaid,
Whom he hath trapt, and made to fall
Into the pit they made.

Sing praises then, both young and olde,
 That in this town remaine,
 To him that hath releeued our necks
 From Turkish yoak prophaine.

Let vs wash off our sinnes impure,
 Cast off his garments vile,
 And hant his temple euerie day,
 To praise his name awhile.

O praise him for the victorie,
 That he hath made vs haue,
 For he it was reueng'd our cause,
 And not our armies braue.

Praise him with trumpet, piphre, and drumme,
 With lutes and organes fine,
 With viols, gitterne, cistiers als,
 And sweetest voices syne.

Sing praise, sing praise, both young and olde,
 Sing praises one and all,
 To him who hath redeem'd vs now
 From cruel pagans' thrall.

PSALM XXIX.

YE princes' sonnes, yeild to the Lorde,
 Yeild him all force and gloire,
 And yeild to him the honoure deu
 Unto his name thairfoire.

Inclyne and bou youre selfis adoune,
 Adore Iehoua great,
 Qwho sittis most gloriously upon
 His throne and holy seat.

The uoice of God on watteris ringis,
And makis a woundrouse sound;
Strong glorious God doth thunder his uoyce
On watteris that abound.

The uoyce of God cummis semely furth,
His uoyce cummis furth with micht;
Iehoua's uoyce the cedres breakis,
Euin Liban cedres uicht;
And makis thaime as a calfe to skipp,
Trudge Liban Sirion eik,
Lyke to the faune of unicornis
Will leape when he doth speik.

His uoyce makis uildernessis murne,
And quenchis flammes of fyre;
Euen the desertis of Kades large
May not abyde his yre.

Iehoua's uoice makis hyndes to calve,
And bareis the forrestis grene,
Bot in his temple all his gloire
He shouis, and makis be sene.

Iehoua sate in the deluge,
And sittis a king for aye;
He also to his people giuis
The force thay haue alluaye.

The same Iehoua great doth blesse
His people uell belovid
With great tranquillitie and peace:
Pray it be not remouid.

STANZAS FROM THE LEPANTO.

I SING a wondrous worke of God,
I sing his mercies great,
I sing his justice heere withall,
Powr'd from his holy seat.

To wit, a cruell martiall warre,
A bloodie battell bolde,
Long doubtsome fight, with slaughter huge,
And wounded manifold :

Which fought was in Lepantoe's gulfe,
Betwixt the baptized race
And circumcised turband Turkes,
Rencountring in that place.

O onely God, I pray thee thrise,
Thrise one in persons three,
Alike eternall, like of might,
Although distinct yee be :

I pray thee, Father, through thy Sonne,
Thy Word immortall still,
The great archangell of records,
And worker of thy will,

To make thy holie Spreit my muse,
And eik my pen inflame
Aboue my skill to write this worke,
To magnifie thy name.

Into the turning-still of times
I erre no time can be,
Whoe was, and is, and times to come,
Confounded are all three :

I meane before great God in heauen ;
(For sunne and moone deuides
The times in earth by hours and dayes,
And seesons still that slides ;)

Yet man, whom man must understand,
Must speake into this cace ;
As man our flesh will not permit
Wee heauenlie things imbrace.

Then, as I els began to say,
One day it did fall out,
As glorious God in glistering throne,
With angells round about,
Did sit, and Christ at his right hand,
That craftie Satan came,
Deceauer, lyar, hating man,
And God's most sacred name ;
This olde abuser stood into
The presence of the Lord ;
Then in this manner Christ accus'de
The sower of discord.

I know thou from that city comes,
Constantinople great,
Where thou hast by thy malice made
The faithles Turkes to freat ;
Thou hast inflamde their maddest mindes
With raging fire of wraith
Against them all that doe professe
My name with feruent fayth.
How long, O Father, shall they thus
Quite vnder foote be tred
By faithles folkes, who executes
What in this snake is bred ?
Then Satan answerd, Fayth, quoth he,
Their fayth is too, too small ;
They striue, methinke, on either part
Who farthest backe can fall.

Hast thou not giuen them in my hands,
Euen boath the sides, I say,

That I, as best doth seeme to me,
May use them euery way?

Then Jehovah, whose nod doth make
The heauens and mountains quake,
Whose smallest wrath the centres makes
Of all the earth to shake;

Whose worde did make the world of nought,
And whose approoving syne
Did stablish all, even as wee see,
By force of voice deuine;

This God began from thundering throte
Graue wordes of waight to bring:
All Christians serue my Sonne, though not
Aright in everie thing.

No more shall now these Christians be
With infidels opprest;
So of my holie hallowed name
The force is great and blest.

Desist, O tempter! Gabriel, come,
O thou archangel true,
Whome I haue oft in message sent
To realmes and townes anew.

Go quicklie hence to Venice towne,
And put into their mindes
To take reuenge of wrongs the Turks
Haue done in sundrie kinds.

No whistling winde with such a speed
From hilles can hirle ore heugh,
As he whose thought doth furnish speed—
His thought was speed aneugh.

II.

JOHN DONNE.

HOLY SONNETS.

I.

WHAT if this present were the world's last night ?
Marke in my heart, O soule, where thou dost dwell,
The picture of Christ crucified, and tell
Whether his countenance can thee affright :
Teares in his eyes quench the amazing light ;
Blood fills his frownes which from his pierc'd head
fell ;
And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell
Which pray'd forgiuenesse for his foes' fierce
spight ?
No, no ; but as in my idolatrie,
I said to all my profane mistresses,
Beauty, of pitty, foulnesse onely is,
A signe of rigour ; so I say to thee,
To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign'd—
His beauteous forme assumes a piteous minde.

II.

O my black soul ! now thou art summoned
By sicknesse, death's herald and champion,
Thou art like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done
Treason, and durst not turne to whence hee is fled ;
Or like a thiefe, which, till death's doome be read,
Wisheth himselfe deliuered from prison ;
But, damn'd and hal'd to execution,
Wisheth that still he might be imprisoned :

Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lacke ;
But who shall give thee that grace to beginne ?
O make thyselfe with holy mourning blacke,
And red with blushing, as thou art with sinne ;
Oh wash thee in Christ's blood, which hath this
 mighty,
That being red, it dyes red soules to white.

III.

At the round earth's imagin'd corners blow
Your trumpets, angells ; and arise, arise
From death, you numberlesse infinites
Of soules, and to your scatter'd bodies goe,
All whom the flood did, and fire shall ouerthrow ;
All whom warre, death, age, agues, tyrannies,
Despaire, law, chance, hath slaine ; and you whose
 eyes
Shall behold God, and never tast death's woe.
But let them sleepe, Lord, and mee mourne a
 space ;
For, if above all these my sinnes abound,
'Tis late to aske abundance of thy grace,
When wee are there : here, on this lowly ground,
Teach mee how to repent ; for that's as good
As if thou hadst seal'd my pardon with thy blood.

IV.

As due, by many titles, I resigne
Myselfe to thee, O God : first, I was made
By thee, and for thee ; and when I was decay'd,
Thy blood bought that the which before was
 thine.
I am thy sonne, made with thyselfe to shine ;
Thy servant, whose paines thou hast still repaid ;
Thy sheepe, thine image ; and, till I betray'd

Myselfe, a temple of thy Spirit divine.
Why doth the devil then usurpe on mee ?
Why doth he steale, nay, ravish that's thy right ?
Except thou rise, and for thy own worke fight,
Oh, I shall soone despaire, when I doe see
That thou lov'st mankind well, yet wilt not chuse
me ;
And Satan hates mee, yet is loth to lose mee.

V.

This is my playe's last scene ; here heavens appoint
My pilgrimage's last mile ; and my race
Idly, yet quickly runne, hath this last pace,
My span's last inch, my minute's latest point,
And gluttonous death will instantly unjoyn't
My body and my soule, and I shall sleepe a space ;
But my ever-waking part shall see that face,
Whose feare already shakes my every joynt :
Then, as my soule to heaven, her first seate, takes
flight,
And earth-borne body in the earth shall dwell ;
So fall my sinnes, that all may have their right,
To where they are bred, and would presse mee,—
to hell.

Impute me righteous ; thus purged of evill ;
For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the devill.

VI.

Spit in my face, you Jewes, and pierce my side ;
Buffet and scoffe, scourge and crucifie mee ;
For I have sinn'd, and sinn'd, and onely hee
Who could do no iniquitie hath dyed.
But by my death can not be satisfied
My sinnes, which passe the Jewes' impiety.
They kill'd once an inglorious man ; but I
Crucifie him daily, being now glorified.

O let mee then his strange love still admire :
 Kings pardon, but he bore our punishment :
 And Jacob came cloth'd in vile harsh attire
 But to supplant, and with gainfull intent :
 God cloth'd himselfe in vile man's flesh, that so
 He might be weake enough to suffer woe.

VII.

Death, be not proud ; thou some have called thee
 Mighty and dreadfull, for thou art not so ;
 For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
 Die not, poore Death, nor yet canst thou kill mee :
 From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee,
 Much pleasure, then from thee much more, must
 flow,

And soonest our best men with thee doe goe—
 Rest of their bones, and soules' deliverie.
 Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate
 men,
 And doth with poyson, warre, and sicknesse dwell ;
 And poppie, or charmes, can make us sleepe as
 well,
 And better than thy stroake. Why swell'st thou
 then ?
 Our short sleepe past, wee wake eternally,
 And Death shall be no more : Death, thou shalt die.

A HYMNE TO GOD THE FATHER.

WILT thou forgive that sinne where I begunne,
 Which was my sinne, though it were done before ?
 Wilt thou forgive that sinne, through which I
 runne,
 And do runne still, thou still I do deplore ?
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
 For I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that sinne which I have woun
Others to sinne ? and made my sinne their doore ?
Wilt thou forgive that sinne which I did shunne
A yeare or two, but wallowed in a score ?

When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.

I have a sinne of feare, that when I have spunne
My last thred I shall perish on the shore :
But sweare by thyselfe that at my death thy sonne
Shall shine as he shines now and heretofore ;
And having done that, thou hast done—
I feare no more.

HYMNE TO CHRIST AT THE AUTHOR'S LAST GOING INTO GERMANY.

IN what torne ship soever I embarke,
That ship shall be my embleme of thy arke ;
What sea soever swallow mee, that flood
Shall be to mee an embleme of thy blood ;
Though thou with clouds of anger do disguise
Thy face, yet through that maske I know those
eyes,

Which though thou turne away sometimes,
They never will despise.

I sacrifice this iland unto thee,
And all whom I loved there, and who loved mee ;
When I have put our seas 'twixt them and mee,
Put thou thy seas betwixt my sinnes and thee.
As the tree's sap doth seeke the root below
In winter, in my winter now I goe
Where none but thee, th' Eternal root
Of true love, I may know.

Nor thou, nor thy religion dost controule
The amourousnesse of an harmonius soule ;
But thou wouldest have that love thyselfe. As thou
Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now ;
Thou lov'st not till, from loving more, thou free
My soule. Whoever gives, takes libertie :

O, if thou car'st not whom I love,
Alas, thou lov'st not mee.

Seale then this bill of my divorce to all
On whom those fainter beames of love did fall ;
Marry those loves, which in youth scattered bee
On Fame, Wit, Hopes, (false mistresses!) to thee.
Churches are best for prayer that have least light :
To see God only I goe out of sight :
And to scape stormy dayes I chuse
An everlasting night.

NATIVITIE.

IMMENSITIE cloystered in thy deare wombe,
Now leaves his wel-belov'd imprisonment ;
There he hath made himselfe to his intent
Weake enough now into our world to come ;
But O ! for thee, for him hath th' inne no roome ?
Yet lay him in this stall, and from the Orient
Starres and wise men will travell to prevent
Th' effects of Herod's jealous general doome :
Seest thou, my soule, with thy faith's eyes, how he
Which fils all place, yet none holds him, doth lye ?
Was not his pitty towards thee wondrous high,
That would have need to be pittied by thee ?
Kisse him, and with him into Egypt goe,
With his kinde mother, who partakes thy woe.

RESVRRECTION.

Moyst with one drop of thy blood, my dry soule
Shall—though she be now in extreme degree
Too stony hard, and yet too fleshly—bee
Freed by that drop from being starv'd, hard, or
foule,
And life, by this death abled, shall controule
Death, whom thy death slue ; nor shall to mee
Feare of first or last death bring miserie,
If in thy little booke my name thou enroules :
Flesh in that long sleep is not putrified,
But made that there of which, and for which, 'twas,
Nor can be other meanes be glorified.
May then sinnes sleep, and death soone from me
passe,
That, wakt from both, I againe risen, may
Salute the last, and everlasting day.

ASCENTION.

SALUTE the last, and everlasting day,
Joy at the uprising of this Sunne and Sonne,
Yee whose just teares, or tribulation,
Have purely washt, or burnt your drossie clay :
Behold the Highest, parting hence away,
Lightens the darke clouds, which hee treads upon ;
Nor doth hee by ascending show alone,
But first hee, and hee first enters the way.
O strong Ramme, which hast batter'd heaven for
mee ;
Mild Lambe, which with thy blood hast mark'd the
path ;

Bright Torch, which shin'st, that I the way may see;
 Oh! with thy owne blood quench thy owne just
 wrath :

And if thy Holy Spirit my muse did raise,
 Deigne at my hands this crowne of prayer and
 praise.

THE SOULE.

THEE, eye of heaven, this great soule envies not ;
 By thy male force is all wee have begot ;
 In the first East thou now begins to shine ;
 Suck'st early balme, and island spices there ;
 And wilt anon, in thy loose-rein'd careere
 At Tagus, Po, Sene, Thames, and Danon dine,
 And see at night thy Westerne land of Myne :
 Yet hast thou not more nations seene than shee,
 That before thee one day beganne to bee,
 And, thy fraill light being quenched, shall long,
 long outlive thee.

PSALME CXXXVII.

By Euphrates' flowry side
 We did bide,
 From deare Juda faire absented,
 Tearing the aire with our cryes ;
 And our eyes
 With their streames his streme augmented.
 When, poore Syon's dolefull state,
 Desolate ;
 Sacked, burned, and inthrall'd,
 And the temple spoil'd, which wee
 Ne'er should see,
 To our mirthlesse mindes wee call'd :

Our mute harpes, untun'd, unstrung,
Up wee hung
On greene willowes neere beside us,
Where we, sitting all forlorne,
Thus in scorne
Our proud spoylers 'gan deride us:
Come, sad captives, leave your moanes,
And your groanes
Under Syon's ruines bury ;
Tune your harps, and sing us layes
In the praise
Of your God, and let's be merry.

Can, ah ! can we leave our moanes,
And our groanes
Under Syon's ruines bury ?
Can we in this land sing layes
In the praise
Of our God, and here be merry ?

No ; deare Syon, if I yet
Do forget
Thine affliction miserable,
Let my nimble joynts become
Stiffe and numme,
To touch warbling harpe unable.

Let my tongue lose singing skill,
Let it still
To my parched roofe be glewed,
If in either harpe or voice
I rejoice
Till thy joyes shall be renewed.

Lord, curse Edom's traiterous kinde ;
Beare in minde
In our ruines how they revell'd :

Sack, kill, burne ! they cryed out still,
 Sack, burne, kill !
 Downe with all, let all be levell'd.
 And thou Babel, when the tide
 Of thy pride,
 Now a flowing, growe to turning ;
 Victor now, shall then be thrall,
 And shall fall
 To as low an ebbe of mourning.
 Happy he who shall thee waste,
 As thou hast
 Us, without all mercy, wasted,
 And shall make thee taste and see
 What poore wee
 By thy meanes have seene and tasted.
 Happy who thy tender barnes,
 From the armes
 Of their wailing mothers tearing,
 'Gainst the walls shall dash their bones,
 Ruthlesse stones
 With their braines and blood besmearing.

THE ANNUNCIATION AND PASSION.

TAMELY, fraile body, abstaine to-day ; to-day
 My soule eates twice, Christ hither and away.
 Shee sees him man, so like God made in this,
 That of them both a circle embleme is,
 Whose first and last concurre ; this doubtfull day
 Of feast or fast, Christ came and went away.
 Shee sees him nothing twice at once, who is all ;
 Shee sees a cedar plant it selfe and fall ;

Her Maker put to making; and the head
Of life, at once, nor yet alive, yet dead.
She sees at once the virgin mother stay
Reclus'd at home, publique at Golgotha.
Sad and rejoyc'd shee's seen at once, and seen
At almost fiftie, and at scarce fifteene.
At once a sonne is promis'd her, and gone,
Gabriel gives Christ to her—He her to John.
Not fully a mother, shee's in orbitie,
And once the receiver and the legacie.
All this, and all betweene, this day hath showne,
Th' abridgement of Christ's story, which makes one
(As in plaine maps the furthest West is East)
Of the angels *Ave* and *Consummatum est.*
How well the Church, God's court of faculties,
Deales, in some times, and seldom, joyning these ;
As by the selfe-fix'd pole wee never doe
Direct our course, but the next starre thereto ;
Which showes where the other is, and which we
say,
Because it strayes not farre, doth never stray :
So God by his Church, neerest to him wee know
And stand firme, if wee by her motion goe ;
His Spirit, as his fiery pillar, doth
Leade, and his Church, as cloud, to one end both :
This Church, by letting those daies joine, hath
showne
Death and conception in mankinde is one.
Or 'twas in him the same humility,
That he would be a man, and leave to bee :
Or, as creation he hath made, as God,
With the last judgement, but one period,
His imitating spouse would joyne in one
Manhood's extremes : He shall come, He is gone ;
Or, as though one blood-drop, which thence did fall,
Accepted, would have serv'd, He yet shed all ;

So though the least of his paines, deeds, or words,
Would busie a life, she all this day affords.
This treasure then in grosse, my soule, repay,
And in my life retaile it every day.

GOOD FRIDAY.

(Riding Westward.)

LET man's soule be a spheare, and then in this
The intelligence that moves devotion is ;
And as the other spheares by being growne
Subject to forraigne motion lose their owne,
And being by others hurried every day,
Scarce in a yeare their naturall forme obey :
Pleasure or businesse, so our soules admit
For their first mover, and are whirled by it.
Hence is't that I am carryed toward the West
This day, when my soule's forme leads toward the
East.

There I should see a Sunne by rising set,
And by that setting endlesse day beget.
But that Christ on this Crosse did rise and fall,
Sinne had eternally benighted all.
Yet dare I almost be glad I do not see
The spectacle of too much weight for mee.
Who sees God's face, that is selfe life, must dye ;
What a death were it then to see God dye !
It made his own lieutenant Nature shrinke,
It made his footstoole crack, and the sunne winke.
Could I behold those hands which span the poles
And tune all spheares at once pierc'd with those
holes ?
Could I behold that endlesse height which is
Zenith to us, and our antipodes

Humbled below us ? or that blood which is
The seat of all our soules, if not of his,
Made dust of dust ? or that flesh which was worne
By God, for his apparell, rag'd and torne ?
If on these things I durst not looke, durst I
Upon his miserable mother cast mine eye,
Who was God's partner here, and furnish'd thus
Halfe of that Sacrifice which ransom'd us ?
Though these things as I ride be from mine eye,
They are present yet into my memory ;
For that looks towards them, and thou lookst to-
wards mee,

O Saviour, as thou hangst upon the tree :
I turne my backe to thee but to receive
Corrections, till thy mercies bid thee leave.
O thinke mee worth thine anger ; punish mee ;
Burne off my rusts and my deformity ;
Restore thine image so much by thy grace
That thou may'st know mee, and I'll turne my face.

ELEGY.

DEATH, I recant, and say, unsaid by mee,
Whatere hath slip'd that might diminish thee.
Spiritual treason, atheisme, 'tis to say
That any can thy summons disobey.
Th' earth's face is but thy table : there are set
Plants, cattell, men, dishes for Death to eate.
In a rude hunger now hee millions drawes
Into his bloody, or plaguy, or starv'd jawes.
Now hee will seeme to spare, and doth more wast,
Eating the best first, well preserved to last ;
Now wantonly he spoiles and eates us not,
But breakes off friends, and lets us peecemeale rot.

Nor will this earth serve him : he sinkes the deepe,
Where harmlesse fish monastique silence keepe.
Who (were Death dead) by roes of living sand
Might sponge that element, and make it land.
He rounds the aire, and breakes the hymnique
notes

In birds, heaven's choristers, organique throats ;
Which, if they did not dye, might seeme to bee
A tenth ranke in the heavenly hierarchie.
O strong and long-lived death, how cam'st thou in ?
And how without creation didst begin ?
Thou hast, and shalt see dead, before thou dyest,
All the foure monarchies, and antichrist.
How could I thinke thee nothing, that see now
In all this All, nothing else is but thou ?
Our births and life, vices and vertues, bee
Wastfull consumptions, and degrees of thee.
For we, to live, our bellows wear, and breath,
Nor are wee mortall, dying, dead, but death.
And thou, thou beest, O mighty bird of prey,
So much reclaim'd by God, that thou must lay
All that thou kill'st at his feet, yet doth hee
Reserve but few, and leaves the most to thee ;
And of those few, now thou hast overthowne
One whom thy blow makes, not ours, nor thine
own.

She was more stories high : hopelesse to come
To her soule, thou hast offer'd at her lower roome.
Her soule and body was a king and court ;
But thou hast both of captaine mist and fort.
As houses fall not, though the king remove,
Bodies of saints rest for their soules above.
Death gets 'twixt soules and bodies such a place
As sin insinuates 'twixt just men and grace :
Both worke a separation, no divorce.
Her soule is gone to usher up her corse,

Which shall be almost another soule ; for there
Bodies are purer than best soules are here.
Because in her her virtues did outgoe
Her yeares, wouldest thou, O emulous death, do so ?
And kill her young, to thy losse ? Must the cost
Of beauty and wit, apt to doe harme, be lost ?
What, though thou found'st her proofe 'gainst
sinnes of youth ?

Oh every age a diverse sinne pursueth.
Thou shouldest have stay'd, and taken better hold :
Shortly ambitious ; covetous, when old,
She might have prov'd ; and such devotion
Might once have strayed to superstition.
If all her vertues must have growne, yet might
Abundant vertue have bred a proud delight.
Had she perséver'd just, there would have bin
Some that would sinne, misthinking she did sinne ;
Such as would call her friendship love, and faine
To sociablenesse a name profane.
Or sinne by tempting, or, not daring that,
By wishing, though they never told her what.
Thus might'st thou have slain more soules, hadst
thou not crost
Thyselfe, and, to triumph, thine army lost.
Yet, though these wayes be lost, thou hast left one,
Which is immoderate grieve that she is gone.
But we may 'scape that sinne, yet weepe as much ;
Our teares are due because we are not such.
Some teares that knot of friends her death must
cost,
Because the chaine is broke, but no linke lost.

III.

ANONYMOUS.

HYMNE.

ALL this night shrill chanticler,
Daye's proclayming trompiter,
Claps his wings and loudly cries,
Mortalls, mortalls, wake and rise,

See a wonder

Heauen is vnder,

From the earth is rissen a sun,
Shines all night, though day be dun.

Wake, O earth! wake, euerie thing,
Wake and heare the ioy I bring;
Wake and ioy for all this night,
Heauen and euerie twinckling light;

All amazing

Still stand gazing:

Angells, powers, and all that be,
Wake and ioy this sun to see.

Haile, O sun! O blessed light,
Sent into the world by night,
Let thy rayes and heauenly powers
Shine in this darke soule of ours,

For most surely

Thou art truely,

God and man we do confess:

Haile, O Sun of Righteousness!

LINES

*From "Diuers devout and zealous Meditations."**Loquitur Crucifixus.*

O MAN, look what shame for thee
Willingly I take on me:
See my bodie scourged round,
That it forms but all one wound,
Hanging vp 'twixt earth and sky,
Mocked and scorned by all goes by.
See my arms stretched wide and open,
And my sinews torn and broken.
See upon the cross I hang,
View these nails with bitter pang,
Which my own weight doth not tear,
But thy weighty sins I bear.
See my head, Oh me! forlorne,
Pierced deepe with cruel thorne,
Which so long thereon hath stood
That the twig runs down with blood.
View my feet, and see my side,
Pierced and plowed with furrows wide.
See, all comfort from me taken,
Both of heauen and earth forsaken;
And not one, with word or deed,
Pities me whilst here I bleed.
Yea, they all that stand in hearing,
Mocke me for my patient bearing,
And with scoffs augment my sore,
When for bitter paine I roar.
Eli! Eli! I am dying!
Hark! they mocke me too for crying
This I beare for thine amiss:
Was there euer paine like this?
Yea, and I do most fear that,
Lest thou, man, shouldst prove ingrat—
Now thou dost but make me smart;
But in that thou killst my heart.

IV.

SIMION GRAHAME.

STANZAS.

EACH hath his time whom Fortune will aduance,
Whose fickle wheel runs restless round about ;
Some flattering lye oft changeth others' chance,
Dangers deceipt in guiltie harts breeds doubt.

It's seene
What yet hath beene,
With tract of time to passe
And change
Of fortune strange
At last hath turn'd their glasse.

Enuie triumphs on tops of high estate,
All ouer hung with veiles of feigned show ;
Man climbes aboue the course of such conceates,
That loftie-like they loath to look below.

And what ?
All's hazard that
We seek on dice to set ;
For some
To heights do come
That fall in danger's net.

The gallant man, if poore, hee's thought a wretch,
His virtue rare is held in high disdayne ;
The greatest fool is wise if he be ritch,
And wisdome flowes from his lunatique brayne.

Thus see
Rare spirits to bee
Of no account at all ;

Disgrace
Hath got such place,
Each joyes at other's fall.

The brib'rous minde who makes a god of gould,
He scornes to plead without he haue reward ;
Then poore men's suites at highest rates are sould,
Whilst Aurice damn'd, nor Truth have no regard :
For heere
He hath no feare
Of God's consuming curse :
His gaines
Doth pull with paines
Plagues from the poore man's purse.

The furious flames of Sodom's sodaine fire
With feruent force consume vaine pride to
nought ;
With wings of wax let soaring him aspire
Aboue the starres of his ambition's thought ;
And so
When hee doth go
On top of pride's high glory,
Then shall
His sodain fall
Become the world's sad story.

Ingratitude, that ill-ill-fauored ill,
In noble breastes hath builded castles strong ;
Obliuion sett vp troph's that still
Bewrayes the filthy vildeness of that wrong :
Ah ! minde
Where deu'llish kinde
Ingratitude doth dwell ;
That ill
Coequals still
The greatest ill in hell.

On poyson's filth contagious error spreads,
Heauen's spotless eyes look as amaz'd with
wonder ;
Their viprous mindes such raging horror breedes,
To teare religion's virgin roabes asunder.

What then ?
O wicked men,
And hel's eternal, pray :
Go mourne,
And in time turne
From your erronius way.

What course wants crosse ? What kind of state
wants strife ?

What worldling yet would euer seem content ?
What haue we heere in this our thwarting life ?
Joy, beautie, honour, loue, like smoak are spent.

I say,
Time goes away,
Without returne againe :
How wise
Who can despise
These worldly vapours vaine !

V.

W. A.

HYMNE.

WHAT a gratiouse God haue wee !
In his guiftes of grace how free !
How intent our prayers to heare,
And to them that pray how neare !
How to balmie mercie prone,
And to kind compassion !
How regardfully he wakes
For his chosen seruantes' sakes !
How he giues them grace to pray,
And then to their suites giues way !
How he prompts each good desire,
And blowes up that sparke to fire.
He hath sett no greater task
To obtaine of him but " Ask."
No exacter search to find,
But to seeke with humble mind :
No more paines heauen to vnlock,
But with spotles handes to knock—
Yet he ioyes to see man presse him,
And to wrastle till he bless him.

VI.

B. N.

I WOULD AND WOULD NOT.

I WOULD I were a man of greatest power
That swaies a scepter on this world's great masse,
That I might sit on toppe of pleasure's tower,
And make my will my way, where ere I passe—
That law might have her being from my breath :
My smile might be a life, my frowne a death.

And yet I would not ; for then doe I feare
Envy or malice would betray my trust,
And some vile spirit, though against the haire,
Would seeke to lay mine honor in the dust :
Treason or murther would beset me so,
I should not knowe who were my friend or foe.

No, I doe rather wish the lowe estate,
And be an honest man of meane degree ;
Belov'd for good, and give no cause of hate,
And clime no higher than a hawthorne-tree ;
Pay every man his owne, give reason right,
And worke all day, and take my rest at night.

For sure in courtes are worlds of costly cares,
That comber reason in his course of rest :
Let me but learne how thrift both spends and
spares,

And make enough as good as any feast,
And fast and pray—my daies may have good end,
And welcome all that pleaseth God to send !

I would I were a player, and could act
As many parts as came upon a stage ;

And in my braine could make a full compact
Of all that passeth betwixt youth and age ;
That I might have five shares in every play,
And let them laugh that bear the bell away.

And yet I would not ; for then doe I feare
If I should gall some gooscappe with my speech,
That he would fret and fume, and chafe and sweare,
As if some flea had bit him by the breech ;
And in some passion, or strange agonie,
Disturbe both mee and all the companie.

I would I were a poet, and could write
The passage of this paltry world in rime ;
And talke of warres and many a valiant fight,
And how the captaines did to honour clime ;
Of wise and faire, of gratiouse, vertuous, kinde,
And of the bounty of a noble minde.

But speake but little of the life of love,
Because it is a thing so harde to finde :
And touch but little at the turtle-dove,
Seeing there are but few byrdes of that kinde :
And libell against lewde and wicked harts,
That on the earth do play the devill's parts.

And yet I would not ; for then would my braines
Be with a world of toyes intoxicate ;
And I should fall upon a thousand vaines
Of this and that, and well I know not what :
When some would say, that saw my frantick fittes,
Surely the poet is beside his wittes.

I would I were a man of warlike might,
And had the title of a general,
To point the captaines every one their fight,
Where should the vanguard and the rereward fall :
Who should be leaders of the forlorne hope,
And who the entrance to the army ope.

And yet I would not; for then I might see
How discontent might cause a mutinie,
Whereby the army might in danger be
To be surprized by the enemie,
Or by the loss of men, for honor's gaine,
To wound my conscience with a bloody paine.

No ; I had rather praise the course of peace,
And study how to helpe to holde the same ;
And how soone quarrels ill begun may cease,
And how to keepe accord in quiet frame :
That old and young may live contented so,
That to their graves may all in quiet goe.

I would I were an excellent divine,
That had the Bible at my fingers' ends :
The world might heare out of this mouth of mine
How God did make his enemies his friends :
I were so follow'de as if none but I
Could plainly speake of true divinity.

And yet I would not; for then ten to one
I should be call'd but a precisian,
Or formalist ; and might go preach alone
Unto my holy brother puritan ;
And so be flouted for my zealous love,
In taking pains for other men's behove.

No ; I had rather read and understand
The rules of grace, that have the learned led
To know the power of the Almighty hand,
And with what foode the blessed flocke are fed ;
Rather than with a thund'ring and long praier
To leade into presumption or despaire.

To tell you truely what I wish to be,
And never would be other, if I could,
But in the comfort of the heavens' decree
In soule and body that I ever should—

Though in the world, not to the world to live,
But to my God my service wholly give.

This would I be, and would none other be,
But a religious servant of my God ;
And know there is none other God but He,
And willingly to suffer mercy's rod ;
Joy in his grace, and live but in his love,
And seeke my blisse but in the heaven above.

And I would frame a kind of faithfull praier
For all estates within the state of grace ;
That carefull love might never know despaire,
No servile feare might faithfull love deface :
And this would I both day and night devise,
To make my humble spirits exercise.

And I would read the rules of sacred life ;
Perswade the troubled soule to patience ;
The husband care, and comfort to the wife,
To childe and servant due obedience,
Faith to the friend, and to the neighbour peace ;
That love might live, and quarrels all may cease.

Pray for the health of all that are diseased,
Confession unto all that are convicted,
And patience unto all that are displeased,
And comfort unto all that are afflicted,
And mercy unto all that have offended,
And grace to all, that all may be amended.

Flatter not folly with an idle faith,
Nor let earth stand upon her own desart ;
But shewe what wisdome in the Scripture saith,
The fruitfull hand doth shew the faithfull heart ;
Believe the word, and thereto bend thy will,
And teach obedience for a blessed skill.

Chide sinners as the father doth his childe,
And keepe them in the awe of loving feare ;

Make sin most hatefull, but in words be milde,
That humble patience may the better heare ;
And wounded conscience may receive relieve,
When true repentance pleads the sinner's griefe.

Yet flatter not the foul delight of sinne,
But make it loathsome in the eie of love,
And seeke the heart with holy thoughts to winne
Unto the best way to the soul's behove :
So teach, so live, that both in word and deede
The world may joy thy heavenly rules to reade.

Heale the infect of sinne with oile of grace,
And wash the soule with true Contrition's teares ;
And when Confession shews her heavy case,
Deliver Faith from all infernal feares,
That when high Justice threatens sin with death,
Mercy again may give Repentance breath.

Thus would I spend in service of my God
The ling'ring howres of these few daies of mine,
To shew how sin and death are overtrod,
But by the vertue of the power divine ;
Our thoughts but vaine, our substance slime and
dust,
And only Christ for our eternal trust !

This would I be ; and say 'would not' no more,
But only—not be otherwise than this :
All in effect, but, as I said before,
The life in that life's kingdome's love of His,
My glorious God, whose grace all comfort gives,
Than be on earth the greatest man that lives.

VII.

GILES FLETCHER.

A DESCRIPTION OF JUSTICE.

BUT Justice had no sooner Mercy seen,
Smoothing the wrinkles of her Father's brow,
But up she starts and throwes herself between :
As when a vapour from a moory slough,
Meeting with fresh Eoüs, that but now
Open'd the world, which all in darknesse lay,
Doth heaven's bright face of his rayes disarray,
And sads the smiling orient of the springing day.

She was a virgin of austere regard,
Not as the world esteemes her, deaf and blinde,
But as the eagle, that hath oft compar'd
Her eye with heav'n's, so, and more brightly shin'd
Her laming sight ; for she the same could wind
Into the solid heart, and with her eares
The silence of the thought loud speaking heares,
And in one hand a pair of even scoals she weares.

No riot of affection revell kept
Within her breast, but a still apathy
Possessed all her soul, which softly slept
Securely without tempest—no sad crie
Awakes her pitie, but wrong'd Povertie,
 Sending his eyes to heav'n swimming in teares,
 With hideous clamours ever struck her eares,
Whetting the blazing sword that in her hand she
beares.

The winged lightning is her Mercury,
And round about her mightie thunders sound :

Impatient of himself, lies pining by
Pale Sickness, with his kercher'd head upwound,
And thousand noisome plagues attend her round ;
 But if her clowdie brow but once grow foul,
 The flints do melt, and rocks to water rowl,
 And airie mountains shake, and frightened shadows
 howl.

Famine, and bloodles Care, and bloodie war,
Want, and the want of knowledge how to use,
Abundance, Age, and Fear, that runnes afarre
Before his fellow Grief, that aye pursues
His winged steps ; for who would not refuse
 Grief's companie, a dull and rawbon'd spright,
 That lanks the cheeks, and pales the freshest
 sight,

Unbosoming the cheerefull breast of all delight.

Before this cursed throng goes Ignorance,
That needs will leade the way he cannot see :
And, after all, Death doth his flag advance,
And, in the midst, Strife still would roguing be,
Whose ragged flesh and cloaths did well agree ;
 And round about amazed Horror flies,
 And, over all, Shame veils his guiltie eyes,
 And underneath Hell's hungrie throat still yawn-
 ing lies.

Upon two stonie tables, spread before her,
She lean'd her bosome, more than stonie hard ;
There slept th' unpartiall judge, and strict restorer
Of wrong or right, with pain or with reward ;
There hung the score of all our debts, the card
 Where good and bad, and life and death, were
 painted :

Was never heart of mortall so untainted,
But when that scroul was read, with thousand ter-
 rors fainted.

Witness the thunder that mount Sinai heard,
When all the hill with fierie clouds did flame,
And wand'ring Israel, with the sight afeard,
Blinded with seeing, durst not touch the same,
But like a wood of shaking leaves became.

On this dread Justice, she, the living law,
Bowing herself, with a majestique awe, [draw.
All heaven, to heare her speech, did into silence
Dread Lord of spirits, well thou didst devise
To fling the world's rude dunghill, and the drosse
Of the old Chaos, furthest from the skies,
And thine own seat, that heare the childe of losse,
Of all the lower heav'n the curse and crosse ;
That wretch, beast, caytive, monster—man,
might spend,

(Proud of the mire, in which his soul is pend)
Clodded in lumps of clay, his wearie life to end.

His bodie dust—where grew such cause of pride ?
His soul thy image—what could he envie ?
Himself most happie, if he so would bide :
Now grown most wretched, who can remedie ?
He slew himself, himself the enemie.

That his own soul would her own murder wreak,—
If I were silent, heaven and earth would speak :
And, if all fail'd, these stones would into clamours
break.

How many darts made furrows in his side,
When she, that out of his own side was made,
Gave feathers to their flight ! where was the pride
Of their new knowledge ? whither did it fade,
When, running from thy voice into the shade,

He fled thy sight, himself of sight bereav'd ;
And for his shield a leavie armour weav'd,
With which, vain man, he thought, God's eies to
have deceiv'd ?

And well he might delude those eies, that see
And judge by colours: for who ever saw
A man of leaves, a reasonable tree?
But those that from this stock their life did draw,
Soon made their father godly, and by law

Proclaimed trees almighty: gods of wood,
Of stocks, and stones, with crowns of laurell
stood

Tempted, and fed by fathers with their children's
bloud.

The sparkling fanes, that burn in beaten gold,
And, like the starres of heaven in midst of night,
Black Egypt as her mirrours, doth behold,
Are but the dens where idol-snakes delight
Again to cover Satan from their sight:

Yet these are all their gods, to whom they vie
The crocodile, the cock, the rat, the flie—
Fit gods, indeed, for such men to be served by.

The fire, the winde, the sea, the sunne and
moon,

The flitting aire, and the swift-winged houres,
And all the watchmen, that so nimbly runne
And sentinel about the walled towers
Of the world's citie in their heav'nly bawrs;

And, lest their pleasant gods should want de-
light,

Neptune spues out the lady Aphrodite,
And but in heav'n proud Juno's peacocks scorn
to lite.

The senselesse earth, the serpent, dog, and cat,
And, worse than all these, man, and worst of
men,

Usurping Jove, and swilling Bacchus fat,
And drunk with the vine's purple bloud, and then
The fiend himself they conjure from his den,

Because he onely yet remain'd to be
Worse than the worst of men—they flee from
thee,
And weare his altar-stones out with their pliant
knee.

All that he speaks (and all he speaks are lies)
Are oracles ; 'tis he (that wounded all)
Cures all their wounds ; he (that puts out their eyes)
That gives them light ; he (that death first did call
Into the world) that with his orizall

Inspirits earth : he Heav'n's alseeing eye,
In earth's great prophet, he, whom rest doth flie,
That on salt billows doth, as pillows, sleeping lie.

But let him in his cabin restlesse rest,
The dungeon of dark flames, and freezing fire,
Justice in heav'n against man makes request
To God, and of his angels doth require
Sinne's punishment : if what I did desire,
Or who, or against whom, or why or where,
Of, or before whom ignorant I were,
Then should my speech their sands of sins to
mountains reare.

Were not the heav'ns pure, in whose courts I sue ;
The Judge to whom I sue, just to requite him ;
The cause for sinne, the punishment most due ;
Justice herself the plaintiffe to endite him ;
The angels holy, before whom I cite him ;

He against whom, wicked, unjust, impure ;—
Then might he sinfull live, and die secure,
Or triall might escape, or triall might endure.

The judge might partiall be, and over-prayed ;
The place appeal'd from, in whose courts he sues ;
The fault excus'd, or punishment delay'd,
The parties self-accus'd, that did accuse ;
Angels for pardon might their prayers use :

But now no starre can shine, no hope be got.
Most wretched creature, if he knew his lot,—
And yet more wretched farre because he knowes
it not.

What should I tell how barren earth is grown
All for to starve her children ? didst not thou
Water with heav'ly showers her wombe unsown,
And drop down clouds of flow'rs—didst not thou
bowe

Thine easie ear unto the plowman's vow—

Long might he look, and look, and look in vain,
Might load his harvest in an empty wain,
And beat the woods, to finde the poor oak's hun-
gry grain.

The swelling sea seethes in his angry waves,
And smites the earth, that dares the traitors
nourish ;

Yet oft his thunder their light cork outbraves,
Mowing the mountains, on whose temples flourish
Whole woods of garlands ; and their pride to
cherish,

Plowe through the seas green fields, and nets
display,

To catch the flying windes, and steal away,
Cooz'ning the greedie sea, pris'ning their nimble
prey.

How often have I seen the waving pine,
Tost on a waterie mountain, knock his head
At heav'n's too patient gates, and with salt brine
Quench the moon's burning horns ; and safely fled
From heav'n's revenge, her passengers, all dead

With stiffe astonishment, tumble to hell !

How oft the sea all earth would overswell,
Did not thy sandie girdle binde the mightie swell.

Would not the aire be filld with streams of death,
To poison the quick rivers of their blood,
Did not thy windes fan, with their panting breath,
The fittng region ? would not th' hastie flood
Emptie itself into the sea's wide wood,

Didst not thou leade it wandring from his way,
To give men drink, and make his waters stray,
To fresh the flowrie medows, through whose fields
they play ?

Who makes the sources of the silver fountains
From the flint's mouth and rockie valleys slide,
Thickning the airie bowels of the mountains ?
Who hath the wilde heards of the forrest tide
In their cold dens, making them hungry bide
Till man to rest be laid ? can beastly he
That should have most sense, onely senseles be,
And all things else, beside himself, so awfull see ?

Were he not wilder than the savage beast,
Prouder than haughty hills, harder than rocks,
Colder than fountains from their springs releast,
Lighter than aire, blinder than senseles stocks,
More changing then the river's curling locks,—
If reason would not, sense would soon reprove him,
And unto shame, if not to sorrow, move him,
To see cold flouds, wilde beasts, dull stocks, hard
stones, outlove him.

Under the weight of sinne the earth did fall,
And swallowed Dathan ; and the raging winde,
And stormie sea, and gaping whale, did call
For Jonas ; and the aire did bullets finde,
And shot from heav'n a stony showre, to grinde
The five proud kings, that for their idols fought ;
The sunne itself stood still to fight it out,
And fire from heav'n flew down, when sinne to
heav'n did shout.

Should any to himself for safety fly ?
The way to save himself, if any were,
Were to fly from himself : should he relie
Upon the promise of his wife ? but there
What can he see, but that he most may fear,
A siren, sweet to death ? upon his friends ?
Who that he needs, or that he hath not, lends ;
Or wanting aid himself, aid to another sends ?

His strength ? but dust : his pleasure ? cause of
pain :
His hope ? false courtier : youth or beauty ? brittle :
Intreatie ? fond : repentance ? late and vain :
Just recompence ? the world were all too little :
Thy love ? he hath no title to a tittle :
Hell's force ? in vain her furies hell shall gather :
His servants, kinsmen, or his children rather ?
His childe, if good, shall judge ; if bad, shall curse
his father.

His life ? that brings him to his end, and leaves
him :
His end ? that leaves him to begin his wo :
His goods ? what good in that, that so deceives
him ?
His gods of wood ? their feet, alas ! are slow
That go to help, that must be helpt to go :
Honour ? great worth ? ah, little worth they be
Unto their owners : wit ? that makes him see
He wanted wit, that thought he had it, wanting
thee.

The sea to drink him quick ? that casts his dead :
Angels to spare ? they punish : night to hide ?
The world shall burn in light : the heav'ns to spread
Their wings to save him ? heav'n itself shall slide,
And rowl away like melting starres, that glide

Along their oylie threeds : his minde pursues
him :

His house to shrowd, or hills to fall, and bruise
him ?

As seargeants both attache, and witnesses accuse
him.

What need I urge—what they must needs confesse—
Sentence on them, condemn'd by their own lust ?
I crave no more, and thou canst give no lesse,
Than death to dead men, justice to unjust ;
Shame to most shamefull, and most shameles dust :

But if thy Mercy needs will spare her friends,
Let Mercy there begin, where Justice ends.

'Tis cruell Mercy that the wrong from right defends.

She ended, and the heavenly hierarchies,
Burning in zeal, thickly imbranded¹ were ;
Like to an armie that allarum cries,
And every one shakes his ydraded² speare,
And the Almighty's self, as he would teare

The Earth, and her firm basis quite in sunder,
Flam'd all in just revenge, and mightie thunder ;
Heav'n stole itself from Earth by clouds that
moisten'd under.

A DESCRIPTION OF MERCY.

As when the cheerfull sunne, elamping wide
Glads all the world with his uprising ray,
And wooes the widow'd earth afresh to pride,
And paints her bosome with the flowrie May,
Her silent sister steals him quite away,

¹ Mustered in arms.

² Dreaded, or terrific.

Wrapt in a sable cloud, from mortall eyes :
The hastie starres at noon begin to rise,
And headlong to his early roost the sparrow flies :

But soon as he again disshadow'd is,
Restoring the blind world his blemisht sight,
As though another day were newly ris,
The coozned birds busily take their flight,
And wonder at the shortnesse of the night ;
So Mercie once againe herself displayes
Out from her sister's cloud, and open layes
Those sunshine looks, whose beams would dim a
thousand dayes.

How may a worm, that crawls along the dust,
Clamber the azure mountains, thrown so high,
And fetch from thence thy fair idea just,
That in those sunny courts doth hidden lie,
Cloath'd with such light as blindest the angel's eye ?

How may weak mortall ever hope to file
His unsmooth tongue, and his depostrate stile ?
O raise thou from his corse thy now entomb'd
exile !

One touch would rouze me from my sluggish
hearse,
One word would call me to my wished home,
One look would polish my afflicted verse,
One thought would steal my soul from her thick
lome,
And force it wandring up to heav'n to come,
There to importune, and to beg apace
One happy favour of thy sacred grace,
To see—what though it lose her eyes ?—to see
thy face.

If any ask why roses please the sight ?
Because their leaves upon thy cheeks do bowre :

If any ask why lilies are so white ?
Because their blossomes in thy hand do flowre :
Or why sweet plants so gratefull odours showre ?

It is because thy breath so like they be :
Or why the orient sunne so bright we see ?
What reason can we give but from thine eies and
thee ?

Ros'd in all lovely crimsin are thy cheeks,
Where beauties indeflourishing abide,
And as to passe his fellow either seeks,
Seems both do blush at one another's pride ;
And on thine eyelids, waiting thee beside,

Ten thousand graces sit, and when they move
To earth their amourous belgards from above,
They flie from heav'n, and on their wings convey
thy love.

All of discolour'd plumes their wings are made,
And with so wondrous art the quills are wrought,
That whensoere they cut the ayrie glad,
The winde into their hollow pipes is caught,
As seems the spheres with them they down have
brought :

Like to the sev'n-fold reed of Arcadie
Which Pan of Syrinx made, when she did flie
To Ladon sands, and at his sighs sung merrily.

As melting hony dropping from the combe,
So still the words that spring between thy lips ;
Thy lips where smiling sweetnesse keeps her home,
And heav'ny eloquence pure manna sips :
He that his pen but in that fountain dips,
How nimblly will the golden phrases flie,
And shed forth streams of choicest rhetorie,
Welling celestiall torrents out of poesie !

Like as the thirstie land, in summer's heat,
Calls to the clouds, and gapes at ev'ry shou're

As though her hungry clefts all heav'n would eat,
Which if high God into her bosome poure,
Though much refresht, yet more she could de-
voure;

So hang the greedie eares of angels sweet,
And ev'ry breath a thousand Cupids meet,
Some flying in, some out, and all about her fleet.

Upon her breast Delight doth softly sleep,
And of eternal joy is brought abed,
Those snowie mountelets, through which do creep
The milkie rivers, that are inly bred
In silver cisterns, and themselves do shed
To wearie travellers, in heat of day
To quench their fierie thirst, and to allay
With dropping nectar-flouds the furie of their way.

If any wander, thou dost call him back ;
If any be not forward, thou incit'st him ;
Thou dost expect, if any should grow slack ;
If any seem but willing, thou invit'st him ;
Or if he do offend thee, thou acquit'st him :
Thou find'st the lost, and follow'st him that flies,
Healing the sick, and quickning him that dies,
Thou art the lame man's friendly staffe, the blinde
man's eyes.

So fair thou art, that all would thee behold ;
But none can thee behold, thou art so fair ;
Pardon, O pardon then thy vassall bold,
That with poore shadows strives thee to compare,
And match the things, which he knows matchlesse
are.

O thou vive mirrour of celestiall grace,
How can frail colours pourtraict out thy face,
Or paint in flesh thy beautie in such 'semblance
base ?

Her upper garment was a silken lawn,
With needlework richly embroidered,
Which she herself with her own had drawn,
And all the world therein had pourtrayed,
With threeds so fresh and lively coloured,

That seem'd the world she new created there ;

And the mistaken eye would rashly sweare
The silken trees did grow, and the beasts living
were.

Low at her feet the Earth was cast alone,
(As though to kisse her foot it did aspire,
And gave itself for her to tread upon,)
With so unlike and different attire,
That ev'ry one that saw it did admire

What it might be, was of so various hew ;

For to itself it oft so diverse grew,
That still it seem'd the same, and still it seem'd a
new.

And here and there few men she scattered,
(That in their thought the world esteem but small.
And themselves great,) but she with one fine threed
So short, and small, and slender, wove them all,
That like a sort of busy ants, that crawl

About some molehill, so they wandered ;

And round about the waving sea was shed :
But, for the silver sands, small pearls were sprin-
kled.

So curiously the underwork did creep,
And curling circlets so well shadowed lay,
That afar off the waters seem'd to sleep ;
But those that neare the margin pearl did play,
Hoarcely enwaved were with hastie sway,

As though they meant to rock the gentle eare,

And hush the former that enslumbred were :
And here a dangerous rock the flying ships did fear.

High in the airie element there hung
Another cloudy sea, that did disdain
(As though his purer waves from heaven sprung)
To crawl on earth, as doth the sluggish main :
But it the earth would water with his rain,
That eb'd and flow'd, as winde and season would,
And oft the sunne would cleave the limber
mould,
To alabaster rocks, that in the liquid rowl'd.
Beneath those sunny banks a darker cloud,
Dropping with thicker dew, did melt apace,
And bent itself into a hollow shroud,
On which, if Mercy did but cast her face,
A thousand colours did the bow enhace,
That wonder was to see the silk distain'd
With the resplendance from her beauty gain'd,
And Iris paints her locks with beams so lively
feign'd.
About her head a cyprus heav'n she wore,
Spread like a veil upheld with silver wire,
In which the starres so burnt in golden ore,
As seem'd the azure web was all on fire :
But hastily, to quench their sparkling ire,
A floud of milk came rowling up the shore,
That on his curded wave swift Argus bore,
And the immortall swan, that did her life deplore.
Yet strange it was so many starres to see,
Without a sunne to give their tapers light :
Yet strange it was not, that it so should be ;
For, where the sunne centers himself by right,
Her face and locks did flame, that at the sight
The heav'ly veil, that else should nimbly move,
Forgot his flight, and all incensed with love,
With wonder and amazement, did her beauty
prove.

Over her hung a canopie of state,
Not of rich tissew, nor of spangled gold,
But of a substance though not animate,
Yet of a heav'ly and spirituall mold,
That onely eyes of spirits might behold ;

Such light as from main rocks of diamound,
Shooting their sparks at Phœbus, would rebound,
And little angels, holding hands, danct all around.
Seemed those littlesprights, through nimblesse bold,
The stately canopy bore on their wings,
But them itself, as pendants, did uphold,
Besides the crowns of many famous kings :
Among the rest, there David ever sings,

And now, with yeares grown young, renews his
layes

Unto his golden harp, and dities playes,
Psalming aloud in well-tun'd songs his Maker's
praise.

Thou Self-idea of all joyes to come,
Whose love is such, would make the rudest speak,
Whose love is such, would make the wisest dumbe,
O, when wilt thou thy too long silence break,
And overcome the strong to save the weak ?

If thou no weapons hast, thine eyes will wound
Th'Almighty's self, that now stick on the ground,
As though some blessed object there did them
empound.

Ah ! miserable abject of disgrace,
What happiness is in thy miserie !
I both must pitie and envie thy case ;
For she, that is the glory of the skie,
Leaves heaven blinde, to fix on thee her eye.

Yet her(though Mercie's self esteems not small)
The world despis'd, they her Repentance call,
And she herself despises, and the world, and all.

Deeply, alas ! empasioned she stood,
To see a flaming brand tost up from hell,
Boyling her heart in her own lustfull blood,
That oft for torment she would loudly yell :
Now she would sighing sit, and now she fell
Crouching upon the ground, in sackcloth trust¹ ;
Early and late she played, and fast she must,
And all her hair hung full of ashes and of dust.

Of all most hated, yet hated most of all
Of her own self she was ; disconsolat
(As though her flesh did but infunerall
Her buried ghost) she in an arbour sat
Of thornie briar, weeping her cursed state ;
And her before a hastie river fled,
Which her blinde eyes with faithfull penance
fed,
And, all about, the grasse with teares hung down
his head.

Her eyes, though blinde abroad, at home kept
fast,
Inwards they turn'd, and lookt into her head,
At which she often started as agast,
To see so fearfull spectacles of dread ;
And with one hand her breast she martyred,
Wounding her heart the same to mortifie ;
The other a fair damsell held her by,
Which if but once let go, she sunk immediatly.

But Faith was quick, and nimble as the heav'n,
As if of love and light she all had been,
And though of present sight her sense were reav'n,
Yet she could see the things could not be seen :
Beyond the starres, as nothing were between,

¹ trussed.

She fixed her sight, disdaining things below :
Into the sea she could a mountain throw,
And make the sunne to stand, and waters back-
wards flow.

Such when as Mercy her beheld from high,
In a dark valley, drown'd with her own teares,
One of her graces she sent hastily,
Smiling Eirene¹, that a garland weares
Of guilded olive on her fairer haires,
To crown the fainting soul's true sacrifice,
Whom when as sad Repentance coming spies,
The holy desperado wipt her smiling eyes.

But Mercie felt a kind remorse to runne
Through her soft vains, and therefore, hying fast
To give an end to silence, thus begunne :—
“ Aye-honour'd Father, if no joy thou hast
But to reward desert, reward at last.”

The devil's voice spoke with a serpent's tongue,
Fit to hisse out the words so deadly stung,
And let him die, death's bitter charms so sweetly
sung.

He was the father of that hopeless season,
That, to serve other gods, forgot their own,
The reason was, thou wast above their reason :
They would have any gods rather than none,
A beastly serpent, or a senseless stone :

And these, as Justice hates, so I deplore ;
But the upplowed heart, all rent and tore,
Thou wounded by itself, I gladly would restore.

He was but dust ; why fear'd he not to fall ?
And, being fall'n, how can he hope to live ?
Cannot the hand destroy him that made all ?
Could he not take away, as well as give ?

¹ Peace.

Should man deprave, and should not God deprive ?

Was it not all the world's deceiving spirit

(That, bladder'd up with pride of his own merit,
Fell in his rise,) that him of heav'n did disinherit ?

He was but dust ; how could he stand before
him ?

And, being fall'n, why should he fear to die ?

Cannot the hand that made him first, restore
him ?

Deprav'd of sinne, should he deprived lie

Of grace ? can he not hide infirmite

That gave him strength ? unworthy the forsak-
ing,

He is, whoever weighs, without mistaking,
Or Maker of the man, or manner of his making.

Who shall thy temple incense any more,

Or at thy altar crown the sacrifice,

Or strew with idle flow'rs the hallow'd flore ?

Or what should prayer deck with herbs and spice
Her vials breathing orisons of price ?

If all must pay that which all cannot pay,

O first begin with me, and Mercie slay,

And thy thrice-honoured Sonne that now beneath
doth stray.

But if or he, or I, may live and speak,

And heaven can joy to see a sinner weep,

O let not Justice' iron sceptre break

A heart alreadie broke, that low doth creep,

And with prone humblesse her feet's dust doth
sweep.

Must all go by desert ? is nothing free ?

Ah ! if but those that onely worthy be,

None should thee ever see, none should thee ever
see.

What hath man done, that man shall not undo,
Since God to him is grown so neare akin ?
Did his foe slay him ? he shall slay his foe :
Hath he lost all ? he all again shall winne :
Is sinne his master ? he shall master sinne.

Too hardy soul, with sinne the field to trie :
The onely way to conquer was to flie,
But thus long death hath liv'd, and now death's
self shall die.

He is a path, if any be misled ;
He is a robe, if any naked be :
If any chance to hunger, he is bread ;
If any be a bondman, he is free ;
If any be but weak, how strong is he !
To dead men life he is, to sick men health ;
To blinde men sight, and to the needie wealth—
A pleasure without losse, a treasure without stealth.

Who can forget,—never to be forgot—
The time that all the world in slumber lies,
When like the starres, the singing angels shot
To earth, and heaven awaked all his eyes,
To see another sunne at midnight rise
On earth ? was never sight of pareil fame ;
For God before man like himself did frame,
But God himself now like a mortal man became.

A childe he was, and had not learnt to speak,
That with his word the world before did make ;
His mother's arms him bore, he was so weak,
That with one hand the vaults of heaven could
shake.

See how small room my infant Lord doth take,
Whom all the world is not enough to hold !
Who of his yeares, or of his age, hath told ?
Never such age so young, never a childe so old.

And yet but newly he was infanted,
And yet alreadie he was sought to die ;
Yet scarcely born, alreadie banished ;
Nor able yet to go, and forc't to flie :
But scarcely fled away, when, by and by,
The tyrant's sword with bloud is all defil'd,
And Rachel, for her sonnes, with furie wild,
Cries, O thou cruell king, and, O my sweetest
childe.

Egypt his nurse became, where Nilus springs,
Who straight to entertain the rising sunne
The hasty harvest in his bosome brings ;
But now for drieth¹ the fields were all undone,
And now with waters all is overrunne !

So fast the Cynthian mountains pour'd their
snow,
When once they felt the Sunne so neare them
glow,
That Nilus Egypt lost, and to a sea did grow.
The Angels carol'd loud their song of peace ;
The cursed oracles were stricken dumbe,
To see their Shepherd the poore shepherds presse ;
To see their King the kingly sophies come ;
And them to guide unto his Master's home
A starre comes dauncing up the Orient,
That springs for joy over the strawy tent,
Where gold, to make their Prince a crown, they
all present.

Young John, glad childe ! before he could be born,
Leapt in the wombe his joy to prophecie ;
Old Anna, though with age all spent and worn,
Proclaims her Saviour to posteritie,
And Simeon fast his dying notes doth plie.

¹ drought.

Oh, how the blessed souls about him trace !

It is the Sire of heaven thou dost embrace :
Sing, Simeon, sing—sing, Simeon, sing apace !

With that the mighty thunder dropt away
From God's unwarie arm, now milder grown,
And melted into teares ; as if to pray
For pardon, and for pitie, it had known,
That should have been for sacred vengeance thrown :

There too the armies angelique devow'd

Their former rage, and all to Mercy bow'd :
Their broken weapons at her feet they gladly
strow'd.

“ Bring, bring, ye Graces, all your silver flaskets,
Painted with every choicest flowre that growes,
That I may soon unflow'r your fragrant baskets,
To strow the fields with odours where he goes ;
Let whatsoere he treads on be a rose.”

So down she let her eyelids fall, to shine

Upon the rivers of bright Palestine,
Whose woods drop honey, and her rivers skip with
wine.

OUR SAVIOUR'S TEMPTATION.

TWICE had Diana bent her golden bow,
And shot from heav'n her silver shafts, to rouse
The sluggish salvages that den below,
And all the day in lazie covert drouze,
Since Him the silent wilderness did house :

The heav'n his roof and arbour harbour was,

The ground his bed, and his moist pillow grasse ;
But fruit there none did grow, nor rivers none did
passe.

At length an aged syre farre off he saw
Come slowly footing ; ev'ry step he guest
One of his feet he from the grave did draw.
Three legs he had—the wooden was the best ;
And all the way he went he ever blest
With benedicities, and prayers store ;
But the bad ground was blessed nere the more ;
And all his head with snow of age was waxen hore.
A good old hermit he might seem to be,
That for devotion had the world forsaken,
And now was travelling some saint to see,
Since to his beads he had himself betaken,
Where all his former sinnes he might awaken,
And them might wash away with dropping brine,
And almes, and fasts, and church's discipline ;
And dead, might rest his bones under the holy
shrine.

But when he nearer came he lowted low
With prone obeysance, and with curtsie kind,
That at his feet his head he seem'd to throw ;—
What needs him now another saint to finde ?
Affections are the sails, and faith the winde,
That to this saint a thousand souls convay
Each hour : O happy pilgrims, thither stray !
What caren they for beasts, or for the wearie way ?
Soon the old palmer his devotions sung,
Like pleasing anthems moduled in time ;
For well that aged syre could tip his tongue
With golden foyl of eloquence, and lime,
And lick his rugged speech with phrases prime.
“ Ay me ! ” (quoth he,) “ how many yeares have
been
Since these old eyes the sunne of heav'n have
seen !
Certes the Sonne of heav'n they now behold, I ween.

“ Ah, mote my humble cell so blessed be
As Heav’n to welcome in his lowly roof,
And be the temple for thy Deitie !

Lo, how my cottage worships thee aloof,
That underground hath hid his head, in proof

It doth adore thee with the seeling low,—

Here honey, milke, and chesnuts wilde do
grow,

The boughs a bed of leaves upon thee shall bestow.

“ But, oh ! ” (he said, and therewith sigh’t full deep,)

“ The heav’ns, alas ! too envious are grown,
Because our fields thy presence from them keep ;
For stones do grow where corn was lately sown : ”
(So stooping down, he gather’d up a stone :)

“ But thou with corn canst make this stone to
eare,—

What needen we the angry heav’ns to feare ?
Let them us envie still, so we enjoy thee here.”

Thus on they wand’red : but those holy weeds
A monstrous serpent, and no man, did cover :
So under greenest herbs the adder feeds ;
And round about that stinking corpse did hover
The dismal prince of gloomie night, and over

His ever-damned head the shadows err’d

Of thousand peccant ghosts, unseen, unheard,
And all the tyrant fears, and all the tyrant fear’d.

He was the sonne of blackest Acheron,
Where many frozen souls do chat’ring lie,
And rul’d the burning waves of Phlegethon,
Where many more in flaming sulphur frie,
At once compell’d to live and forc’t to die ;

Where nothing can be heard for the loud crie

Of “ Oh ! ” and “ Ah ! ” and, “ Out, alas ! that I
Or once again might live, or once at length might
die ! ”

Ere long they came neare to a baleful bowre,
Much like the mouth of that infernall cave
That gaping stood all comers to devoure,
Dark, dolefull, dreary—like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcases doth crave :

The ground no herbs but venomous did beare,
Nor ragged trees did leave, but ev'ry where
Dead bones and skulls were cast, and bodies hang-
ed were.

Upon the roof the bird of sorrow sat,
Elonging joyfull day with her sad note,
And through the shady aire the flutt'ring bat
Did wave her leather sails, and blindly flote,
While with her wings the fatal shreech-owl
smote

Th' unblessed house ; there, on a craggy stone,
Celleno hung, and made his direfull mone,
And all about the murder'd ghosts did shreek and
grone.

Like cloudie moonshine in some shadowie grove,
Such was the light in which DESPAIR did dwell ;
But he himself with night for darknesse strove.
His black uncombed locks dishevell'd fell
About his face, through which, as brands of hell,
Sunk in his skull, his staring eyes did glow,
That made him deadly look ; their glimpse did
show

Like cockatrice's eyes, that sparks of poyson throw.

His cloaths were ragged clouts, with thorns pin'd
fast ;
And, as he musing lay, to stonie fright
A thousand wild chimæras would him cast :
As when a fearfull dream in midst of night
Skips to the brain, and phancies to the sight

Some winged furie, straight the hasty foot,
Eager to flie, cannot pluck up his root ;
The voice dies in the tongue, and mouth gapes
without boot¹.

Now he would dream that he from heaven fell,
And then would snatch the aire, afraid to fall ;
And now he thought he sinking was to hell,
And then would grasp the earth ; and now his stall
Him seemed hell, and then he out would crawl ;

And ever, as he crept, would squint aside,
Lest him, perhaps, some furie had espide,
And then, alas ! he should in chains for ever bide.

Therefore he softly shrunk, and stole away,
Ne ever durst to draw his breath for fear,
Till to the doore he came, and there he lay
Panting for breath, as though he dying were ;
And still he thought he felt their craples² teare

Him by the heels back to his ugly denne :
Out fain he would have leapt abroad, but then
The heav'n, as hell, he fear'd, that punish guilty men.

Within the gloomie hole of this pale wight
The serpent woo'd him with his charms to inne,
There he might bait the day, and rest the night ;
But under that same bait a fearfull grin
Was ready to entangle him in sinne.

But he upon ambrosia daily fed,
That grew in Eden—thus he answered :
So both away were caught, and to the temple fled.

Well knew our Saviour this the Serpent was,
And the old Serpent knew our Saviour well ;
Never did any this in falsehood passe,
Never did any him in truth excell :

¹ To no purpose.

² grapples.

With him we fly to heav'n, from heav'n we fell
With him: but now they both together met
Upon the sacred pinacles, that threat,
With their aspiring tops, Astræa's starrie seat.

Here did PRESUMPTION her pavilion spread
Over the temple, the bright starres among,
(Ah! that her feet should trample on the head
Of that most rev'rend place!) and a lewd throng
Of wanton boyes sung her a pleasant song
Of love, long life, of mercy, and of grace:
And ev'ry one her dearely did embrace,
And she herself enamour'd was of her own face—

A painted face, belied with vermeyl store,
Which light Euëlpis ev'ry day did trimme,
That in one hand a gilded anchor wore,
Not fixed on the rock, but on the brimme,
Of the wide aire, she let it loosely swimme:

Her other hand a sprinkle carried,
And ever when her lady wavered,
Court holy-water all upon her sprinkeled.

Poore fool! she thought herself in wondrous price
With God, as if in paradise she were;
But, were she not in a fool's paradise,
She might have seen more reason to despair:
But him, she, like some ghastly fiend, did fear;
And therefore, as that wretch hew'd out his cell
Under the bowels, in the heart of hell,
So she above the moon, amid the starres would
dwell.

Her tent with sunny clouds was see'l'd aloft,
And so exceeding shone with a false light,
That heav'n itself to her it seemed oft—
Heav'n without clouds to her deluded sight;

But clouds withouten heav'n it was aright ;
And as her house was built, so did her brain
Build castles in the aire, with idle pain ;
But heart she never had in all her body vain.

Like as a ship in which no ballance lies,
Without a pilot, on the sleeping waves,
Fairly along with wind and water flies,
And painted masts with silken sails embraves¹,
That Neptune's self the bragging vessel saves,
To laugh awhile at her so proud aray ;
Her waving streamers loosely she lets play,
And flagging colours shine as bright as smiling day.

But all so soon as Heav'n his brows doth bend,
She veils her banners, and pulls in her beams,
The empty bark the raging billows send
Up to th' Olympique waves, and Argus seems
Again to ride upon our lower streams :
Right so PRESUMPTION did herself behave,
Tossed about with ev'ry stormie wave,
And in white lawn she went, most like an angel
brave.

Gently our Saviour she began to shrive²,
Whether he were the Sonne of God, or no ;
For any other she disdain'd to wive :
And if he were, she bid him fearlesse throw
Himself to ground ; and therewithall did show
A flight of little angels, that did wait,
Upon their glittering wings to latch him straight,
And longed on their backs to feel his glorious
weight.

But when she saw her speech prevailed naught,
Herself she tumbled headlong to the flore :

¹ adorns.

² To question as a confessor.

But him the angels on their feathers caught,
And to an airie mountain nimblly bore,
Whose snowie shoulders like some chaulkie shore,
Restlesse Olympus seem'd to rest upon,
With all his swimming globes : so both are gone,
The dragon with the Lambe—Ah ! unmeet para-
gon !

All suddenly the hill his snow devoures,
In liew whereof a goodly garden grew ;
As if the snow had melted into flowers,
Which their sweet breath in subtil vapours threw,
That all about perfumed spirits flew :

For whatsoe'er might aggravate the sense,
In all the world, or please the appetence,
Here it was poured out in lavish affluence.

Not lovely Ida might with this compare,
Though many streams his banks besilvered,
Though Xanthus with his golden sands he bare ;
Nor Hybla, though his thyme, depastured,
As fast again with honey blossomed ;

Ne Rhodope, ne Tempe's flowrie plain :
Adonis' garden was to this but vain,
Though Plato on his beds a floud of praise did rain.

For in all these some one thing most did grow,
But in this one grew all things else beside ;
For sweet varietie herself did throw
To ev'ry bank : here all the ground she dide
In lilie white ; there pinks eblazed wide,
And damaskt all the earth ; and here she shed
Blew violets, and there came roses red ;
And ev'ry sight the yeelding sense as captive led.

The garden like a lilie fair was cut,
That lay as if she slumber'd in delight,

And to the open skies her eyes did shut ;
The azure fields of heav'n were sembled right
In a large round, set with the flow'rs of light :

The flow'rs-de-luce, and the round sparks of dew,
That hung upon their azure leaves, did shew
Like twinkling starres, that sparkle in the evening
blew.

Upon a hillie bank her head she cast,
On which the bowre of Vain-delight was built ;
White and red roses for her face were plac't,
And for her tresses marigolds were spilt :
Them broadly she displaed, like flaming gilt,
Till in the ocean the glad day were drown'd ;
Then up again her yellow locks she wound,
And with green fillets in their prettie calls¹ them
bound.

What should I here depaint her lylie hand,
Her veins of violets, her ermine breast,
Which there in orient colours living stand ;
Or how her gown with silken leaves is dress'd ;
Or how her watchman, arm'd with boughie crest,
A wall of prim hid in his bushes bears,
Shaking at every winde their leavie speares,
While she supinely sleeps, ne to be waked fears ?

Over the hedge depends the graping elm,
Whose greener head, empurpuled in wine,
Seemed to wonder at his bloody helm,
And half suspect the bunches of the vine,
Lest they, perhaps, his wit should undermine.
For well he knew such fruit he never bore :
But her weak arms embraced him the more,
And with her ruby grapes laught at her paramour.

¹ calls : cauls.

Under the shadow of those drunken elms
A fountain rose * * * *

* * * * *

The font of silver was, and so his showres
In silver fell, onely the gilded bowls
(Like to a fornace that the minrall powres
Seem'd to have moulten in their shining holes;
And on the water, like to burning coles)
On liquid silver leaves of roses lay:
But when PANGLORY here did list to play,
Rose-water then it ranne, and milk it rain d, they
say.

The roof thick clouds did paint, from which three
boyes
Three gaping mermaids with their eawrs did feed,
Whose breasts let fall the stream, with sleepy
noise,
To lions' mouths, from whence it leap'd with speed,
And in the rosie laver seem'd to bleed.

The naked boyes unto the waters fall,
Their stonie nightingales had taught to call,
When zephyr breath'd into their watry interall.

And all about, embayed in soft sleep,
A herd of charmed beasts aground were spread,
Which the fair witch in golden chains did keep,
And them in willing bondage fettered;
Once men they liv'd, but now the men were dead,

And turn'd to beasts,—so fabled Homer old,
That Circe, with her potion, charm'd in gold,
Us'd manly souls in beastly bodies to immould.

Through this false Eden, to his Leman's bowre,
(Whom thousand souls devoutly idolize)
Our first Destroyer led our Saviour:
There in the lower room, in solemne wise,

They danc't around, and pour'd their sacrifice
To plump Lyæus, and, among the rest,
The jolly priest in ivie garlands drest,
Chaunted wild orgials, in honour of the feast.

* * * * *

Flie, flie, thou holy Childe, that wanton room,
And thou, my chaster Muse, those harlots shun,
And with him to a higher storie come,
Where mounts of gold, and flouds of silver runne,
The while the owners, with their wealth undone,
Starve in their store, and in their plenty pine,
Tumbling themselves upon their heaps of mine,
Glutting their famisht souls with the deceitfull
shine.

Ah ! who was he such precious perils found ?
How strongly Nature did her treasures hide,
And throw upon them mountains of thick ground,
To dark their orie lustre ! but queint Pride
Hath taught her sonnes to wound their mother's
side,

And guage the depths to search for flaring shells,
In whose bright bosome spumie Bacchus swells,
That neither heav'n nor earth henceforth in safetie
dwells.

O sacred hunger of the greedie eye,
Whose need hath end, but no end covetise ;
Emptie in fulnesse, rich in povertie,
That, having all things, nothing can suffice,
How thou befanciest the men most wise ;

The poore man would be rich, the rich man
great,

The great man king, the king, in God's own
seat

Enthron'd, with mortal arm dares flames and thun-
der threat.

Therefore above the rest Ambition sate,
His court with glitterant pearl was all enwall'd,
And round about the wall, in chairs of state,
And most majestique splendour were enstall'd
A hundred kings, whose temples were impalled
In golden diadems, set here and there
With diamonds, and gemmed ev'rywhere ;
And of their golden virges none disceptred were.

High over all Panglories' blazing throne,
In her bright turret, all of crystall wrought,
Like Phœbus' lamp, in midst of heaven, shone :
Whose starry top, with pride infernall fraught,
Self-arching columnes to uphold were taught,
In which her image still reflected was
By the smooth crystall, that most like her glasse,
In beauty and in frailtie did all others passe.

A silver wand the sorceresse did sway,
And, for a crown of gold, her hair she wore ;
Onely a garland of rose-buds did play
About her locks, and in her hand she bore
A hollow globe of glasse, that long before
She full of emptiness had bladdered,
And all the world therein depicted,
Whose colours, like the rainbow, ever vanished.

Such watry orbicles young boyes do blow
Out from their sopy shells, and much admire
The swimming world, which tenderly they row
With easie breath till it be waved higher :
But if they chance but roughly once aspire,
The painted bubble instantly doth fall.
Here when he came, she 'gan for music call,
And sung this wooing song, to welcome him with-all :—
“ Love is the blossom where there blows
Every thing that lives or grows :

Love doth make the heav'ns to move,
And the sunne doth burn in love :
Love the strong and weak doth yoke,
And makes the yvie climbe the oke ;
Under whose shadows lions wilde,
Softene'd by love, grow tame and milde.
Love no med'cine can appease,
He burns the fishes in the seas ;
Not all the skill his wounds can stench,
Not all the sea his fire can quench :
Love did make the bloody spear
Once a leavie coat to wear,
While in his leaves there shrouded lay
Sweet birds, for love, that sing and play :
And of all love's joyfull flame
I the bud and blossome am.

Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

“ See, see the flowers that, below,
Now as fresh as morning blow ;
And of all, the virgin rose,
That as bright Aurora shows :
How they all unleaved die,
Losing their virginitie :
Like unto a summer shade,
But now born, and now they fade.
Every thing doth passe away,
There is danger in delay ;
Come, come, gather then the rose,
Gather it, or it you lose.
All the lands of Tagus' shore
Into my bosome casts his ore :
All the valleys' swimming corn,
To my house is yearly born :
Every grape of every vine
Is gladly bruis'd to make me wine ;

While ten thousand kings, as proud
To carry up my train, have bow'd,
And a world of ladies send me,
In my chambers to attend me :
All the starres in heav'n that shine,
And ten thousand more, are mine.

Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be."

Thus sought the dire enchauntresse in his minde
Her guilefull bait to have embosomed ;
But he her charms dispersed into winde,
And her of insolence admonished,
And all her optique glasses shattered.

So with her syre to hell she took her flight,
(The starting aire flew from the damned spright,)
Where deeply both aggrev'd, plunged themselves
in night.

But to their Lord, now musing in his thought,
A heav'ly vollie of light angels flew,
And from his Father him a banquet brought
Through the fine element ; for well they knew,
After his Lenten fast, he hungry grew ;

And, as he fed, the holy quires combine
To sing a hymne of the celestiall Trine ;
All thought to passe, and each was past all thought
divine.

The birds' sweet notes, to sonnet out their joyes,
Attemper'd to the layes angelicall ;
And to the birds the windes attune their noise ;
And to the windes the waters hoarcely call,
And Eccho back again revoiced all ;

That the whole valley rung with victorie.

But now our Lord to rest doth homeward flie :
See how the night comes stealing from the moun-
tains high !

THE TRAITOR JUDAS.

THE graceless Traitor round about did look
(He lookt not long, the devil quickly met him)
To finde a halter, which he found, and took,
Onely a gibbet now he needs must get him ;
So on a wither'd tree he fairly set him,
And helpt him fit the rope, and in his thought
A thousand furies, with their whips, he brought;
So there he stands, readie to hell to make his vault.

For him a waking bloudhound, yelling loud,
That in his bosome long had sleeping laid ;
A guiltie conscience, barking after bloud,
Pursued eagerly, ne ever staid,
Till the betrayer's self it had betray'd.
Oft chang'd he place, in hope away to winde,
But change of place could never change his
minde :
Himself he flies to lose, and follows for to finde.

There is but two wayes for this soul to have,
When parting from the body, forth it purges ;
To flie to heav'n, or fall into the grave,
Where whips of scorpions, with the stinging
scourges,
Feed on the howling ghosts, and fierie surges
Of brimstone rowl about the cave of night,
Where flames do burn, and yet no spark of light;
And fire both fries and freezes the blaspheming
spright.

There lies the captive soul, aye-sighing sore,
Reck'ning a thousand yeares since her first bands ;
Yet stayes not there, but addes a thousand more,
And at another thousand never stands,
But tells to them the starres and heaps the sands :

And now the starres are told, and sands are runne,
And all those thousand thousand myriads done,
And yet, but now, alas ! but now all is begunne.

With that a flaming brand a furie catch'd,
And shook, and toss'd it round in his wilde thought,
So from his heart all joy, all comfort snatcht,
With ev'ry starre of hope ; and as he sought
(With present fear and future grief distraught)

To flie from his own heart, and aid implore
Of him, the more he gives, that hath the more,
Whose storehouse is the heav'ns, too little for his
store :

“ Stay, wretch, on earth” (cried Satan)—“ restlesse
rest ;

Know'st thou not Justice lives in heav'n ; or can
The worst of creatures live among the best—
Among the blessed angels cursed man ?

Will Judas now become a Christian ?

Whither will hope's long wings transport thy
minde ?

Or canst thou not thyself a sinner finde ?
Or, cruell to thyself, wouldst thou have mercie
kinde ?

“ He gave thee life ; why shouldst thou seek to slay
He lent thee wealth to feed thy avarice : [him ?
He call'd thee friend—what, that thou shouldst
betray him ?

He kist thee, though he knew his life the price :
He washt thy feet—shouldst thou his sacrifice ?

He gave thee bread, and wine, his bodie, bloud,
And at thy heart to enter in he stood ;
But then I entred in, and all my snakie brood.”

As when wilde Pentheus, grown mad with fear,
Whole troupes of hellish hags about him spies,

Two bloody sunnes stalking the duskie sphear,
And twofold Thebes runs rowling in his eyes ;
Or through the scene staring Orestes flies,
With eyes flung back upon his mother's ghost,
That, with infernall serpents all embost,
And torches quencht in blood, doth her stern
sonne accost ;

Such horrid gorgons, and misformed forms
Of damned fiends, flew dancing in his heart,
That, now unable to endure their storms,
" Flie, flie ! " he cries, " thyself whatere thou art,
Hell, hell, alreadie burns in ev'ry part."

So down into his torturers' arms he fell,
That readie stood his funeralls to yell,
And in a cloud of night to waft him quick to hell.

Yet oft he snatcht, and started as he hung :
So when the senses half enslumbered lie,
The headlong bodie, readie to be flung
By the deluding phansie from some high
And craggy rock, recovers greedily,
And clasps the yeelding pillow, half asleep,
And, as from heav'n it tombled to the deep,
Feels a cold sweat through ev'ry trembling mem-
ber creep :

There let him hang embowelled in bloud,
Where never any gentle shepheard feed
His blessed flocks, nor ever heav'nly floud
Fall on the cursed ground, nor wholesome seed,
That may the least delight or pleasure breed ;
Let never Spring visit his habitation,
But nettles, kix, and all the weedy nation,
With emptie elders grow—sad signes of desolation !

There let the dragon keep his habitance,
And stinking carcasses be thrown avaunt,

Fauns, sylvans, and deformed satyrs dance,
Wild cats, wolves, toads, and screech-owls direly
chaunt ;
There ever let some restlesse spirit haunt,
With hollow sound, and clashing chains, to
scare
The passenger, and eyes like to the starre
That sparkles in the crest of angrie Mars afarre.

THE JOYS OF THE REDEEMED.

HERE may the band that now in triumph shines,
And that (before they were invested thus)
In earthly bodies carried heavenly mindes,
Pitcht round about, in order glorious,
Their sunny tents and houses luminous,
All their eternall day in songs employing,
Joying their end, without end of their joying,
While their Almighty Prince Destruction is de-
stroying.

Full, yet without satietie, of that
Which whets and quiets greedy appetite,
Where never sunne did rise, nor ever sat ;
But one eternall day and endlesse light
Gives time to those whose time is infinite—
Speaking with thought, obtaining without fee,
Beholding him whom never eye could see,
And magnifying him that cannot greater be.

How can such joy as this want words to speak ?
And yet what words can speak such joy as this ?
Farre from the world, that might their quiet break,
Here the glad souls the face of beautie kisse,
Pour'd out in pleasure, on their beds of blisse ;

And drunk with nectar torrents, ever hold
Their eyes on him, whose graces manifold
The more they do behold, the more they would
behold.

Their sight drinks lovely fires in at their eyes,
Their brain sweet incense with fine breath accloyes,
That on God's sweating altar burning lies ;
Their hungrie eares feed on their heav'ly noise,
That Angels sing, to tell their untold ioyes ;

Their understanding naked truth, their wills
The all and self-sufficient goodnesse fills,
That nothing here is wanting but the want of ills.

No sorrow now hangs clouding on their brow,
No bloudles maladie empales their face,
No age drops on their hairs his silver snow,
No nakednesse their bodies doth embase,
No poverty themselves and theirs disgrace,
No fear of death the joy of life deuours,
No vnchaste sleep their precious time deflowres ;
No losse, no grief, no change wait on their winged
hours.

But now their naked bodies scorn the cold,
And from their eyes joy looks, and laughs at pain ;
The infant wonders how he came so old,
And old man how he came so young again ;
Still resting, though from sleep they still refrain :

Where all are rich, and yet no gold they ow,
And all are kings, and yet no subjects know,
All full, and yet no time on food they do bestow.

For things that passe are past, and in this field
The indeficient spring no winter fears ;
The trees together fruit and blossom yield,
The unfading lily leaves of silver beares ;
And crimson rose a scarlet garland weares :

And all of these on the saints' bodies grow,
Not, as they wont, on baser earth below :
Three rivers here, of milk, and wine, and honey, flow.

About the holy citie rowles a flood
Of moulten crystall like a sea of glasse,
On which weak stream a strong foundation stood :
Of living diamonds the building was,
That all things els, besides itself, did passe,
Her streets, instead of stones, the starres did
pave,
And little pearles for dust it seem'd to have,
On which soft streaming manna, like pure snow,
did wave.

In midst of this citie celestiall,
Where the eternal temple should have rose,
Lightned th' Idea Beatificall—
End and beginning of each thing that grows ;
Whose self no end nor yet beginning knows,
That hath no eyes to see, nor eares to heare,
Yet sees and heares, and is all eye, all eare ;
That nowhere is contain'd, and yet is everywhere :

Changer of all things, yet immutable ;
Before and after all, the first and last ;
That, moving all, is yet immoveable ;
Great without quantitie, in whose forecast
Things past are present, things to come are past ;
Swift without motion, to whose open eye
The hearts of wicked men unbrested lie ;
At once absent and present to them, farre and nigh.

It is no flaming lustre, made of light ;
No sweet consent, or well-tim'd harmonie ;
Ambrosia for to feast the appetite,
Or flowerie odour, mix'd with spicerie,
No soft embrace, or pleasure bodily ;

And yet it is a kinde of inward feast,
A harmony that sounds within the breast,
An odour, light, embrace, in which the soul doth
rest.

A heav'ly feast, no hunger can consume ;
A light unseen, yet shines in every place ;
A sound no time can steal ; a sweet perfume
No windes can scatter ; an intire embrace
That no satietie can ere unlace :

Ingrac't into so high a favour, there
The saints with their beawpeers whole worlds
outweare,

And things unseen do see, and things unheard do
heare.

Ye blessed souls, grown richer by your spoil,
Whose losse though great, is cause of greater
gains,

Here may your weary spirits rest from toil,
Spending your endlesse ev'ning that remains
Among those white flocks and celestiall trains,
That feed upon their Shepheard's eyes, and frame
That heavenly musick of so wondrous fame,
Psalming aloud the holy honours of his name !

Had I a voice of steel to tune my song,
Were every verse as smoothly fil'd as glasse,
And every member turned to a tongue,
And every tongue were made of sounding brasse ;
Yet all that skill, and all this strength, alas !

Should it presume to gild, were misadvis'd
The place, where David hath new songs devis'd
As in his burning throne he sits emparadis'd,

Most happie Prince, whose eyes those starres
behold,
Treading ours under feet ! now maist thou poure

That overflowing skill, wherewith of old
Thou wont'st to combe rough speech ; now maist
thou showre

Fresh streams of praise vpon that holy bowre,
Which well we heaven call : not that it rowls,
But that it is the haven of our souls—

Most happie Prince, whose sight so heavenly sight
beholds !

Ah, foolish shepheards, that were wont to esteem
Your God all rough and shaggy-hair'd to be !
And yet farre wiser shepheards then ye seem ;
For who so poore (though who so rich) as he
When, with us hermiting in low degree,

He wash't his flocks in Jordan's spotlesse tide,
And, that his deare remembrance aye might bide,
Did to us come, and with us liv'd, and for us died ?

But now so lively colours did embeam
His sparkling forehead, and so shiny rayes
Kindled his flaming locks, that down did stream
In curles along his neck, where sweetly playes
(Singing his wounds of love in sacred layes)

His dearest Spouse¹, spouse of the dearest Lover,
Knitting a thousand knots over and over,
And dying still for love ; but they her still recover.

Fair Egliset, that at his eyes doth dresse
Her glorious face, those eyes from whence are shed
Infinite belamours ; where, to expresse
His love, high God all heav'n as captive leads,
And all the banners of his grace dispreads,
And in those windows doth his arms englaze,
And on those eyes the angels all do gaze,
And from those eyes the lights of heav'n do glean
their blaze.

¹ Spouse: the Church.

VIII.

HENRY AINSWORTH.

PSALM XXIII.

JEHOVAH feedeth me, I shall not lack ;
In grassy folds he down doth make me lye,
He gently leads me quiet waters by,
He doth return my soul : for his name sake
In paths of justice leads me quietly.
Yea, though I walk in dale of deadly shade,
Ile fear none ill, for with me thou wilt be ;
Thy rod, thy staff, eke they shall comfort me :
Fore me a table thou hast ready made,
In their presence that my distressers be :
Thou makest fat mine head with ointing oil ;
My cup abounds. Doubtless good and mercy
Shall all the days of my life follow me :
Also within Jehovah's house I shall
To length of dayes repose me quietly.

PSALM CVII.

CONFESSE ye to Jehovah thankfully,
For he is good : for ever his mercy,
Let the redeemed of Jehovah say,
Whom he from foes' hand hath redeem'd away,
And gather them out of the lands did hee,
From east to west, to north, and fro the sea.
They in the wildernes in desert way
Wandred; no dwelling city find did they ;
Hungry and thirsty eke : that them within
Their soul hath faynting overwhelmed bin,

And to the Lord they cryde in their distresse :
He freely rid them from their anguishes.

And in a right way he did make them goe,
A dwelling citie for to come unto ;
Confesse they to Jehovah his mercy,
His marvels eke to sonns of man earthly ;
For he the thirsty soul hath satiated,
And hungry soul with good replenished.

They that in darkness and death's shadow bide,
In yron and affliction fast tyde,
Because against God's words they did rebell,
And did despise the Highest one's counsell :
Then humbled he their heart with toilsom grief ;
They stumbled down, and none did yield releif.

And they the Lord in their distresse besought,
He sav'd them from their sorrowes, He them brought
From darknes and death's shade, and broke their
bands.

Let them confesse Jehovah's mercy, and
His marvels to men's sonns. For dores of brass
He broke, and hewd asunder yron barrs.

Fools, for the way of their transgression,
And for their vices, have affliction ;
Al meat their soul abhorreth lothsomly,
And to the gates of death approch they nye.
When to the Lord they crye in their distresse,
He saveth them out of their anguishes.

He sendeth forth his word and them healeth :
From their corruptions delivereth.
Confess they to Jehovah his mercy,
His marvels eke to sonns of man earthly ;
And offer offrings of confession ;
And let them tell his works with showting song.

THE SECOND PART.

They that in ships unto the sea down goe,
That in the many waters labour doe,
They see Jehovali's operations,
And in the deep his wondrous actions.
For he sayth, and doth rayse the wind stormy,
And it doth lift the waves thereof on high.

They mount to heav'ns, down to the deeps they
goe;
Their soul it melts away in evil woe:
They reel and stagger like a drunken wight,
And all their wisdom is upswallowed quight:
And to the Lord they cry in their distresse,
And he outbrings them from their anguishes.

The storm he to a silent calm doth set,
And then their waves alayed are quiet;
And they rejoice because they are made still,
And he them leads to haven of their will.
Confess they to Jehovah his mercy,
His marvels eke to sonns of man earthly.

And in the people's church exalt they him,
And in the elder's sitting prayse they him:
He turns the rivers to a wildernes,
And springs of water to a thirstines;
A land of fruit to salttnes barren,
For wickednes of them that dwell therein.

He turns the desert to a waters' pool,
And land of drought to waters of plentifull,
And there he seateth them that hungry are:
And they a dwelling city doe prepare,
They vinyards also plant, and sow the fields,
Which fruit of usual revenue yields.

And he them blesseth, and they are increast
Greatly, and he minisheth not their beast.
Agayn they are diminisht and brought low,
By close restraint, by evil and sorrow :
He powrs contempt on bountiful princes,
And makes them err in waylesse wildernes.

And poor from povertie he makes up rise,
And putteth as a flock his families.
See shall the righteous, and joyful bee,
And stop her mouth shall all iniquitie.
Who wise is, and will these things heedful learn,
And they Jehovah's mercies shall discern.

PSALM CXXXVII.

By Babel's rivers there sate wee,
Yea wept, when wee did mind Sion ;
The willowes that amidds it bee
Our harps we hanged them upon :
For songs of us there ask did they
That had us captive led along ;
And mirth they that us heaps did lay,
Sing unto us some Sion's song.

Jehovah's song how sing shall wee
Within a forreyn people's land ?
Jerusalem, if I doe thee
Forget, forget let my right hand,
Cleave let my tongue to my palat,
If I do not in mind thee bear ;
If I Jerusalem doe not
Above my cheifest joy prefer.

Remember, Lord, to AEdom's sonns
Day of Jerusalem, who sayd,
Rase, rase to her foundations !
Daughter of Babel, wastful layd,

O blessed he that thy reward
Payes thee, which thou rewardest us !
O blessed he that takes, and hard
Against the rock thy babes doth crush !

IX.

SIR EDWIN SANDYS.

PSALM CXXVIII.

O BLESSED they whose humble harts
True fear of power divine endues :
Religous soule, that ne'er departs
From way which blisful life renues.
O blessed man ! thy ioys abound :
Thyn house thy cheerful hands shall rear :
And labours iust, with blessing cround,
Shall feeding fruit still plenteous fear.
Thy wife, a vine on wall disspredd,
In fruitful love hast ioious met,
Thy children sweet, in virtue bred,
Fair olive-plants, thy boord beset.
So thus God's fear thus graced shall be ;
From Sion deer thee God shall bless,
And quiet home shall plentie see,
And life contented long possess.
That all thy days delighted ey
Jerusalem's great weal may vieu,
And wasting life itself espy
In children's children to renue.
O thankful then God's love allure,
Stil righteous life with care maintain,
So happie long maist thou endure,
So peace to Israel long remain.

X.

ARTHUR WARREN.

SELFISHNESS OF THE WORLD.

THIS moov'd the prudent hermits to forsake
Country, acquaintance, parents, livings, land,
And in the wilderness a cell to make,
Where they, secur'd from injuries, might stand ;
Though mosse, not downe, they us'd instead of bed,
And were with hips and hawes for dainties fed.

It's ease enough, whereas may lodge Content ;
It's cheere enough, where Nature is suffis'd ;
It's right enough, whereas no wrong is meant ;
It's love enough, where no hate is devis'd :
Better to live alone in peace and rest,
Than 'mongst the multitude and be opprest.

Some unfrequented woods I seeke to find,
Some unknowne desarts journey I to see,
What Solitarines hath there assign'de
For such as her inhabitants shall be ;
The earth I survey for the secret'st field,
To prove what entertainment it may yield.

The lynx, that is the clearest beast of sight,
Seemeth to shed a showre of christall teares ;
The lyon, monarch for his matchlesse might,
Offers no force to load my life with feares ;
Tygres are tame, bulls hurt me not with horne ;
Woolves are like lambs, by them I am not torne.

My misadventures doe them all amaze,
Of mine afflictions they remaine in awe ;

On my mishaps and my misfortunes gaze,
As though they so strange objects never saw :
So forlorne like I passe, so vile, so base,
That they relent to view my ruthfull case.

Thus I with eyes of farre discerning mind
Homeward convert a distort countenance,
In esperance acquaintance some to find,
Which might eye-witnes, unexpected chance,
Earth's cormorant ! heere, to thy scandall, see
The mercy which the mercilesse shew me.

Thou wilt not alter, but from have to hold,
From catch to keepe, from much to gather more,
From cottages to farmes, from lead to gold,
From competence into superfluous store :
Thy nature nought to such but envie yields,
As have a meadow greener than thy fields.

Might I heire to some usurer be found,
Whose gorged chests surfet with cramming gold ;
Whose coffers with commodities abound,
So full that they no sterling more may hold ;
Rome, rascals, then, make space and grace for me,
Whereas my worship shall in person be.

I would elect, flaunt, cut and swash for mates,
For choice companions, pleasure, mirth, delight,
For equals, gentles, honourables, states :
Ajax would not presume to proove my might,
Mylo would beare his bull, and let me goe,
Malitious Momus durst not be my foe ;

Dignitie seem inferiour, and too bad
To be my shadowe ; Science would attend,
Invention practize arts to make me glad,
Poetry my profession would commend,
Dutifull loyalty would humbly greete
My person, passing through the prospicuous streete.

But now, the worst are censured too good,
The miscreants, the abjects, the forlorne,
Adjudging baseness, borne of better blood,
A corner of my company doe scorn :
So odible an object am I thought,
Contemned, forsaken, loath'd, and set at nought.

Yet, miser ! thus disparaged, I live ;
Succour and meanes of maintenance to mee
The heate, the ayre, the woods and waters give,
Though fortunatelings hate it so to bee :
I borrow not,—doubting to be denide ;
I steale not,—fearing my life should be tride.

Come, staff ! and manage mine unhappy hand ;
Scrip ! guard my shoulders, burthen light to bare :
Three merry mates we 'gainst the sun will stand,
Solace to see, that comforts none can heare :
The lighter purse, the lesse the cares are found ;
Hearke ! while I whistle to the winds around.

THE PATIENCE OF POVERTY.

DEPART, ye discontents, like reprobates,
For Patience all adversities endures ;
In rarest disposition imitates
Hearbe Panace, that all diseases cures,
Heales interne maladies of wounded minds,
And salves the sores that physicke salveless finds.

Credit not vaine Perswasion, that deludes
Fond Tractability with fallacies,
And such inducements forcibly intrudes
Into credulitie with sophistries,
That man, whom reason's index should direct,
Suggested is—true judgement to neglect.

Aske Contentation, what's felicity?
And aske Felicity, what is content?
Aske Life, what is the death of misery?
And aske dumbe Death, what makes life permanent?

Persue the contents of contented minde,
Thou nought but Patience registred shalt finde.

Discretion, censure, which is better found
Much to possesse, and nathlesse live in neede,
Or to enjoy but little, and abound,
So competence necessities may steede.
Brooks satisfie thirst with convenient store,
The spacious ocean's liquid can no more.

XI.

HENRY FARLEY.

LINES PRESENTED TO JAMES THE FIRST,

WHEN HE TOOKE COACH AT THEOBALDS, IN HIS
PROGRESSE TO SCOTLAND.

RIDE on with honor, mighty king!
With princely high renowne,
From London unto Edinburgh,
Thy native seate and towne;
And blessed be thy majestie,
In every place thou goest,
Unto the joy of man and boy,
From highest to the lowest.

Ride on, yee noble lords, also,
God bless you and your master!
And in the progresse as yee passe
Defend you from disaster;
And Trinitie in Unitie
Be still your guide and glory,
That of this time each penne may rime
A pleasant progresse story.

And ride yee on, yee rev'rend ones,
For you are for our soules;
And when you are at Edinburgh
I pray remember Paules;
For shee will pray, both night and day,
For your prosperitie,
Because your words much helpe affords
In her necessitie.

Ride on, likewise, yee worthy knights,
With jovialty and pleasure ;
And see you have a noble care
To bring againe our treasure :
Your fealty and loyalty
The Lord will ever blesse,
And for the same you shall get fame
And heavenly happiness.

So ride you on, his officers,
And yeomen strong and trusty ;
Some guarde before, and some behinde,—
Be valiant, bolde, and lusty :
Yet see you be for courtesie
In Scotland well commended,
That love and peace may still increase,
Untill the world be ended.

And as in progresse, so in regresse,
O let us ever pray,
That God will blesse his majestie,
And queene, and prince alway ;
That north and west, and south and east,
His glory wee may sing,
And nights and dayes give thanks and praise
To James our sacred king.

XII.

GEORGE HERBERT.

PSALM V.

LORD, to my words incline thine ear,
My meditation weigh:
My King, my God, vouchsafe to hear
My cry to thee, I pray.

Thou in the morn shalt hear my mone,
For in the morn will I
Direct my prayers to thy Throne,
And thither lift mine eye.

Thou art a God, whose puritie
Cannot in sins delight:
No evil, Lord, shall dwell with thee,
Nor fools stand in thy sight

Thou hat'st those that unjustly do,
Thou slay'st the men that lie;
The bloody man, the false one too,
Shall be abhor'd by thee.

But in th' abundance of thy grace
Will I to thee draw near,
And toward thy most holy place
Will worship thee in fear.

Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,
Because of all my foes;
And to my dym and sinful eyes
Thy perfect way disclose:

For wickedness their insides are,
Their mouths no truth retain,
Their throat an open sepulchur,
Their flattering tongues do fain.

Destroy them, Lord, and by their own
Bad counsels let them fall
In height of their transgression ;
O Lord ! reject them all.

Because against thy Majesty
They vainly have rebell'd ;
But let all those that trust in thee
With perfect joy be fill'd.

Yea, shout for joy for evermore,
Protected still by thee ;
Let them that do thy name adore
In that still joyful be.

For God doth righteous men esteem,
And them for ever bless ;
His favour shalt encompass them,
A shield in their distress.

XIII.

ANONYMOUS.

THE CONVERT SOULE.

PEACE, catiffe body, earth possest,
Cease to pretend to things too high :
'Tis not thy place of peace and rest,
For thou art mortall, and must die.

Body.

Poor soul, one Spirit made us both,
Both from the wombe of nothing came ;
And though to yeeld ought thou art loth,
Yet I the elder brother am.

I, as at home, can heare and see,
And feele and tast of euery good ;
But thou a stranger envy'st mee,
My ease and pleasure, health and food.

Then dream of shadowes, make thy coate
Of tinsel'd cobwebs ; get thy head
Lyn'd with chymeras got by roate ;
And for thy food eat fairy bread.

Soule.

Stay, if thou can'st, thy mad career ;
Represse the storme of fruitless words ;
He that would by thy compasse steer,
Must hear what reason truth affords.

'Tis true thou elder brother art ;
So wormes and beasts thy elder are ;

Rude nature's first, then polisht art—
The chaos was before a starre.

My food and cloth are most divine ;
The bread of angels, robes of glory :
Whilst all that sensuall stuff of thine
Is of a vaine life the sad story.

Sences I have, but so refined,
As wel become their mother soule,
Which sute the pleasures of the mind,
And scale the heavens without controule.

I little care for such a feast,
Which beasts can taste as well as I ;
Nor am content to set my rest
On goods in show, in deed a lie.

Such cates and joyes do I bequeath
To thee, fond body, which must die ;
For I pretend unto a wreath
Wherin is writ eternity.

Thou to thy earth must strait returne,
Whilst I, whose birth is from above,
Shall upward move, and euer burne
In gentle flames of heavenly loue.

Body.

But I one person am with thee,
And at the first was form'd by God ;
Then must I needs for ever be
Dead ashes, or a senceless clod ?

Soule.

Or that, or worse : but quit thy sence
To boast all body ; learne to fly
Up with me, and for recompence
At length thou blest shalt be as I.

Body.

Then farewell, pleasures ; I nor care
What you pretend, or what you doe ;
Ile henceforth feed on angels' fare,
For I an angell will be too.

And for the way I am prepar'd
To answer every ill with this ;
"No way is long, or dark, or hard,
That leads to everlasting bliss."

Soule.

Then w're agreed ; and for thy fare,
It wil be euery day a feast ;
Love playes the cooke, and takes the care
Nobly to entertaine her guest.

As for the trouble of the way,
Which dark or streight, cannot be long,
Faith wil inlarge, turne night to day,
So wee'l to heaven goe in a song.

SHOW ME MORE LOVE.

Show me more love, my dearest Lord,
Oh turne away thy clouded face,
Give mee some secret looke or word
That may betoken love and grace ;
No day or time is black to mee
But that wherein I see not thee.
Shew me more love, a clouded face
Strikes deeper then an angry blow ;
Love mee and kill mee by thy grace,
I shall not much bewail my woe.

But even to bee
In heaven unlov'd of thee,
Were hell in heaven for to see.

Then heare my cry and helpe afford :
 Show mee more love, my dearest Lord.
 Show mee more love, my dearest Lord,—
 I cannot think, nor speak nor pray ;
 Thy work stands still, my strength is stor'd
 In thee alone. Oh come away !
 Show me thy beauties, call them mine,
 My heart and tongue will soone be thine.
 Show me more love, or if my heart
 To common be for such a guest,
 Let thy good spirit, by its art,
 Make entry and put out the rest.
 For 'tis thy nest ;
 Then hee's of heaven possest,
 That heaven hath in his breast.
 Then hear my cry, and help afford ;
 Show me more love, my dearest Lord.

A CONSTANT MINDE.

A CONSTANT minde ; an equall health,
 A friend that is a second self ;
 A soul that doth all baseness fly,
 That wisheth not nor feares to dy :
 A state below pale envy's pitch,
 That rather is then seemeth rich,
 Adde but to this a good fit wife,
 And you summe up a happy life.
 A fickle minde, unconstant health,
 A friend that only seekes himself ;
 A soule so base that it dare lye,
 And nothing feares more then to dye :
 A state and mind rais'd to that pitch,
 You may call great, but never rich :
 These with a foule and foolish wife,
 Conclude a most unhappy life.

LORD OF MY GLORY.

LORD of my glory,
Heare a sad story,

Pity a man who peace, more deare than life,
Quits with himself, and thee to be at strife ;
Pity a wretch who thee, the only good,
Leaves, in vile puddles to seeke health and food.

Ah! pity him who still is crying
To thee for life, and still is dying.

Lord of my glory,
Heare a sad story,

Pity a minde who was made to live in light,
But clouded is with lies, false, blacke as night ;
Pity a will where thy faire forme should dwell,
But pester'd is with characters of hell.

Ah! dearest Lord, turne my sad story
Into loud songs and hymnes of glory.

A HYMN.

PRINCE of Life, unvaile thy face,
Let thy glories all appeare ;
Give out freely of that grace
Which hath cost thy love so deare.

Blind I am, but in thy light
Whoso placed is by thee,
Thee and all things else shall see,
Though he darker were then night.

Deafe I am, but at thy voice
Graves doe open, dust doth live ;
Speake, Lord, make a joyfull noise,
That may eare, and hearing give.

Puft I am so with the fumes
That ascend from dunghill aires,
As I sent not the perfumes
Of thy merits and thy prayers.

Sicke I am, and cannot tast
That high fare of flesh and bloud,
Which by death thou formed hast,
To become a sinner's food.

Dead I am in every part,
Semelesse, stinking, cold, and such
As my ill exceeds all art
But of thy most gracious touch.

Then, deare Lord, unvaile thy face,
Let thy glories all appeare ;
Give out freely of that grace
Which hath cost thy love so deare.

STANZAS.

LOVE's a fire ever burning,
Mounting high, though often turning ;
Quench it, y^e more is flaming ;
None can stifle it by taming.

Lust's a fire, still consuming,
Lighting never, ever fuming ;
Quench it, it is straight aswaging ;
Give it vent, it's ever raging.

Love's a spirit ever acting,
Nought for love, but love exacting ;
Boundlesse in its search and notion,
Restlesse in its course and motion.

Lust's a spirit ever acting
For vile ends, base work exacting,
Lawes impossible affecting ;
Nought but blind obedience expecting.

Love's a starre grosse hearts refining,
Clouded sometimes, and then shining ;
And this fortune telling ever,
He who loveth ceaseth never.

Lust's a wandring starre ne're shining
For our good, but still designing
With her false lights to deceive us,
And of truth and peace bereave us.

Love's a river ever flowing,
Fruit and plenty still bestowing ;
Wafting us into an ocean
Where we drowne in love's devotion.

Lust's a river overflowing
All her banks, to our undoing,
And a sea that's ever raging—
Neither heat nor thirst aswaging.

Love's a garden where sweet flowers
Yield their sent and shady bowers,
Ready are to fill with pleasure
Those who to love are at leisure.

Lust's a garden void of flowers,
Where wild weeds make bainfull bowers ;
Fitted to destroy at leisure
Those whose deity is pleasure.

Love's a fort, whose highest tower
Keeps a strict watch over hower ;
Hath its parts so well combining,
As it fears not force nor mining.

Lust's a fortresse, ever paying
Those who trust it with betraying;
And to yield so quickly signing,
As it feares not force nor mining.

Love's a temple, where is stor'd
But one saint to be ador'd;
And whose altars feed their fire
With heart single and intire.

Lust's a temple, where the devill
Under every shape that's evil
Is ador'd; and whose fires
Black and scorch with foul desires.

Love is musick, where the meeter
Makes the harmony the sweeter;
If y^t tell a heavenly story,
Then y^e musick turnes to glory.

Lust is musick, where the poet
Contributes so much unto it,
As at y^e best what was but madnesse
Ends in anguish and in sadnessse.

Love's a master, ever pleasing,
Bonds untying, burthens easing;
Chide he may, but never rages;
One whose very work is wages.

Lust is twenty thousand masters,
Breaking heads and giving plaisters;
Fierce and foolish in commanding,
To his bargaine never standing.

“THERE WAS A KING.”

THERE was a King of old,
That did in Jewry dwell ;
Whether a God, or man, or both,
I'me sure I love him well.
Love him ! why who doth not ?
Did ever any wight
Not goodnesse, beauty, sweetnesse, love—
Not comfort, love, and light ?
None ever did, or can ;
But here's the cause alone
Why he of all few lovers finds :
Alas ! he is not knowne.
There are so many faire,
Hee's lost amoung the throng ;
Yet they that seek him no where else,
May finde him in a song.
This King, then, was a man,
Whose mother was a maide ;
Himself was God, and, if you doubt,
Himself his mother made.
A wonder sure it was,
But so is all the rest :
For whilst she bore him in her wombe,
She wore him on her breast.
A King he was so high,
As by him all kings raigne ;
Yet was his pompe not very great—
Twelve was his usuall traine.
And though no other prince
Did give a better pay,
Yet when he stood in greatest need
His subjects ran away.

This King he was a priest,
He was the sacrifice ;
And he also the aualter was,
The gift y^t sanctifies.

And though the sacrifice
The priests did ever eate,
The aualter, sacrifice, and priest,
And all here made our meate.

This God, Man, King, and Priest,
Almighty was, yet meeke :
He was most just, yet mercifull ;
The guilty did him seeke.

He never any failed
That sought him in their need ;
He never quenched the smoaking flaxe,
Nor brake the bruised reed.

He was the truest friend
That ever any tryed ;
For whome he loved he never left—
For them he lived and dy'd.

And if you'd know the folke
Y^t brought him to his end,
Reade but his title, you shall finde
Him styled 'the sinner's friend.'

His life all wonder was,
But heer's a wonder more,
That he y^t was all life and love,
Should be belov'd no more.

Ile love him while I live ;
To those that be his foes,
Though I them hate, I'll wish no worse
Than his deare love to loose.

" HOW GOOD ART THOU."

How good art thou, O Lord ! when we, unkind,
Forgetting that thou art our life and joy,
In following thee are deafe, in loving blind,
And change thy conforte for the meanest toy :
Thou still pursuest us with thy kisse and rod,
And rod and kisse, till we do owne thee God.

And when to ravell out thy worke againe,
Our enemy consults with flesh and bloud,
Makes strong assaults and charges us amaine,
We foolish yeild—that foile is turn'd to good :
Our Lord by death did Death most overcome,
And our great foiles give sin its greatest doome.

Yet must we not this circle overtread ;
Thy love will force us out, or else thy wrath :
When sin befriends us, 'tis y' we should dread
The mighty one, that sin unpoisoned hath :
He that from sin by sining God hath rid,
Must sin defy with this, Now God forbid !

VICTORIOUS JESUS.

VICTORIOUS Jesus, though my heart
Doth neither wealth nor beauty bring,
Nor wit, nor worth, nor any thing
That claimes a merit or desert ;
Do not, oh do not say, Depart.

For as some names to deeds are set,
Not to convey an interest,
But some great matter to attest ;
So though I nothing bring thou'l get,
Fresh witnesse thou art faire and great.

My breast was once most surely steel'd,
With loue, and lust, and world, and sense,
Both for assault and for defence ;
But when thy beauties came in field,
My armed heart was forced to yield.

Thy beauties then may conquest boast
Of all the world, because to me
Wit, beauty, pleasure, all are lost,
And whatsoever else there bee
That can pretend no right to thee.

Then as thy captive use thou me,
Food, labour, and defence afford ;
Let words and lookes be gentle, Lord ;
That others yet uncaught and free,
May wish to loose their liberty.

XIV.

ROBERT PRICKET.

FAITH WITHOUT PRACTICE.

ALL sorts can prate, and talke of things divine,
In fewe or none a righteous life doth shine ;
What Adam lost, all human race did lose,
And what he kept, that for our part we choose :
Will to do good, that force in Adam died,
Since when that grace was to his seed denied.
So in ourselves since every action staines,
That to do good in us no power remaines,
We are restor'd by our Redeemer's hand ;
Not of ourselves, but by His grace we stand.
Then let the soules of righteous men expresse,
That in their Christ doth live their righteousness.
Who to good fame by golden steps can mount
Him doth this world for worthiest man accompt ;
Let vertue in a poor man cleerly shine,
A guilded gull is counted more divine.
A sattin sute, bedawb'd with silvered lace,
Beyond desert doth vildest clownship grace.
Honest, if poore, he this reward must have,
Hang him—base rogue, proud beggar, impious
knavie !
Rich let him be, and who can hurt him then ?
Knaves wrapt in wealth are counted honest men.

XV.
ANONYMOUS.

STANZAS.

WHAT if a day, a month, or a yeare,
Croune thy delights with a thousand wisht contentings,

May not the chance of a night, or an howre,
Crosse those delights with as many sad tormentings?

Fortune, honoure, beautie, youth,
Are but blossomes dying;
Wanton pleasure, doting love,
Are but shadowes flying.

All our joyes
Are but toyes,
Idle thoughts deceaving:
None hath power
Halfe an howre
Of his live's bereaving.

The earth's but a pointe of the world, and a man
Is but a poynte of the earth's compared center:
Shall then a pointe of a pointe be so vayne
As to delight in a sillie poynt's adverter?

All's in hazard that we have,
There is nothing byding;
Dayes of pleasures are like streames
Through fayre medowes gliding.
Weale or woe,
Tyme doth goe,
There is no returning.
Secret fates
Guide our states
Both in myrth and mourning.

What shall a man desire in this world,
Since there is nought in this world that's worth
desiring?

Let not a man cast his eyes to the earth,
But to the heavens, with his thoughts high aspiring.

Thinke that living thou must dye,

Be assured thy dayes are tolde :

Though on earth thou seeme to be,

Assure thyself thou art but molde.

All our health

Brings no wealth,

But returnes from whence it came ;

So shall we

All agree,

As we be the very same.

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF R. W.

SUCH is the verse compos'd in mournefull teene,
Sadlie attyr'd in sorrowe's liverie :
So sings poore Philomele, woods' ravisht queene,
Progne's mad furie, Itis' tragedie,
Pandion's death, and Tereus' trecherye ;
Such songs in Canens' scalding tears were fram'd
When Tibur's streames were last heard Picus nam'd.

And such be myne, most meet for funerall ;
A sable outside fits a mourning heart,
And inward grief doth outward senses call .
In sorrow's quire to beare a weeping part.
Teares be my inke, sad ensigne of my smart ;
My words be sighs, the caracters of woe,
Which all mishaped like themselves doe show.

First shall I mourne thy too, too suddeyn death,
Deare to my soule as to myselfe, which then,

Which then, alas ! smothered thy feeble breath,
When life had newly tane possession.

In spring of years Death winter hastned on ;
And enviouse of thy well-deserved prayse,
Made winter's youth an end of winter's dayes.

Like a fayre apple, which some ruder hand
Ungently plucks, before it ripened be ;
Or tender rose, enclosed in verdant band,
New peeping forth from rugged rinde we see,
To garnish out his fruitfull nurserye ;
Till nipt by northerne blast, it hangs the head,
All saplesse, livelesse, foule, and withered :

Such be thy lookes, pale Death's usurped right,
Such be the roses that adorn'd thy face,
Such the bright lamps that gave thy bodie light,
Such the all-pleasing, simple, modest grace,
Which had theyr lodging in so sweet a place.
Ah ! but thy better part far lovelyer is,
Copartner now of Heaven's eternal blisse.

Thee why doe I with womanish lament,
Unseemlie teares, bewayle my losse in thee ?
Stay but a while, and all my store is spent—
Affection needs must beare a part with me,
Since I must share my part with miserie.
Goe, blessed soule as ever cut the sky,
As e'er increased heaven's melodie.

Joy in thy selfe as thy Redeemer's merit !
And now I take my loving last farewell :
Rest to thy bones, blisse to thy gloriouse spirit.
Thy memorie within this heart shall dwell,
And therein shrin'd, nought shall thee thence
expell.

Take, mother earth, into thy frozen wombe
This livelesse corse—thus earth to earth must come.

XVI.

HENRY PETOWE.

STANZAS

From "Eliza's Funeral."

THEN withered the primrose of delight,
Hanging the head ore sorrowe's garden wall,
When you might see all pleasures shun the light,
And love obs cuer, at Eliza's fall—
Her fall from life to death : oh ! stay not there ;
Though she were dead, the shril-tong'd trump of
heaven

Rais'd her again : think that you see her heere,
E'en heere,—oh, where ? not heere ; shee's hence
For sweet Eliza in Elizium lives, [bereaven ;
In joy beyond all thought. Then weepe no more,
Your sighing weedes put off; for weeping gives
(Wayling her losse) as seeming to deplore
Our future toward fortunes : mourne not, then ;
You cease awhile, but now you weepe agen.

Why should a soule in passion be denied
To have true feelings of her essence misse ?
My soule hath lost herself; now deified,
I needes must moane her losse, 'tho crown'd with
blisse.

Then give me leave, for I must weepe awhile,
Till sorrow's deluge have a lower ebbe :
Let lamentation never finde a stile
To passe this dale of woe, untill the webbe
Appointed for my latest mourning weed
Be spun and woven with a heavie band ;

Then will I cease to weepe,—I will indeed,
And every beating billowe will withstand.
'Twill not be long before this web be spun,
Dy'd blacke, worne out, and then my teares be
done.

Of April's month the eight and twentieth day,
M. six hundred and three, by computation,
Is the prefixed time for sorowe's stay;
That past, my mourning weedes grow out of
fashion.

Shall I by prayer hasten on the time ?
Faine would I so, because mine eyes are drie.
What cannot prayers doo for soules divine,
Although the bodies be mortallitie ?
Divine she is, for whom my muse doth mourne,
Though lately mortall : now she sits on hie,
Glorious in heaven, thither by angells borne,
To live with Him in bliss eternally.
Then come, faire day of joyfull smiling sorrow ;
Since my teares dry, come, happie day, to-morrow.

Ye heralds of my heart, my heavie groanes,
My teares which, if they could, would showre like
raine,—

My heavie lookes, and all my surdging mones,—
My moaning lamentations that complayne,—
When will you cease ? or shall paine never ceasing
Seaze on my heart ? oh, mollifie your rage,
Least your assaults, with over-swift increasing,
Procure my death, or call on tymeles age.
She lives in peace whome I doe mourne for so ;
She lives in heaven, and yet my soule laments.
Since shee's so happie, I'le converte my woe,
To present joy turne all my languishments ;
And with my sorrowes see the time doth wast,
The day is come, and mid-day wel-nigh past.

Gaze, greedy eye ; note what thou dost beholde :
Our horizon's of a perfect hew,
As cleere as christall, and the day not olde,
Yet thousand blacks present them to thy view :
Three thousand and od hundred clowds appere
Upon the earthly element below,
As blacke as night, trampling the lower sphere,
As by degrees from place to place they goe,
They passe away—oh, whither passe they then ?
Into a further climate, out of sight ;
Like clowds they were, but yet like crowded men,
Whose presence turned the day to sable night.
They vanish thence : note what was after seene—
The lively picture of a late dead Queene ;
Who, like to Phœbus in his golden car,
Was the bright eye of the obscured day ;
And though her glorious prograce was not far,
Yet like the smiling sunne this semblance lay,
Drawne in a jety charriot, vayled with blacke,
By four faire palfries, that did hang the head
As if their lady mistres they did lacke,
And they but drew the figure of the dead.
Oh yee spectators, which did view that sight,
Say, if you trulie say, could you refraine
To shed a sea of teares in Deathe's despight,
That reft her hence, whom Art brought back
againe ?

He that knew her, and had Eliza seen,
Would sweare that figure were faire England's
Queene.

“ Faire England's Queene, e'en to the life, tho'
dead ;”

Speake, if I write not true, did you not crye—
Cry foorth amaine, and say, “ Her princely head
Lay on a pillowe of a crimson dye,

Like a sweat beauty in a harmless slumber ;—
She is not dead : no, sure, it cannot be ” ?
Thus with unlikely hopes the vulgar number
Flatter themselves—(oh, sweet-lyv’d flatterie !)
Indeed, a man of judgment would have thought,
Had he not known her dead, but seene her so
Tryumphant drawne, in robes so richly wrought,
Crowne on her head, in hand her sceptre too :
At this rare sight he would have sworn and said,
“ To parliament rides this sweet slumb’ring maid.”
But that my warrant’s seal’d by Truthe’s one¹ hand,
That in her counterfeit Art did excell,
I would not say that in this little land
Pigmalion’s equal doth admired dwell.
Enough of that :—and now my teares are done,
Since she that dy’d lives now above the spheres.
Luna’s extinct ; and now beholde the sunne,
Whose beames soake up the moysture of all teares :
A phœnix from her ashes doth arise,
A King, at whose faire crowne all glory aymes ;
God grant his royal vertues sympathize
With late Eliza’s !—so God save King James !
He that in love to this saies not Amen,
Pray God the villaine never speake agen ! Amen.

¹ own.

XVII.

ANONYMOUS.

SONNET.

Up, sluggish soule, awake, slumber no more ;
This is no time to sleepe in sin secure ;
If once the bridegroom passe and shutte the dore,
No entrance will be gained, thou maist be sure.
Now thou art up fill up thy lampe with oil,
Hast thee and light it at the fire of loue ;
Watch and attend : what is a little toile
To gaine the entrance to the ioies aboue ?
Go meete the bridegroom with low reuerence,
Humbly with patience waite vpon his grace ;
Follow his steppes with loue and diligence,
Leauue all for Him, and only Him embrace :
So shalt thou enter with him into rest,
And at his heauenlie table sit and feast.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

WHAT though I did possesse the greatest wealth,
Though I were clad with honor and a crowne,
And all my few and euill daies had health,
Though no calamity did pluck me downe :

What if in sensuall pleasures I did swym,
Which mortall men account their chiefest bliss ?
What good shal't be for me when death with him
Brings a diuorce from life, t' haue had all this ?

What plague wil't bee for me when rais'd againe
Out of the bed of death, I must accompt
For thousand thousand faultes and errors vaine
That will to a number numberlesse amount,

Before a judge whose angrie breath can burne
This whole round globe of earth, fire, water, aire,
And all their glory into ashes turne,
That had these things allotted to their share ?

Words serue me not, nor thoughts though infinite,
To write or to imagine sinners' paine,
Or the least torment that on them shall light
That this world's loue prefer before heauen's gaine.

Then couet not, mine eies, worldly delight—
Beautie, great riches, honor, and the rest,
Which if you had would but bereauue my spright
Of the immortal ioyes I am in quest.

I am a pilgrim-warriour bound to fight
Under the red crosse, 'gainst my rebell will,
And with great Godfrey to employ my might
To win Jerusalem and Sion hill.

More glorious is it in that war to dye,
Then surfett with the world's best delectation,
Since this, when death shall shutt out mortall eye,
For meede shal haue eternall condempnation ;
But that not death, but life a passage is,
Into a kingdome of perpetuall blis.

GOD HEARS AND ANSWERS PRAYER.

FEARE not, my soule, thy teares-bedewed praiers,
And thy repentant sighes, shall haue accesse
Before the throne of heaven ; beleue God cares
For mortall men, and would their happinesse.

The angells waite, and offer vp the cries
Of soules that do repent of their amis ;
A broken hart is a sweete sacrifice,
Whose sauour at God's hand accepted is.

From him thy praiers shall not returne in vaine,
Hee is so mercifull, so kind, so good :
From true conuerts hee doth not long detaine
The riches of his loue and pretious blood.

Was not sick Hezekiath's praier heard ?
Or did his bitter teares fall vnrespected ?
Nor praiers nor teares were of their entrance bar'd ;
Both praiers and teares being so well directed.

Swifter than swiftness vp to heauen they flew,
And to the eares of God they were presented,
Who swift to heare his seruant humbly sew,
Thus by his prophet's mouth his dome relented.

I haard thy praier (said hee), and eke thy teares,
And where with sicknesse thou wert visited,
Behold ! I make the whole, and fifteene yeares
Thy life vpon the earth bee lengthened.

Dispare not, then, but with loud crieng craue,
Y^t from the staine of sin thou maist bee free,
And from the vault of heauen an echo haue,
Bee free ! O hart, soule, voice, in one agree :

Importune all together to obtaine,
Y^t sweete reuiuing comfort in your paine.

XVIII.

EARL OF CUMBERLAND.

PSALM XXXVIII.

LORD, chide me not in the tempestuous day
Of thy fierce wrath : O ! cast me not away
In thy displeasure, least I fall at once !
Thy galling shafts lye quiuered in my bones.
Prest by thy heauy hand I gaspe for breath ;
Thine anger breeds diseases more than death :
My flesh is mangled, and my bones within
Consume and melt, for anguish of my sinne.
My crying sinns above my head appeare,
(Too heauy a weight, alas ! for me to beare,) My mortal wounds gangrene and putrify,
And all because I have done foolishly !
Such misery and trouble I endure
As all day long I beg, and find no cure.
Lord, thou hast heard the ground of my complaint,
And while I prayed thine eyes have seen me faint,
My heart to beate and all my strength quite gone,
Mine eyes, with weeping, blind as any stone ;
My friends, my neighbours, kinred, stand at gaze,
While I in fires of persecution blaze :
And those that sought my life in ambush lay,
Cursing and lying, railing all the day.
But I was stupid as the deaf and dumb,
From whose shut doors no sharp reproofes do come ;
And yet I hope, though I thus silent be,
Thou, Lord, wilt plague and answer them for me.
Lord, I have praid that this malitious traine,
May never flowte me (in thine anger slaine).

Those, those I meane, that were delighted all
To see me slip, and hope to see me fall.
But O my sinne, that now tormenteth more
My soule than all the paines my body bore,
And now stands staring in my blushing face !
But, Lord, I will confess, and beg thy grace.
And yet my haters liue in height and power,
Not to be numbred, that would me devoure :
All those that for my good repaid me ill
Detest me more, submitted to thy will.
Lord ! leaue me not, but make me thine abode ;
Oh haste to helpe, my Saviour, oh my God !

XIX.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

THE TRIUMPH OF DAVID.

AND now before yong Dauid could come in,
The host of Israel somewhat doth begin
To rouze it selfe ; some climbe the nearest tree,
And some the tops of tents, whence they might see
How this vnarmed youth himselfe would beare
Against th' all-armed giant (which they feare) :
Some get vp to the fronts of easie hills,
That by their motion a vast murmure fills
The neighbouring valleys, that th' enemy thought
Something would by the Israelites be wrought
They had not heard of, and they longed to see
What strange and warlike stratagem 't should be.

When soone they saw a goodly youth descend,
Himselfe alone, none after to attend,
That at his need with armes might him supply,
As mereley carelesse of his enemy :
His head vncouered, and his locks of hayre,
As he came on, being play'd with by the ayre,
Tost to and fro, did with such pleasure moue,
As they had beene prouocatues for loue :
His sleevees stript vp above his elbowes were,
And in his hand a stiffe short staffe did beare,
Which by the leather to it, and the string,
They easily might discerne to be a sling.
Suting to these he wore a shepheard's scrip,
Which from his side hung down vpon his hip.
Those for a champion that did him disdaine,
Cast with themselues what such a thing should
meane ;

Some seeing him so wonderously faire,
(As in their eyes he stood beyond compare.)
Their verdict gaue, that they had sent him sure
As a choice bayt their champion to allure ;
Others, againe, of judgment more precise,
Said they had sent him for a sacrifice,
And though he seem'd thus to be very young,
Yet was he well proportioned and strong,
And, with a comely and vndaunted grace,
Holding a steady and most euen pace,
This way, nor that way, neuer stood to gaze ;
But, like a man that death could not amaze,
Came close vp to Goliah, and so neare
As he might easily reach him with his speare.

Which when Goliah saw, " Why boy," quoth he,
" Thou desperate youth, thou tak'st me sure to be
Some dog, I thinke, and vnder thy command,
That thus art come to beat me with a wand :
The kites and rauens are not farre away,
Nor beasts of rauin, that shall make a prey
Of a poore corpse, which they from me shall haue,
And their foule bowels shall be all thy graue."
" Vncircumcised slaeue," quoth Dauid then,
" That for thy shape the monster art of men,
Thou thus in brasse com'st arm'd into the field,
And thy huge speare of brasse, of brasse thy shield :
I, in the name of Israel's God alone,
That more then mighty, that Eternall One,
Am come to meet thee, who bids not to feare,
Nor once respect the armes that thou dost beare.
Slaue, marke the earth whereon thou now dost stand,
Ile make thy length to measure so much land,
As thou lyest groueling, and within this houre
The birds and beasts thy carkasse shall deuoure."

In meantime Dauid, looking in his face,
Betweene his temples saw how large a space

He was to hit, steps backe a yard or two ;
The gyant, wond'ring what the youth would doe,
Whose nimble hand out of his scrip doth bring
A pebble-stone, and puts it in his sling ;
At which the gyant openly doth ieere,
And, as in scorne, stands leaning on his speare,
Which giues young Dauid much content to see,
And to himselfe thus secretly saith he :
“ Stand but one minute still, stand but so fast,
And haue at all Philistia at a cast.”
When with such slight the shot away he sent,
That from his sling as 't had beene lightning went ;
And him so full vpon the forehead smit,
Which gaue a cracke when his thicke scalpe it hit,
As 't had beene throwne against some rocke or post,
That the shrill clap was heard through either host.
Staggering awhile vpon his speare he leant,
Till on a sodaine he began to faint,
When downe he came, like an old oregrownе oake,
His huge roote hewn vp by the labourer's stroke,
That with his very weight he shooke the ground ;
His brazen armour gaue a iarring sound,
Like a crackt bell, or vessel chanct to fall
From some high place, which did like death apall.
The proud Philistians, (hopelesse that remaine),
To see their champion, great Goliah, slaine,
When such a shout the host of Israel gaue,
As cleft the clouds ; and like to men that rauе,
(O'rcome with comfort) crye, “ The boy, the boy !
O the braue Dauid, Israel's onely joye !
God's chosen champion ! O most wondrous thing !
The great Goliah slaine with a poore sling !”
Themselue incompassе, nor can they containe ;
Now are they silent, then they shouthe againe.
Of which no notice Dauid seems to take,
But towards the body of the dead doth make,

With a faire comely gate¹; nor doth he runne
As though he gloried in what he had done ;
But treading on th' vncircumcised dead,
With his foot strikes the helmet from his head ;
Which with the sword ta'n from the gyant's side
He from the body quickly doth diuide.

Now the Philistians at this fearefull sight,
Leauing their armes, betake themselues to flight,
Quitting their tents, nor dare a minute stay.
Time wants to carry anything away,
Being strongly rowted with a generall feare,
Yet in pursute Saul's army strikes the reare
To Ekron's walles, and slew them as they fled,
That Sharam's plaines lay couered with the dead.
And hauing put the Philistians to foyle,
Backe to the tents retire and take the spoyle
Of what they left ; and ransacking, they cry,
“ A Dauid, Dauid, and the victory ! ”

When straightwaies Saul his generall, Abner, sent
For valiant Dauid, that incontinent
He should repaire to court ; at whose command
He comes along, and beareth in his hand
The gyant's head, by th' long hayre of his crowne,
Which by his actiue knee hung dangling downe,
And through the army as he comes along,
To gaze vpon him the glad souldiers throng :
Some doe instile him Israel's onely light,
And other some the valiant Bethlemite.
With coniayes² all salute him as he past,
And vpon him their gracious glances cast :
He was thought base of him that did not boast —
Nothing but Dauid, Dauid, through the host.
The virgins to their timbrels frame their layes
Of him, till Saul grew iealous of his praise.

¹ gate: gait.

² coniayes: congees.

NOAH THRETNING GOD'S VENGEANCE
VPON THE WORLD.

A HUNDRED yeares the arke in building was,
So long the time ere he could bring to passe
This worke intended: all which time iust Noy
Cry'd that th' Almighty would the world destroy.
And as this good man vsed many a day
To walke abroad his building to survay,
These cruell gyants comming in to see,
(In their thoughts wond'ring what this worke
should be)

He with erected hands to them doth cry :—
“ Either repent ye, or ye all must die ;
Your blasphemies, your beastlinesse, your wrongs,
Are heard to heauen, and with a thousand tongues
Showt in the eares of the Almighty Lord,
So that your sinnes no leasure him affoord
To think on mercy ; they so thickly throng,
That when he would your punishment prolong,
Their horrour hales him on, that from remorse
In his own nature you doe him inforce,
Nay, wrest plagues from him vpon human kinde ;
Who else to mercy wholly is inclinde.
From Seth, which God to Eva gave in lew
Of her sonne Abel, whom his brother slue,
That cursed Cain—how hath th' Almighty blest
The seed of Adam, though he so transgrest,
In Enos, by whose godlinesse men came
At first to call on th' Almighty's name,
And Enoch, whose integritie was such,
In whom the Lord delighted was, so much
As in his yeeres he suffered no decay,
But God to heauen tooke bodily away ;

With long life blessing all that goodly stem,
From the first man downe to Mathusalem.
Now from the loynes of Lamech sendeth me
(Vnworthy his ambassadour to be)
To tell ye yet, if ye at last repent,
He will lay by his wrathfull punishment ;
That God, who was so mercifull before
To our forefathers, likewise hath in store
Mercy for vs, their nephues, if we fall
With teares before him ; and he will recall
His wrath sent out already ; therefore flye
To him for mercy : yet the threat'ning skie
Pauses, ere it the deluge downe will poure—
For euery teare you shed he 'll stop a shower.
Yet of th' Almighty mercy you may winne,
He'll leauue to punish if you leauue to sinne.
That God eternall which old Adam cast
Out of the earthly heauen, where he had plac't
That first-made man, for his forbidden deed,
From thence for euer banishing his seed,
For vs, his sinfull children, doth provide,
And with abundance hath vs still supply'd :
And can his blessings who respects you thus
Make you most wicked, most rebellious ?
Still is your stubborne obstinacy such ?
Haue ye no mercy, and your God so much ?
Your God, said I ? O wherefore said I so ?
Your words deny him, and your works say ' No.'
O see, the day doth but too fast approach,
Wherin heauen's Maker means to set abroach
That world of water, which shall ouerflow
Those mighty mountaines whereon now you goe.
The dropsied clouds, see, your destruction threat ;
The sunne and moone both in their course are set
To warre by water, and doe all they can
To bring destruction vpon sinfull man ;

And euery thing shall suffer for your sake ;
For the whole earth shall be but one whole lake.
Oh, cry for mercy, leauue your wicked wayes,
And God from time shall separate those dayes
Of vengeance coming, and he shall disperse
These clouds now threat'ning the whole vniverse,
And sauue the world which else he will destroy."—
But this good man, this terror-preaching Noy,
The beares and tigers might haue taught as well :
They laught to heare this godly man to tell
That God would drowne the world : they thought
him mad,
For their Great Maker they forgotten had.

XX.

JOHN VICARS.

PSALM CV.

O LAUD the Lord with invocation
Amidst his holy congregation ;
Shew forth his works, set forth his fame,
Sing praise, sing praise unto his name ;
And let the heart, and tongue, and voice
Of them that love the Lord, rejoice.

O seeke the Lord our God eternall,
O seeke and search his power supernall ;
O seeke and sue to come in sight
Of his most lovely beauty bright ;
Of his most amiable face,
Full of refulgent heavenly grace.

Keepe still in due commemoration,
Recount with true gratification
The wondrous works which God had done,
By famous facts his honour wonne ;
Let not his judgments just depart
From your most mindful, thankful heart.

Ye sacred sonnes regenerated,
Ye saint-like seed, first propagated
From Abraham, God's servant deare,
Which him in faith doth loue and feare—
Ye sons of Jacob, his delight,
Extol the Lord's majesticke might.

For Hee which safely us preserveth,
He only of us best deserveth

To be our Lord and Soveraigne blest,
Having apparently exprest
His judgments just, his equity ;
Which all the world can testifie.

What he hath promised and protested
To all that in his promise rested,
Even to his saints a thousand fold,
Which on him with faith's hand lay hold,
Unto his everlasting praise,
His word he hath made good always :

E'en that blest promise once compacted,
That cov'nant good, once precontracted
To Abraham and Isaac's seed,
And so to Jacob's sons decreed,
And unto Israel stablisht sure,
To time's last period to endure ;

When in these words the Lord affirmed,
And (thus) to those his truth confirmed ;—
Behold, I Canaan freely give
To you and yours, therein to live ;
This lot of your inheritance
My name and fame (there) to advance.

And tho' the number of that nation
Was yet of slender valuation,
Did yet but very small appeare,
When (thus) his love esteemed them deare ;
And that beside their number small,
They in the land were strangers all ;

Walking from nation unto nation,
Without all settled habitation,
Now here, now there, conducted still
By their all prudent Pilot's will ;
Who suffered no man wrong to take
But plag'd princes for their sake.

And where they came, thus charg'd, appointed,
Let none offend my deare anointed,
Nor use my prophets spightfullie!
For these are precious in mine eye.
Fierce famine (then) the Lorde orelaide,
Whereby their staffe of bread decaide:

But God good Joseph then ordained,
By whom (foresent) they were sustained,
Tho' thither he a slave was sould,
Tho' foes in fetters him did hold,
Untill, in heaven's appointed time,
God heard his cause, cleared him of crime.

Pharao him found a faithful liver,
And him from prison did deliver,
The Ægyptian king was to him kinde,
And in him did such wisdom finde,
That of his kingdom and whole state
He made him lord, prince, potentate.

That all his peeres might be instructed,
And to his lore and lure conducted,
His senators by Joseph taught:
Then Jacob was to Egypt brought—
I' th' land of Ham (then) Israell
Did as a harbour'd stranger dwell.

His flocke, his flock (there) fructified,
And to great numbers multiplied,
And then their foes did farre transcend:
Which only did their foes offend,
Which turned their love to hatred great,
Their smiles to guiles and slie deceipt.

Mild Moses then the Lord elected,
And holy Aaron much respected,
Both whom to Ægypt soone he sent,
There to declare his great intent,

And in the land of Ham to shewe
His signs and wonders, to their woe.

Darknesse, strange darknesse, his commission,
Did them obey with expedition,
And overspread all Egypt's land :
And by Heaven's all ore-ruling hand
Their waters all gore blood became,
And slew all fishes in the same.

With croaking froggs he them infested,
The land and lodgings where they rested,
Not sparing Pharao's chamber neate :
He sent huge swarms, noisome and greate,
Of crawling lice and stinging flies
'Mongst their heard-hearted enemies.

Instead of raine haile-stones he rained,
And with feirce flames of fire them bained,
And thereby totallie orethrew
Vines, fig-trees, yea, all trees that grew ;
Their caterpillars did abound,
Great grasshoppers their fruits confound.

Their first-born babes he deadly wounded,
And strongest of their land confounded,
Yea, ev'n the prime of all their strength,
And led his servants forth at length,
All fraught with gold or silver store :
Not one was feeble, faint, or poore.

The Ægyptians' hearts were then revived,
Being of their presence thus deprived,
Such feare of them had broke their hearte ;
And as they thus did thence depart
A cloud by day hid them from heate,
Their guide by night a fire most great.

At their request he quales down rained,
With manna sweet their state sustained,

Whiles through the wildernesse they went ;
And then the rigid rocke he rent,
From whence did floods of water flow,
To quench their thirst, as they did goe.

For as he ever was delighted
With mindfulnesse of promise plighted,
So (then) the Lord did mind the same,
And, to his everlasting fame,
He brought them forth with mirth and joy
Whence they had lived in dire annoy.

Yea, such to them was his good pleasure,
That all the labours, lands, and treasure
Of heathen folke his flock did take,
That they might not his lawes forsake,
But faithfully observe his lore,—
Oh let us praise the Lord therefore !

XXI.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

LINES,

From "The History of Samson."

The Argument.

He goes to Timnah : as he went
He slew a lyon by the way ;
He sues, obtaines the maid's consent,
And they appoint the marriage-day.

SECTION VIII.

WHEN the next day had with his morning light
Redeem'd the East from the dark shades of night,
And with his golden rayes had overspred
The neighb'ring mountaines, from his loathed bed
Sick-thoughted Samson rose, whose watchfull eyes
Morpheus that night had with his leaden keyes
Not power to close : his thoughts did so incumber
His restlesse soule, his eyes could never slumber;
Whose softer language by degrees did wake
His father's sleep-bedeafned eares, and spake ;
" Sir, let your early blessings light upon
The tender bosome of your prosprous sonne,
And let the God of Israel repay
Those blessings, double, on your head this day :
The long since banisht shadowes make me bold
To let you know the morning waxes old ;
The sun-beames are growne strong, their brighter
hiew
Have broke the mists and dride the morning dew ;
The sweetness of the season does invite
Your steps to visit Timnah, and acquite
Your last night's promise."

With that the Danite and his wife arose,
Scarce yet resolved ; at last they did dispose
Their doubtfull paces to behold the prize
Of Samson's heart, and pleasure of his eyes.
They went, and when their travell had attain'd
Those fruitfull hils whose clusters entertain'd
Their thirsty palats with their swelling pride,
The musing lover being stept aside
To gaine the pleasure of a lonely thought,
Appear'd a full-ag'd lyon, who had sought
(But could not find) his long-desired prey.
Soone as his eye had given him hopes to pay
His debt to nature, and to mend that fault
His empty stomach found, he made assault
Vpon th' unarm'd lover's breast, whose hand
Had neither staffe nor weapon to withstand
His greedy rage ; but he whose mighty strength
Or sudden death must now appeare, at length
Strech't forth his brawny arme, (his arme supplide
With power from heaven,) and did with ease divide
His body limme from limme, and did betray
His flesh to foules that lately sought his prey.
This done, his quick redoubled paces make
His stay amends ; his nimble steps o'rtake
His leading parents, who by this discover
The smoake of Timnah : now the greedy lover
Thinkes every step a mile, and every pace
A measured league, untill he see that face,
And finde the treasure of his heart that lies
In the fair casket of his mistresse' eyes.
But all this while close Samson made not knowne
Vnto his parents what his hands had done.
By this the gate of Timnah entertaines
The welcome travellers ; the parents' paines
Are now rewarded with their sonne's best pleasure :
The virgin comes ; his eyes can finde no leisure

To owne another object. O the greeting
Th' impatient lovers had at their first meeting !
The lover speakes ; she answers ; he replies ;
She blushes ; he demandeth ; she denies ;
He pleades affection ; she doubts ; hee sues
For nuptiall love ; she questions ; he renewes
His earnest suit : importunes ; she relents ;
He must have no deniall ; she consents :
They passe their mutuall loves ; their joyned hands
Are equall earnests of the nuptiall bands.
The parents are agreed ; all parties pleas'd ;
The daye's set downe ; the lovers hearts are eas'd ;
Nothing displeases now but the long stay
Betwixt th' appointment and the mariage-day.

MEDITA VIII.

'Tis too severe a censure : if the sonne
Take him a wife ; the marriage fairely done,
Without consent of parents (who perchance
Had rais'd his higher price, knew where t' advance
His better'd fortunes to one hundred more,))
He lives a fornicator, she, a whore :
Too hard a censure ! and it seems to me
The parent's most delinquent of the three.
What if the better minded sonne doe aime
At worth ? what if rare vertues doe inflame
His rapt affection ? what if the condition
Of an admired and dainty disposition
Hath won his soule ? whereas the covetous father
Findes her gold light, and recommends him rather
T' an old worne widow, whose more weighty purse
Is filled with gold, and with the orphan's curse ;
The sweet exuberance of whose full-mouth'd
portion
Is but the cursed issue of extortion ;

Whose worth, perchance, lies onely in her weight,
Or in the bosome of her great estate.

What if the sonne (that does not care to buy
Abundance at so deare a rate,) deny
The soule-detesting profer of his father,
And, in his better judgement, chooses rather
To match with meaner fortunes and desert ?
I thinke that Mary chose the better part.

What noble families (that have outgrowne
The best records) have quite bin overthrowne
By wilfull parents, that will either force
Their sonnes to match, or haunt them with a curse !
That can adapt their humors to rejoice
And fancy all things, but their children's choyce !
Which makes them often timorous to reveale
The close desiers of their hearts, and steale
Such matches as perchance their faire advice
Might in the bud have hindred in a trice ;
Which done, and past, O then their hasty spirit
Can thinke of nothing under disinherit :
He must be quite discarded and exiled ;
The furious father must renounce his childe ;
Nor pray'r nor blessing must he have ; bereiven
Of all ; nor must he live, nor die, forgiven ;
When as the father's rashnesse oftentimes
Was the first causer of the children's crimes.

Parents, be not too cruell ; children doe
Things oft too deepe for us t' inquire into.
What father would not storme if his wilde sonne
Should doe the deed that Samson here had done ?
Nor doe I make it an exemplar act,
Onely let parents not be too exact,
To curse their children, or to dispossesse [blesse.
Them of their blessings, Heaven may chance to
Be not too strict ; faire language may recure
A fault of youth, whilst rougher words obdure.

LINES,

*From "A Feast for Wormes."**The Argument.*

The Ninivites beleeve the word,
Their hearts returne unto the Lord;
In him they put their onely trust;
They mourne in sackcloth and in dust.

SECTION IX.

So said ; the Ninivites beleev'd the word,
Beleeeved Jonas, and beleev'd the Lord.
They made no pause, nor jested at the newes,
Nor slighted it because it was a Jew's
Denouncement : no, nor did their gazing eyes
(As taken captive with such novelties)
Admire the stranger's garb, so quaint to theirs ;
No idle chat possest their itching eares
The whilst he spake ; nor were their tongues on fier
To raile upon, or interrupt the cryer ;
Nor did they question whether true the message,
Or fals the prophet were that brought th'em-
bassage.

But they gave faith to what he said : relented,
And (changing their miswandered wayes) repented ;
Before the searching ayre could coole his word
Their hearts returned and beleev'd the Lord ;
And they, whose dainty lips were cloy'd while-ere
With cates and viands and with wanton cheare,
Doe now enjoyne their palats not to taste
The offal bread (for they proclaim'd a fast) ;
And they whose looser bodies once did lie
Wrapt up in robes and silkes of princely dye,
Loe, now instead of robes in rags they mourne,
And all their silks doe into sackcloth turne :

They reade themselves sad lectures on the ground,
Learning to want as well as to abound.
The prince was not exempted, nor the peere,
Nor yet the richest, nor the poorest there ;
The old man was not freed, whose hoary age
Had even almost outronne his pilgrimage ;
Nor yet the young, whose glasse (but new begun)
By course of nature had an age to runne :

For when that fatall word came to the king,
(Convay'd with speed, upon the nimble wing
Of flitting fame,) he straight dismounts his throne,
Forsakes his chaire of state he satte upon,
Disrob'd his body, and his head discrown'd,
In dust and ashes grov'ling on the ground ;
And when he rear'd his trembling corps againe,
(His haire all filthy with the dust he lay in)
He, clad in pensive sackcloth, did depose
Himself from state imperiall, and chose
To live a vassall, or a baser thing,
Than to usurpe the scepter of a king :
(Respectlesse of his pompe) he quite forgate
He was a monarch, mindelesse of his state ;
He neither sought to rule or be obay'd,
Nor with the sword nor with the scepter sway'd

MEDITA IX.

Is fasting then the thing that God requires ?
Can fasting expiate or slake those fires
That sinne hath blowne to such a mightie flame ?
Can sackcloth clothe a fault, or hide a shame ?
Can ashes cleanse thy blot, or purge thy offence ?
Or doe thy hands make heaven a recompence,
By strowing dust upon thy briny face ?
Are these the tricks to purchase heavenly grace ?
No ! though thou pine thyself with willing want,
Or face looke thinne, or carkas nere so gaunt,

Although thou worser weeds than sackcloth weare,
Or naked goe, or sleep in shirts of haire,
Or though thou chuse an ash-tub for thy bed,
Or make a daily dunghill on thy head ;
Thy labour is not poy'sd with equal gaines,
For thou hast nought but labour for thy paines.
Such holy madnesse God rejects, and loathes
That sinks no deeper than the skin or clothes :
'Tis not thine eyes which (taught to weepe by
art)

Look red with teares (not guilty of thy heart) ;
'Tis not the holding of thy hands so high,
Nor yet the purer squinting of thine eye ;
'Tis not your mimick mouthes, your antick faces,
Your scripture phrases or affected graces,
Nor prodigall upbanding of thine eyes,
Whose gashfull bals doe seeme to pelt the skies ;
'Tis not the strickt reforming of your haire,
So close that all the neighbour skull is bare ;
'Tis not the drooping of thy head so low,
Nor yet the low'ring of thy sullen brow,
Nor wolvish howling that disturbs the aire,
Nor repetitions, or your tedious prayer :
No, no, 'tis none of this that God regards ;
Such sort of fooles their owne applause rewards :
Such puppet plaies to heaven are strange and
 quaint,

Their service is unsweet and foully taint,
Their words fall fruitlesse from their idle braine.
But true repentance runnes in other straine ;
Where sad contrition harbours, there the heart
Is truely acquainted with the secret smart
Of past offences, hates the bosome sin
The most which most the soul took pleasure in ;
No crime unsifted, no sinne unpresented,
Can lurke unseene ; and seene, none unlamented.

The trouble soule's amazed with dire aspects
 Of lesser sinnes committed, and detects
 The wounded conscience ; it cries amaine
 For mercy, mercy, cries, and cries againe :
 It sadly grieves, and soberly laments,
 It yernes for grace, reformes, returnes, repents.
 I, this is incense, whose accepted favour
 Mounts up the heavenly throne and findeth favour :
 I, this is it whose valour never failes—
 With God it stoutly wrestles and prevailes :
 I, this is it that pearces heaven above,
 Never returning home (like Noah's dove)
 But brings an olive-leaf, or some increase,
 That workes salvation and eternall peace.

LINES,

*From "Job Militant."**The Argument.*

Job wisheth his past happinesse,
 Shewes his state present, doth confesse
 That God's the author of his grieve,
 Relates the purenesse of his life.

SECTION XV.

OH ! that I were as happy as I was
 When heaven's bright favours shone upon my face,
 And prosper'd my affairs, inrich'd my joyes,
 When all my sonnes could answer to my voyce ;
 Then did my store and thriving flocks encrease,
 Offended justice sought my hands for peace ;
 Old men did honour, and the young did feare me,
 Princes kept silence, (when I spake) to heare mee :
 I heard the poore, reliev'd the widow'e's crie,
 Orphans I succour'd, was the blind man's eye,

The cripple's foot, my helplesse brother's drudge,
The poore man's father, and the oppressor's judge.
I then supposed that my dayes' long lease
Would passe in plentie, and expire in peace ;
My rootes were fixed, and my branches sprung,
My glory blazed, my power grew daily strong ;
I speaking, men stood mute, my speeches mov'd
All hearts to joy, by all men were approv'd :
My kindly words were welcome as a latter
Raine, and were oracles in a doubtfull matter.

O sudden change ! I'm turned a laughing-stocke
To boyes, and those that su'd to tend my flock,
And such whose hungry wants have taught their
hands

To scrape the earth, and dig the barren lands
For hidden roots, wherewith they might appease
Their tyran stomacks, these (even very these)
Flout at my sorrowes, and disdaining me,
Point with their fingers, and cry, This is he !
My honour's foyl'd, my troubled spirit lyes
Wide open to the worst of injuries ;
Where e'r I turne my sorrow new appeares,
I'm vex'd abroad with flouts, at home with feares ;
My soule is faint, and nights, that should give ease
To tyred spirits, make my grieves encrease ;
I loath my carkeise, for my ripened soares
Have changed my garment's colour with their
cores.

But what is worst of worsts, Lord, often I
Have cry'd to thee, a stranger to my cry ;
Though perfect clemency thy nature be,
Though kinde to all, thou art unkinde to me :
I ne'r wax't pale to see another thrive,
Nor e'er did let my afflicted brother strive
With tears alone : But I (poore I) tormented,
Expect for succour, and am unlamented :

I mourne in silence, languish all alone,
As in a desert am reliev'd by none :
My sores have dy'd my skin with filth, still turning
My joyes to grieve, and all my mirth to mourning.

My heart hath past indentures with mine eye
Not to behold a maid ; for what should I
Expect from heaven, but a deserv'd reward
Earn'd by so foule a sinne ? for deaths prepared
And flames of wrath are blowne for such : doth He
Not know my actions that so well knowes me ?
If I have lent my hands to flye deceit,
Or if my steps have not been purely straight,
What I have sowne then let a stranger eate,
And root my plants untimely from their seate.
If I with lust have e'r distain'd my life,
Or been defiled with another's wife,
In equall iustice let my wife be knowne
Of all, and let me reape as I have sowne ;
For lust that burneth in a sinfull brest
Till it hath burnt him too, shall never rest.
If e'r my haste did treat my servant ill,
Without desert making my power my will,
Then how should I before God's judgement stand,
Since we were both created by one hand ?
If e'r my power wronged the poore man's cause,
Or to the widow length'ned out the lawes ;
If e'r alone my lips did taste my bread,
Or shut my churlish doores the poore unfed,
Or bent my hand to doe the orphan wrong,
Or saw him naked, unapparell'd long ;
In heapes of gold if e'r I took delight,
Or gave heaven's worship to the heavenly light ;
Or e'r was flatter'd by my secret will ;
Or joyed in my adversarie's ill :
Let God accuse me from his glorious seate,
And make my plagues (if possible) more great.

Oh ! that some equall hearer now were by
 To judge my righteous cause : full sure am I
 I shall be quitted by th' Almighty hand.
 What therefore if censorious tongues withstand
 The judgement of my sober conscience ?
 Compose they ballads on me, yet from thence
 My simple innocence shall gaine renowne,
 And on my head I'le weare them as my crowne :
 To the Almighty's eare will I reveale
 My secret wayes : to him alone appeale.
 If (to conclude) the earth could finde a tongue
 T' impeach my guiltlesse hands of doing wrong :
 If hidden wages (earn'd with sweat) doe lie
 Rak't in her furrowes, let her wombe deny
 To blesse my harvest, let her better seeds
 Be turn'd to thistles, and the rest to weeds.

MEDITA XV.

The man whose soule is undistain'd with ill,
 Pure from the check of a distemper'd will,
 Stands onely free from the distracts of care,
 And flies a pitch above the reach of feare ;
 His bosome dares the threat'ning bowman's arme,
 His wisdome sees, his courage feares no harme ;
 His brest lies open to the reeking sword ;
 The darts of swarthy Maurus can affoord
 Lesse dread than danger to his well-prepar'd
 And setled minde, which (standing on her guard)
 Bids mischiefe doe the worst she can or will ;
 For he that does no ill deserves no ill.

Would any strive with Samson for renowne,
 Whose brawney arme can strike most pillars down ?
 Or try a fall with angels, and prevaile ?
 Or with a hymne unhinge the strongest iayle ?
 Would any from a pris'ner prove a prince ?
 Or with slow speech best orators convince ?

Preserve he then unstained in his brest
A milk-white conscience, let his scoule be blest
With simple innocence ; this sevenfold shield
No dart shall pierce, no sword shall make it yeeld ;
The sinewy bow, and deadly-headed launce,
Shall break in shivers, and the splinters glaunce
Aside, returning backe from whence they came,
And wound their hearts with an eternall shame.
The just and constant minde that perseveres
Vnblemisht with false pleasures, never feares
The bended threatenings of a tyrann's brow—
Death neither can disturbe, nor change his vow.
Well guarded with himself he walkes along,
When most alone he stands a thousand strong.

Lives he in weale and full prosperitie ?
His wisdom tels him that he lives to die ;
Is he afflicted ? sharpe afflictions give
Him hopes of change, and that he dyes to live ;
Is he revild and scornd ? he sits and smiles,
Knowing him happy whom the world reviles.
If rich, he gives the poore, and if he live
In poore estate, he findes rich friends to give :
He lives an angel in a mortall forme ;
And having past the brunt of many a storme,
At last arriveth at the haven of rest,
Where that just Judge that rambles in his brest,
Joyning with angels, with an angel's voyce
Chaunts forth sweet requiems of eternall joyes.

SONNETS,

*From "Pentelogia."**Mors Christi.*

AND am I here, and my Redeemer gone ?
 Can he be dead, and is not my life done ?
 Was he tormented in excesse of measure,
 And doe I live yet ? and yet live in pleasure ?
 Alas ! could sinners finde out ne'r a one
 More fit than thee for them to spit upon ?
 Did thy cheekes entertaine a traytor's lips ?
 Was thy deare body scourg'd and torn with whips,
 So that the guiltlesse blood came trickling after ?
 And did thy fainting browes sweat blood and water ?
 Wert thou (Lord) hang'd upon the cursed tree ?
 O world of grieve ! and was all this for me ?
 Burst forth, my teares, into a world of sorrow,
 And let my nights of grieve finde ne'r a morrow :
 Since thou art dead (Lord) grant thy servant roome
 Within his heart to build thy heart a tombe.

Mors Tua.

CAN he be faire, that withers at a blast ?
 Or he be strong, that ayery breath can cast ?
 Can he be wise, that knowes not how to live ?
 Or he be rich, that nothing hath to give ?
 Can he be young, that's feeble, weake, and wan ?
 So faire, strong, wise, so rich, so young is man :
 So faire is man, that death (a parting blast)
 Blasts his faire flow'r, and makes him earth at last ;
 So strong is man, that with a gasping breath
 He totters, and bequeathes his strength to death ;
 So wise is man, that if with death he strive
 His wisdome cannot teach him how to live ;
 So rich is man that (all his debts b'ing paid)
 His wealth's the winding-sheet wherein he's laid ;

So young is man, that, broke with care and sorrow,
He's old enough to day to dye to-morrow.
Why bragg'st thou then, thou worme of five foot
long ;
Th' art neither faire, nor strong, nor wise, nor rich,
nor yong.

Gloria Cæli.

WHEN I behold, and well advise upon
The wise man's speech, There's nought beneath
the sun

But vanitie, my soule rebels within,
And loathes the dunghill prison she is in :
But when I looke to new Jerusalem,
Wherein's reserv'd my crowne, my diadem,
O what a heaven of blisse my soule enjoyes,
On sudden wrapt into that heaven of ioyes !
Where (ravisht in the depth of meditation)
She well discernes, with eye of contemplation,
The glory of God in his imperiall seat ;
Full strong in might, in majestie compleate,
Where troops of powers, vertues, cherubims,
Angels, archangel, saints and seraphims,
Are chaunting praises to their heavenly King—
Where Hallelujah they for ever sing.

SION'S SONNETS.

Bridegroom.

Now rests my love : till now her tender brest,
Wanting her joy, could finde no peace, no rest ;
I charge you all, by the true love you beare
To friendship, or what else you count most deare,
Disturbe her not, but let her sleep her fill :
I charge you all upon your lives be still.

O may that labouring soule that lives opprest
For me, in me receive eternall rest.

What curious face is this ? what mortall birth
Can shew a beauty thus unstain'd with earth !
What glorious angell wanders there alone,
From earth's foule dungeon, to my father's throne !
It is my love ; my love that hath deny'd
The world for me, it is my fairest bride ;
How fragrant is her breath ! how heavenly faire
Her angel face ! each glorifying the ayre.

Bride.

O how I'm ravisht with eternall blisse !
Whoe'r thought heaven a joy compar'd to this ?
How doe the pleasures of this glorious face
Adde glory to the glory of his place !
See how kings' courts surmount poore shepheards'
cels,
So this the pride of Salomon excels ;
Rich wreathes of glory crowne his royll head,
And troopes of angels waite upon his bed.

The court of princely Salomon was guarded
With able men at armes ; their faith rewarded
With fading honours, subject to the fate
Of fortune, and the jealous frownes of state :
But here the harmonious quire of heaven attend,
Whose prize is glory, glory without end,
Vnmixt with doubtings or denegerous feare—
A greater prince than Salomon is here.

The bridall bed of princely Salomon,
Whose beauty amaz'd the greedy lookers on,
Which all the world admired to behold,
Was but of cedar, and her sted of gold,
Her pillars silver, and her canopie
Of silkes, but richly stain'd with purple die,

Her curtaines wrought in workes, workes rarely led
By th' needles' art : such was the bridall bed.

Such was the bridall bed, which time, or age,
Durst never warrant from th' approbrious rage
Of envious fate, earth's measures but a minute ;
Earth fades, all fades upon it, all within it ;
O but the glory of thy divined place
No age can injure, nor yet time deface ;
Too weak an object for weake eyes to bide,
Or tongues t' expresse : who ever saw't but dy'd.

Whoe'r beheld the royll crown set on
The nuptiall browes of princely Salomon ?
His glorious pompe whose honour did display
The noysed triumphs of his marriage-day :
A greater prince than Salomon is here,
The beauty of whose nuptials shall appeare
More glorious, farre transcending his, as farre
As heaven's bright lamp outshines th' obscurest star.

FUNERALL ELEGIES.

ELEGY VII.

GOE, glorious saint ! I knew 'twas not a shrine
Of flesh could lodge so pure a soule as thine ;
I saw it labour (in a holy scorne
Of living dust and ashes) to be sworne
A heavenly quirister : it sigh'd and groan'd
To be dissolv'd from mortall, and enthron'd
Among his fellow-angels, there to sing
Perpetuall anthems to his heavenly King :
He was a stranger to his house of clay ;
Scarce own'd it, but that necessary stay
Miscall'd it his ; and onely zeale did make
Him love the building for the builder's sake.

ELEGY XIII.

No, no, he is not dead : the mouth of fame,
Honor's shrill herald, would preserve his name,
And make it live in spight of death and dust,
Were there no other heaven, no other trust.
He is not dead : the sacred nine deny
The soule that merits fame should ever die :
He lives, and when the latest breath of fame
Shall want her trumpe, to glorify a name,
He shall survive, and these selfe-closed eyes
That now lie slumbering in the dust shall rise,
And, fill'd with endlesse glory, shall enjoy
The perfect vision of eternall joy.

ELEGY XX.

VNCONSTANT earth ! why doe not mortals cease
To build their hopes upon so short a lease ?
Vncertaine lease, whose terme but once begun,
Tels never when it ends till it be done :
We dote upon thy smiles, not knowing why,
And whiles we but prepare to live, we die :
We spring like flowers for a daye's delight,
At noone we flourish, and we fade at night.
We toyle for kingdomes, conquer crownes, and then
We that were gods but now, now lesse than men.
If wisdome, learning, knowledge, cannot dwell
Secure from change, vaine bubble earth, farewell !

XXII.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

OF THE EPIPHANY.

FAIRE easterne starre, that art ordain'd to runne
Before the sages to the rising sunne,
Here cease thy course, and wonder that the cloud
Of this poore stable can thy Maker shroud :
Ye heauenly bodies glory to be bright,
And are esteem'd as ye are rich in light ;
But here on earth is taught a different way,
Since vnder this low roofe the Highest lay ;
Jerusalem erects her stately towres,
Displayes her windowes, and adornes her bowres :
Yet there thou must not cast a trembling sparke—
Let Herod's palace still continue darke.
Each schoole and synagogue thy force repels,
There pride, enthron'd in misty errours, dwells ;
The temple where the priests maintaine their quire
Shall taste no beame of thy celestiall fire.
While this weake cottage all thy splendor takes,
A joyfull gate of euery chinke it makes.
Here shines no golden roofe, no Iury staire,
No king exalted in a stately chaire,
Girt with attendants, or by heralds styl'd ;
But straw and hay inwrap a speechlesse childe.
Yet Sabæ's lords before this babe vnfold
Their treasures, off'ring incense, myrrh, and gold.
The cribbe becomes an altar ; therefore dies,
Nor oxe nor sheepe, for in their fodder lies
The Prince of Peace, who, thankfull for his bed,
Destroys those rites in which their blood was shed :

The quintessence of earth, he takes and fees,
And precious gummes distill'd from weeping trees ;
Rich metals and sweet odours now declare
The glorious blessings which his lawes prepare :
To clear vs from the base and lothsome flood
Of sense, and make vs fit for angels' food ;
Who lift to God for vs the holy smoke
Of feruent prayers, with which we him inuoke,
And trie our actions in that searching fire
By which the seraphims our lips inspire.
No muddy drosse pure min'ralls shall infect,
We shall exhale our vapours vp direct :
No stormes shall crosse, nor glittering lights deface,
Perpetual sighes, which seek a happy place.

OF THE TRANFIGURATION OF OUR LORD.

YEE that in lowly valleyes weeping sate,
And taught your humble soules to mourne of late
For sinnes, and suff'rings breeding grieves and feares,
And made the riuers bigger with your teares,
Now cease your sad complaints till fitter time,
And with those three belou'd apostles clime
To lofty Thabor, where your happy eyes
Shall see the sunne of glory brightly rise :
Draw neere, and euer blesse that sacred hill,
That there no heate may parch, no frost may kill
The tender plants ; nor any thunder blast
That top, by which all mountaines are surpast.
By steepe and briery paths ye must ascend :
But if ye know to what high scope ye tend,
No let nor danger can your steps restraine—
The crags will easie seeme, the thickets plaine.

Our Lord there stands, not with his painefull crosse
 Laid on his shoulders, mouing you to losse
 Of precious things, nor calling you to beare
 That burden which so much base worldlings feare.
 Here are no promist hopes obscur'd with clouds,
 No sorrow with dim vailes true pleasure shrowds,
 But perfect ioy, which here discouered shines,
 To taste of heauenly light your thoughts inclines,
 And able is to weane deluded mindes
 From fond delight, which wretched mortals blinds.
 Yet let not sense so much your reason sway,
 As to desire for euer here to stay ;
 Refusing that sweet change which God prouides
 To those whom with his rod and staffe he guides.
 Your happinesse consists not now alone
 In those high comforts, which are often throwne
 In plenteous manner from our Sauiour's hand,
 To raise the fall'n, and cause the weake to stand :
 But ye are blest, when being trodden downe,
 Ye taste his cup, and weare his thorny crowne.

AN ODE OF THE BLESSED TRINITIE.

MVSE, that art dull and weake,
 Opprest with worldly paine,
 If strength in thee remaine
 Of things diuine to speake,
 Thy thoughts awhile from vrgent cares restraine,
 And with a cheareful voice thy wonted silence
 breakē.
 No cold shall thee benumme,
 Nor darknesse taint thy sight ;
 To thee new heate, new light,
 Shall from this obiect come,

Whose praises if thou now wilt sound aright,
My pen shall giue thee leauē hereafter to be
dumbe.

Whence shall we then begin
To sing, or write of this,
Where no beginning is ?
Or if we enter in

Where shall we end ? The end is endlesse blisse—
Thrice happy we, if well, so rich a thread we spinne.

For Thee our strings we touch,
Thou that art Three and One,
Whose essence though vnknowne,
Beleeu'd is to be such ;

To whom whatere we giue, we giue thine owne,
And yet no mortal tongue can giue to thee so much.

See how in vayne we trie
To finde some tipe t'agree
With this great One in Three,
Yet can none such descrie :

If any like, or second were to Thee,
Thy hidden nature then were not so deepe and high.

Here faile inferiour things,—
The sunne, whose heate and light
Make creatures warme and bright,
A feeble shadow brings :

The sunne shewes to the world his Father's might,
With glorious raies fro' forth, our fire, the spirit,
sings.

Now to the toplesse hill
Let vs ascend more neare,
Yet still within the spheare
Of our connat'rall skill ;

We may behold how in our soules we beare
An vnderstanding power ioyn'd with effectual skill.
We cannot higher goe
To search this point diuine :

Here it doth chiefly shine,
This image must it show :

These steppes, as helpes, our humble minds incline
T' embrace those certaine grounds which from
true faith must flow.

To him these notes direct,
Who not with outward hands,
Nor by his strong commands,
Whence creatures take effect,

While perfectly himselfe he vnderstands,
Begets another selfe with equall glory deckt.

From these, the spring of loue,
The Holy Ghost proceeds,
Who our affection feeds

With those cleare flames which moue

From that eternal essence which them breeds,
And strikes into our soules as lightning from aboue.

ON ASCENSION DAY.

YE that to heau'n direct your curious eyes,
And send your minds to walk the spacious skies,
See how the Maker to yourselves he brings,
Who sets his noble markes on meanest things ;
And hauing man aboue the angels plac'd,
The lowly earth more than the heau'n hath grac'd.
Poore clay ! each creature thy degrees admires.
First God in thee a liuing soule inspires,
Whose glorious beames hath made thee farre
more bright

Then is the sunne, the spring of corp'rall light :
He rests not here, but to himselfe thee takes,
And thee diuine by wondrous vnion makes.
What region can afford a worthy place
For his exalted flesh ? heau'n is too base :

He scarce would touch it in his swift ascent ;
The orbes fled backe, like Iordan, as he went :
And yet he daign'd to dwell awhile on earth,
As paying thankefull tribute for his birth.
But now this body all God's workes excels,
And hath no place, but God, in whom it dwels.

AN ACT OF CONTRITION.

WHEN first my reason, dawning like the day,
Disperst the clouds of childish sense away ;
God's image fram'd in that superior tow'r,
Diuinely made mine vnderstanding pow'r
To thinke vpon his greatnessse, and to feare
His darts of thunder, which the mountaines teare.
And when with feeble light my soule began
T' acknowledge him a higher thing then man,
My next discourse, erected by his grace,
Conceiues him free from bounds of time or place,
And sees the furthest that of him is knowne,
All spring from him, and He depends of none.
The steps which in his various workes are seal'd,
The doctrines in his sacred church reueal'd,
Were all receiu'd as truths into my mind,
Yet durst I breake his lawes—O strangely blind !
My festring wounds are past the launcing cure,
Which terrour giues to thoughts at first impure.
No helpe remaines these vlcers to remoue,
Vnlesse I scorch them with the flames of loue.
Lord, from thy wrath my soule appeales, and flyes
To gracious beames of those indulgent eyes,
Which brought me first from nothing, and sus-
taine
My life, lest it to nothing turne againe,

Which in thy Sonne's blood washt my parents' sinne,
And taught me waies eternall blisse to winne.
The starres which guide my bark with heauenly
calls ;
My boords in shipwrack after many falls ;
In these I trust, and, wing'd with pleasing hope,
Attempt new flight to come to thee, my scope,
Whom I esteeme a thousand times more deare
Than worldly things which faire and sweet appeare.
Rebellious flesh, which thee so oft offends
Presents her teares : alas, a poore amends !
But thou acceptst them. Hence they precious
grow
As liuing waters which from Eden flow.
With these I wish my vitall blood may runne,
Ere new eclipses dimme this glorious sunne ;
And yeeld my selfe afflicting paines to take
For thee my spouse, and onely for thy sake.
Hell could not fright me with immortall fire,
Were it not arm'd with thy forsaking ire ;
Nor should I looke for comfort and delight
In heau'n, if heau'n were shadow'd from thy sight.

AN ACT OF HOPE.

SWEET hope is soueraigne comfort of our life,
Our ioy in sorrow and our peace in strife,
The dame of beggers, and the queene of kings :
Can those delight in height of prosperous things
Without expecting still to keepe them sure ?
Can those the weight of heauy wants endure,
Vnlesse perswasion instant paine allay,
Reseruing spirit for a better day ?
Our God, who planted in his creatures' brest
This stop on which the wheeles of passion rest,

Hath raysd by beames of his abundant grace
This strong affection to a higher place.
It is the second vertue which attends
That soule whose motion to his sight ascends.
Rest here, my mind ; thou shalt no longer stay
To gaze vpon these houses made of clay :
Thou shalt not stoope to honours, or to lands,
Nor golden halles, where sliding fortune stands.
If no false colours draw thy steps amisse,
Thou hast a palace of eternall blisse ;
A paradise from care and feare exempt,
And obiect worthy of the best attempt.
Who would not for so rich a country fight ?
Who would not runne that sees a gaole so bright ?
O thou who art our Author and our end,
On whose large mercy chaines of hope depend,
Lift me to thee by thy propitious hand ;
For lower I can find no place to stand.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEENE THE WORLD,
A PILGRIM, AND VERTUE.

Pilgrim.

WHAT darknes clouds my senses ? hath the day
Forgot his season, and the sunne his way ?
Doth God withdraw his all-sustaining might,
And works no more with his faire creature, light,
While heau'n and earth for such a losse complaine,
And turne to rude vnformed heapes againe ?
My paces with intangling briers are bound,
And all this Forrest in deepe silence drown'd ;
Here must my labour and my iourney cease,
By which in vaine I sought for rest and peace ;

But now perceiue that man's vnquiet mind
In all his waies can onely darknesse finde.
Here must I starue and die, vnlesse some light
Point out the passage from this dismall night.

World.

Distressed pilgrim, let not causelesse feare
Depresse thy hopes, for thou hast comfort neare,
Which thy dull heart with splendor shall inspire,
And guide thee to thy period of desire.
Clear vp thy browes, and raise thy fainting eyes ;
See how my glitt'ring palace open lies
For weary passengers, whose desp'rare case
I pitie, and prouide a resting-place.

Pilgrim.

O thou whose speeches sound, whose beauties shine
Not like a creature, but some power diuine,
Teach me thy stile, thy worth and state declare,
Whose glories in this desart hidden are.

World.

I am thine end ; Felicity my name ;
The best of Wishes, Pleasures, Riches, Fame,
Are humble vassals which my throne attend,
And make you mortals happy when I send :
In my left hand delicious fruits I hold,
To feede them who with mirth and ease grow old,
Afraid to lose the fleeting dayes and nights ;
That seaze on times, and spend it in delights.
My right hand with triumphant crownes is stor'd,
Which all the kings of former times ador'd :
These gifts are thine : then enter where no strife,
No grieve, no paine, shall interrupt thy life.

Vertue.

Stay, hasty wretch, here deadly serpents dwell,
And thy next step is on the brinke of hell :
Wouldest thou, poore weary man, thy limbs repose ?
Behold my house, where true contentment growes ;
Not like the baites which this seducer giues,
Whose blisse a day, whose torment euer liues.

World.

Regard not these vaine speeches, let them goe ;
This is a poore worme, my contemned foe,
Bold thredbare Vertue ; who dare promise more
From empty bags, than I from all my store ;
Whose counsels make men draw vnquiet breath,
Expecting to be happy after death.

Vertue.

Canst thou now make, or hast thou euer made
Thy seruants happy in those things that fade ?
Heare this my challenge : one example bring
Of such perfection ; let him be the king
Of all the world, fearing no outward check,
And guiding others by his voice or beck :
Yet shall this man at eu'ry moment find
More gall than hony in his restlesse mind.
Now, monster, since my words haue struck thee
dumb,
Behold this garland, whence such vertues come ;
Such glories shine, such piercing beames are
throwne
As make thee blind, and turne thee to a stone.
And thou, whose wand'ring feet were running
downe
Th' infernall steepnesse, looke vpon this crowne :

Within these folds lie hidden no deceits,
No golden lures, on which perdition waites ;
But when thine eyes the prickly thornes haue past,
See in the circle boundlesse ioyes at last.

Pilgrim.

These things are now most cleare ; thee I imbrace :
Immortall wreath, let worldlings count thee base ;
Choyce is thy matter, glorious is thy shape,
Fit crowne for them who tempting dangers scape.

OF TEARES.

BEHOLD what riuers feeble nature spends,
And melts vs into seas at losse of friends :
Their mortall state this fountaine neuer dies,
But fills the world with worlds of weeping eies.
Man is a creature borne and nurst in teares,
He through this life the markes of sorrow beares,
And dying, thinkes he can no off'ring haue
More fit then teares distilling on his graue.
We must these floods to larger bounds extend ;
Such streames require a high and noble end.
As waters in a chrystall orbe contain'd
Aboue the starry firmament, are chain'd
To coole the fury of those raging flames
Which eu'ry lower spheare by motion frames ;
So this continuall spring within thy head
Must quench the fires in other members bred.
If to our Lord our parents had been true,
Our teares had been like drops of pleasing dew :
But sinne hath made them full of bitter paines,
Vntimely children of afflicted braines :
Yet they are chang'd, when we our sinnes lament,
To richer pearles then from the East are sent.

OF SINNE.

WHAT pensill shall I take or where begin
To paint the vgly face of odious sinne ?
Man sinning oft, though pardon'd oft, exceeds
The falling angels in malicious deeds :
When we in words would tell the sinner's shame,
To call him diuell is too faire a name.
Should we for euer in the chaos dwell,
Or in the lothsome depth of gaping hell,
We there no foule and darksome formes shall find
Sufficient to describe a guilty mind.
Search through the world, we shall not know a
thing

Which may to reason's eye more horrour bring
Then disobedience to the Highest Cause,
And obstinate auersion from his lawes.
The sinner will destroy God if he can—
O what hath God deseru'd of thee, poore man,
That thou shouldst boldly striue to pull him downe
From his high throne, and take away his crowne ?
What blindnesse moues thee to vnequall fight ?
See how thy fellow-creatures scorne thy might ;
Yet thou prouok'st thy Lord, as much too great,
As thou too weake for his imperiall seate.
Behold a silly wretch distracted quite,
Extending towards God his feeble spite,
And by his poys'rous breath his hopes are faire
To blast the skies, as it corrupts the aire.
Vpon the other side thou may'st perceiue
A mild commander, to whose army cleave
The sparkling starres, and each of them desires
To fall and drowne this rebell in their fires.
The cloudes are ready this proud foe to tame,
Full fraught with thunderbolts and lightning's flame.

The Earth, his mother, greedy of his doome,
Expects to open her vnhappy wombe,
That this degen'rate sonne may liue no more ;
So chang'd from that pure man whom first she
bore.

The sauage beasts, whose names his Father gaue,
To quell this pride their Maker's licence craue.
The fiends his masters in this warlike way,
Make sute to seaze him as their lawfull prey.
No friends are left : then whither shall he flie ?
To that offended King who sits on high,
Who hath deferr'd the battell, and restrain'd
His souldiers, like the winds in fetters chain'd :
For let the sinner leauue his hideous maske,
God will as soone forgiue, as he shall aske.

IN SPIRITUAL COMFORT.

ENOUGH delight, O mine eternall good !
I feare to perish in this fiery flood ;
And doubt, lest beames of such a glorious light
Should rather blind me, then extend my sight :
For how dare mortals here their thoughts erect
To taste those ioyes which they in heauen expect ?
But God invites them in his boundless loue,
And lifts their heauy minds to things aboue.
Who would not follow such a pow'rfull guide,
Immid'st of flames, or through the raging tide ?
What carelesse soule will not admit the grace
Of such a Lord, who knowes the dang'rous place
In which his seruants liue—their natvie woes,
Their weake defence, and fury of their foes ;
And casting downe to earth these golden chaines,
From hel's steepe brinke their sliding steps re-
straines ?

His deare affection flies with wings of haste ;
He will not stay till this short life be past :
But in this vale, where teares of griefe abound,
He oft with teares of ioy his friends hath drown'd.
Man, what desir'st thou ? wouldst thou purchase
 health,

Great honour, perfect pleasure, peace, and wealth ?
All these are here, and in their glory raigne :
In other things these names are false and vaine.
True wisdome bids vs to this banquet haste,
That precious nectar may renew the taste
Of Eden's dainties, by our parents lost
For one poore apple, which so deare would cost,
That eu'ry man a double death should pay.
But mercy comes the latter stroke to stay
And—leauing mortall bodies to the knife
Of iustice—striues to sauе the better life.
No sou'raigne med'cine can be halfe so good
Against destruction as this angels' food,
This inward illustration, when it finds
A seate in humble and indifferent minds.
If wretched men contemne a sunne so bright,
Dispos'd to stray and stumble in the night,
And seeke contentment where they oft haue
 knowne,
By deare experience, that there can be none ;
They would much more neglect their God, their
end,
If aught were found whereon they might depend,
Within the compasse of the gen'rall frame ;
Or if some sparkes of this celestiall flame
Had not engrauen this sentence in their brest :
In him that made them is their onely rest.

AGAINST INORDINATE LOUE OF
CREATURES.

AH! who would loue a creature, who would place
 His heart, his treasure, in a thing so base ?
 Which time consuming, like a moth, destroyes,
 And stealing death will rob him of his ioyes.
 Why lift we not our minds aboue this dust ?
 Haue we not yet perceiu'd that God is iust,
 And hath ordain'd the obiects of our loue
 To be our scourges, when we wanton proue ?
 Go, carelesse man, in vaine delights proceed,
 Thy fansies and thine outward senses feede ;
 And bind thyselfe, thy fellow-seruant's thrall :
 Loue one too much, thou art a slauē to all.
 Consider when thou follow'st seeming good,
 And drown'st thyselfe too deepe in flesh and blood,
 Thou making sute to dwell with woes and feares,
 Art sworne their souldier in the vale of teares :
 The bread of sorrow shall be thy repast ;
 Expect not Eden in a thorny waste,
 Where grow no faire trees, no smooth riuers swell,
 Here onely losses and afflictions dwell.
 These thou bewayl'st with a repining voyce,
 Yet knew'st before that mortall was thy choyse.
 Admirers of false pleasures must sustaine
 The waight and sharpnesse of insuing paine.

OF THE MISERABLE STATE OF MAN.

Is man, the best of creatures, growne the worst ?
 He once most blessed was, now most accurst :
 His whole felicity is endlesse strife,
 No peace, no satisfaction crownes his life :

No such delight as other creatures take,
Which their desires can free and happy make :
Our appetites, which seek for pleasing good,
Haue oft their wane and full, their ebbe and floud,
Their calme and stormes : the neuer-constant
moone,

The seas, and nimble winds, not halfe so soone,
Incline to change, while all our pleasure rests
In things which vary, like our wau'ring breasts.
He who desires that wealth his life may blesse,
Like to a sayler, counts it good successe
To haue more pris'ners which increase his care ;
The more his goods, the more his dangers are.
This sayler sees his ship about to drowne,
And he takes in more wares to presse it downe.
Vaine honour is a play of diuers parts,
Whose fained words and gestures please our
hearts ;

The flatt'red audience are the actor's friends,
But lose that title when the fable ends.
The faire desire that others should behold
Their clay well featured, their well-temperd mould,
Ambitious mortals make their chiefe pretence,
To be the obiects of delighted sense :
Yet oft the shape and hue of basest things
More admiration moues, more pleasure brings.
Why should we glory to be counted strong ?
This is the praise of beasts, the pow'r of wrong :
And if the strength of many were inclos'd
Within our brest, yet when it is oppos'd
Against that force which art or nature frame,
It melts like waxe before the scorching flame.
We cannot in these outward things be blest ;
For we are sure to lose them ; and the best
Of these contentments no such comforts beares
As may waigh equall with the doubts and feares

Which fixe our minds on that vncertaine day
When these shall faile, most certaine to decay.
From length of life no happinesse can come,
But what the guilty feele, who after doome
Are to the lothsome prison sent againe,
And there must stay to die with longer paine.
No earthly gift lasts after death, but fame ;
This gouerns men more carefull of their name
Then of their soules, which their vngodly taste
Dissolues to nothing, and shall proue at last
Farre worse then nothing : prayses come too late
When man is not, or is in wretched state.
But these are ends which draw the meanest hearts :
Let vs search deepe and trie our better parts.
O knowledge, if a heau'n on earth could be,
I would expect to reapre that blisse in thee :
But thou art blind, and they that haue thy light
More clearely, know they liue in darksome night.
See, man, thy stripes at schoole, thy paines abroad,
Thy watching and thy palenesse well bestow'd :
These feeble helpes can scholers neuer bring
To perfect knowledge of the plainest thing :
And some to such a height of learning grow,
They die perswaded that they nothing know.
In vaine swifte houres spent in deepe study slide,
Vnlesse the purchast doctrine curbe our pride.
The soule perswaded that no fading loue
Can equall her imbraces, seekes aboue :
And now aspiring to a higher place,
Is glad that all her comforts here are base.

XXIII.

EDMUND DEE.

EXTRACT,

From "Verses against Popery."

UNTO my exhortacon attend and give eare ;
You that walke in darknes I wish you beware ;
For now the light shineth so perfect and cleere,
All men they mai venter.

With God and our kinge now lett us agree
In fayth and true love ; for soo itt must bee ;
The perfect waie and the true veritee
Therin lett vs venter.

To doo them good is all my intentt
That waver and wander : if they doe repente,
From ignorant follie with on consentt,
With Christ they may enter.

* * * * *

Now God hath sent us, all men maie see,
A noble Kinge James (soe named is hee)
To maintaine the gospell, the true veritee—
With him let us venter.

All they that were blinded did hope for a daie
To bringe in the pope, to whom they obeye ;
But God bee thanked, that liveth for aye,
Nowe they shall not enter.

The pope with his pardons for silver and gould,
Long time hath deceived boeth yoonge and ould ;
The blessing of God is not to be sould—
Take heede howe you venter.

Perchaunce you will marvell,
And thinke in your minde
Whence I have this knowledge,
And see me soe blind ;
All those that seeke, Christ saith they shall finde—
To Him lett us venter.

My hartt and mind nowe doth rejoyce
Your noble grace to see,
I am a subject poore and basse—
My name is—Edmund Dee.

XXIV.

BENJAMIN JONSON.

TO THE WORLD.

FALSE world, good night; since thou hast brought
That houre upon my morne of age,
Henceforth I quit thee from my thought;
My part is ended on thy stage.
Doe not once hope that thou canst tempt
A spirit so resolv'd to tread
Upon thy throat and live exempt
From all the nets that thou can'st spread.
I know thy formes are studied arts,
Thy subtill wayes be narrow straits;
Thy curtesie but sudden starts,
And what thou call'st thy gifts are baits.
I know too, though thou strut, and paint,
Yet art thou both shrunke up, and old;
That onely fooles make thee a saint,
And all thy good is to be sold.
I know thou whole art but a shop
Of toyes, and trifles, traps and snares
To take the weak, or make them stop;
Yet art thou falser than thy wares.
And, knowing this, should I yet stay,
Like such as blow away their lives,
And never will redeeme a day,
Enamor'd of their golden gyves?
Or having scap'd shall I returne,
And thrust my neck into the noose,
From whence so lately I did burne
With all my powers my selfe to loose?

What bird or beast is knowne so dull,
That fled his cage, or broke his chaine,
And tasting aire and freedome, wull
Render his head in there againe !
If these who have but sense can shun
The engines that have them annoy'd,
Little for mee had reason done
If I could not thy ginnes avoid.
Yes, threaten, doe. Alas, I feare
As little as I hope from thee !
I know thou canst nor shew nor beare
More hatred than thou hast to mee.
My tender, first and simple yeares
Thou didst abuse, and then betray ;
Since stird'st up jealousies and feares
When all the causes were away.
Then in a soile hast planted me
Where breathe the basest of thy fooles ;
Where envious arts professed be,
And pride and ignorance the schooles ;
Where nothing is examin'd, weigh'd,
But as 'tis rumor'd so beleev'd :
Where every freedome is betray'd,
And every goodnesse tax'd, or griev'd.
But what we are borne for wee must beare ;
Our frail condition it is such
That what to all may happen here,
If't chance to mee, I must not grutch.
Else I my state should much mistake
To harbour a divided thought
From all my kinde : that for my sake
There should a miracle be wrought.
No, I doe know that I was borne
To age, misfortune, sicknesse, grieve :
But I will beare these with that scorne
As shall not need thy false relieve.

Nor for my peace will I goe farre,
As wand'fers doe, that still doe rome:
But make my strengths, such as they are,
Here in my bosome and at home.

ON THE NATIVITIE OF MY SAVIOUR.

I SING the birth was born to night,
The Author both of life and light;
 The angels so did sound it,
And like the ravish'd sheep'erd's said,
Who saw the light, and were afraid,
 Yet search'd, and true they found it.
The Sonne of God, th' Eternall King,
That did us all salvation bring,
 And freed the soule from danger;
Hee whom the whole world could not take,
The Word, which heaven and earth did make,
 Was now laid in a manger.
What comfort by him doe wee winne,
Who made himself the price of sinne,
 To make us heires of glory?
To see this babe all innocence,
A martyr borne in our defence;
 Can man forget this storie?

EUPHEMЕ'S MIND.

PAINTER, you're come, but may be gone,
Now I have a better thought thereon,
This work I can performe alone,
And give you reasons more then one.

Not that your art I doe refuse,
But here I may no colours use ;
Beside, your hand will never hit,
To draw a thing that cannot sit.

You could make shift to paint an eye,
An eagle towring in the skye,
The sunne, a sea, or soundlesse pit ;
But these are like a mind, not it.

No, to expresse a mind to sense,
Would aske a Heaven's intelligence ;
Since nothing can report that flame
But what's of kinne to whence it came.

A mind so pure, so perfect, fine,
As 'tis not radiant, but divine ;
And so disdaining any tryer,
'Tis got where it can try the fire.

There high exalted in the spheare,
As it another nature were
It moveth all, and makes a flight
As circular as infinite.

Whose notions when it will expresse
In speech, it is with that excesse
Of grace and musique to the eare,
As what it spoke it planted there.

The voyce so sweet, the words so faire,
As some soft chime had stroak'd the ayre ;
And though the sound were parted thence,
Still left an echo in the sense.

But, that a mind so rapt, so high,
So swift, so pure, should yet apply
It selfe to us, and come so nigh
Earth's grossnesse ; there's the how, and why.

Is it because it sees us dull,
And stuck in clay here, it would pull
Us forth by some celestiall flight
Up to her owne sublimed hight ?

Or hath she here, upon the ground,
Some paradise or palace found
In all the bounds of beautie fit
For here to inhabit ? There is it.

Thrice happy house, that hast receipt
For this so loftie forme, so streight,
So polisht, perfect, round, and even,
As it slid moulded off from heaven.

Not swelling like the ocean proud,
But stooping gently, as a cloud,
As smooth as oyle pour'd forth, and calme
As showers, and sweet as drops of balme.

Smooth, soft, and sweet, in all a floud
Where it may run to any good ;
And where it stayes, it there becomes
A nest of odorous spice and gummes.

In action, winged as the wind,
In rest, like spirits left behind
Upon a banke or field of flowers,
Begotten by that wind and showers.

In thee, faire mansion, let it rest,
Yet know with what thou art possest ;
Thou entertaining in thy brest
But such a mind, mak'st God thy guest.

XXV.

CHRISTOPHER LEVER.

STANZAS

From "Queene Elizabeth's Teares."

MEN are iniurious that report of death
To be the highest of extremities ;
When as we die what loose we else but breath ?
And many numbers of our miseries,
When this life setteth, as better doth arise :

 And when to death a holy cause is giuen,
 Death is the gate by which we enter heauen.

Within our life these sorrowes we containe,
Vncertaine daies, yet full of certaine grieve,
In number few, but infinite in paine ;
O're chargde with wants, but naked of relieve,
In ruling it our euill partes are chiefe :

 And though our time be not cut short by death,
 Olde age will creepe to stop uncertaine breath.

Yet to the much affliction of the minde
This of the body is a scant compare,
Wherein so many and so much I find,
As would astonne my spirits to declare ;
Triall can onely tell us what they are :

 For we whom custom hath with grieve acquainted
 By vs her sad proportion best is painted.

The grieve of mind is that intestine warre
That stirres sedition in the state of man ;
Where when our passions once commanding are,
Our peacefull dayes are desperate, for than
The stirres more hote than when it first began ;
 For heady passion's like an vntamed beast,
 That riots most when we desire it least.

This violence exceeds his vertuous meane,
Like swelling tides that ouerrunne their shore,
Leauing the lawfull current of their streeame,
And breake their bankes that bounded them before :
Yet griefe in his great violence is more :

For if that reason bound not griefe with lawes,
In our destruction griefe will be the cause.

Griefe should be borne with much indifference,
Not much regarded, yet regardlesse neuer ;
Not much affected, yet we must haue sense
To feele our griefe and apprehend it euer ;
Yet let the grieved ever thus indever
To make his burthen easeful as hee may,
And so his griefe with ease is borne away.

So much of griefe we onely doe sustaine,
As in our choice ourselues do apprehend ;
Griefe may present it selfe, but not constraine
That we imbrace what it doth recommend.
Beare it but lightly then ; for to that end
Is patience giuen, by whose resolued might
The heaviest loade of griefe is made but light.

This is the most of happinesse we haue,
That with our patience we support our cares ;
Nor we our selues, but God this vertue gaue,
Which our vnworthie life right well declares ;
To loose my life is for to loose my cares :
Then what is death that I should feare to die ?
Death is the death of all my miserie.

What then is that which doth beget desire
In humane flesh to linger our long daies ?
Is it because to honor men aspire,
Or for their name in beautie hath a praise ?
Or is't their greedy auarice them staies ?

Honour, beautie, nor desire of golde,
Cannot the certaine of their death withhold.

Honour is nothing but a very name,
Often confer'd to men of little merite ;
In euery place as common is as fame,
Commonly giuen to euery common spirite ;
So little worth as anie one may weare it :

Then why should that be thought of estimation
That giues to base deseruings high creation ?

The name and place of honour may be giuen,
As please the prince in fauour to dispose ;
But true deriuied honor is from heauen,
And often liues in meane estate with those
That to the courts of princes neuer goes.

How vainly proud are such as would get fame,
Yet get no more of honor but the name !

* * * * *

He that from enuious eie and full resort
Liues priuate, with a little state content,
Little desires the honour of the court,
Where emulation stirres a discontent ;
Men shoote at him that is most eminent,
And whom the prince with hiest grace doth
crown,
Enuy brings many hands to pull him downe.

See here the glorie of mortallitie,
Which we with infinite of care pursue,
Painefull to get, but lost at libertie ;
Fatall to many, fortunate to few,
Whereto so many miseries insue
As fills our time with cares : then why should I
For this respect of honour feare to die ?

XXVI.

THOMAS DEKKER.

CHRIST'S COMING TO JUDGEMENT.

As in an army royall, led by a king,
After the canons' sulphurous thundering ;
Horror on all sides roaring; wings here flying
At wings like armed eagles ; here troopes dying
A butcherous execution through the field,
Bellowing with fiend-like threats, where yet none
yeeld,
Though death stalkes vp and downe, ghastly and
pale,
The victor's wreath lying in a doubtfull scale ;—
The king himselfe safe guarded on a hill,
Seeing this black day, yet stirring not vntill
He findes fit time to strike ; then downe amayne
Whorryng he comes—a glorious dreadful trayne
Of high heroic spirits circling him round,
Who with swift vengeance do their foes confound,
And, slauelike, drag them at prowde chariot-wheele,
Whilst miseries worse than death tread on their
heels :—
So with great terror, state, and wonder,
Heauen's Supreme Monarch—one hand griping
thunder,
The other stormes of hail, whirlwinds and fire—
(Ensignes of his hot burning, quenchlesse ire,)
When the world's building smothered lay in smoake,
With sparkling eyes maiestically broke,
Out of his pallace nere set ope before,
And stood like a triumphant conqueror,

Trampling on death and hell. About him round,
 Like petty vizroyes, spirits methought all crownde,
 Show'd as if none but kings had bin his guard ;
 Whole hierarchies of saints were then preferd,
 With principalities, powers, and dominations,
 Thrones, angels, and archangels, all att once
 Filling the presence ; then, like heauen-born
 twinnes,

Flew fiery cherubins and seraphins ;
 Whilst the old patriarches, cloath'd all in white,
 Were rap'd with joy to see beames more bright
 About the prophets and the apostles runne,
 Than those whose flames were kindled at the sun.
 Martyrs, methought, with selfe same lustre shinde,
 As gold which seuen times was by fire refinde ;
 Virgins whose soules in life from lust liu'd cleare
 Had siluer robes, and on their heads did weare
 Coronets of diamonds. * * * *

God's heire-apparent (here once made away)
 Triumphed in this his coronation-day,
 In which heauen was his kingdome, mercy his
 throne,

Justice his scepter, a communion
 Of sanctified souls the courtly peeres,
 And his star-chamber lords ; who now had yeeres
 Which neuer turn'd them gray by time's rough
 weather :

Greatness was nowe no more called fortune's fether,
 Nor honour held a fruitlesse golden dreame,
 Nor riches a bewitching swallowing streame,
 Nor learning laughed at, as the begger's dower,
 Nor beauty's painted cheeke a summer-flower.

No, no : life endlesse was, yet without loathing ;
 Honor and greatnesse wore immortal cloathing ;
 Riches were subiect to no base consuming,
 Learning burnt bright without contentious fuming ;

Beauty no painting bought, but still renew'd :
Each one had heere his full beatitude.

That face whose picture might have ransomed
kings,

Yet put vp spettings, baffulings, buffetings,—
That head which could a crowne of starres haue
worne,

Yet spightfully was wrench'd with wreathes of
thorne,—

Those handes and feete where purest stamps were
set,

Yet nail'd vp like to pieces counterfet,—

Those lippes, which though they had command ore
all,

Being thirsty, vinegar had to drinke and gall.

That body scourg'd, and torne with many a wound,
That his deere bloud, like balme, might leauie vs
sound;

The well of life which with a speare being tride,
Two stremes mysterious gush'd out from his side:

Messias, great Jehouah, God on hie,

Yet hail'd King of the Jewes in mockery.

The manger-cradled babe, the beggar borne,
The poorest worme on earth, the heighth of scorne;

That Lord by his own subiects crucified,

So at his grand assize comes glorified,

With troopes of angels, who his officers are,

To call by sound of trumpe his foes to a bar.

Thus stood he arm'd—justice his breastplate was,
Judgement his helmet, stronger farre than brasse;

On his right arme truth's shield he did advance :

And turnde his sharpned wrath into a lance ;

Out of his mouth a two-edged sword did flie,

To wound body and soule eternally :

Armed cap-a-pe thus who against him durst fight ?

There was no ground for strength, nor yet for flight.

At this methought all graues that ever held
Dead coarses, yawnd wide open, and compell'd
The bones of dead men up with flesh to rise ;
Yea, those on whom the seas did tyrannize,
And drown'd in wrackes, and which were peece-
meal eaten,

With liuely bodies to the shoares were beaten ;
Whom sword or fire, jibbets or wheels had torne,
Had their own limbes againe, and new were borne :
From the first man God made to the last that died,
The names of all were here exemplified.

Emprours and kings, patriarches, and tribes for-
gotten,

The conquerors of the world—moldred and rotten—
Lords, beggars, men and women, young and old,
Vp at a bar set forth, their hands did hold.

The Judge being set in open court, were layd
Huge books, at sight of which were all dismaid,
Would faine haue shrunck back, and fell downe
with feare.

In sheets of brasse all stories written were
(Which those great volumes held) charactred deepe
With pens of steele, eternall files to keepe
Of euery nation since the world began,
And every deede, word, thought, of euery man.
Sins hatched in caues, or such whose bawd was
night,

The minutes of the act were here set right ;
Great men, whose secret damned sins vizards wore
So close that none upon their browes could score
The least black line—because none durst—had here
A bill of items in particular,
What their soules owed for sin to death and hell ;
Or if it happened that they e'er did well,
In these true journals it at large was found,
And with rich promise of reward was crowned.

XXVII.

ANONYMOUS.

STANZAS,

From "The Passion of a Discontented Mind."

FROM silent night, true register of moanes ;
From saddest soule, consum'd with deepest
sinnes ;
From heart quite rent with sighs and heavy groanes,
My wailing muse her wofull worke begins :
And to the world brings tunes of sad despaire,
Sounding nought else but sorrow, grieve, and
care.

Sorrow, to see my sorrow's cause augmented,
And yet lesse sorrowfull, were my sorowes more :
Grieve, that my grieve with grieve is not prevented,
For grieve it is must ease my grieved sore :
Thus grieve and sorrow cares but how to grieve,
For grieve and sorrow must my cares relieve.

Thou deepest Searcher of each secret thought !
Infuse in me thy all-affecting grace ;
So shall my works to good effects be brought,
While I peruse my ugly sinnes a space ;
Whose staining filth so spotted hath my soule,
As nought will waste, but teares of inward dole.

O that the learned poets of this time,
Who in a love-sick line so well indite,
Would not consume good wit in hatefull rime,
But would with care some better subject write :

For if their musicke please in earthly things,
Well would it sound if strain'd with heav'ly
strings.

But woe it is—to see fond worldlings use,
Who most delight in things that vainest be ;
And without feare worke vertue's foul abuse,
Scorning soule's rest, and all true piety :
As if they made account never to part
From this fraile life, the pilgrimage of smart.

O why should man, that bears the stamp of heaven,
So much abuse heaven's holy will and pleasure ?
Oh why was sense and reason to him given,
That in his sinne cannot containe a measure ?
He knowes he must account for every sinne,
And yet committeth sinnes that countless bin.

O that I were remov'de to some close cave,
Where all alone, retired from delight,
I might my sighes and teares untroubled have,
And never come in wretched worldlings sight,
Whose ill bewitching company still brings
Deepe provocation whence great danger
springs.

CONFESSiON AND CONTRITION.

From the Same.

O CURSED custome, causing mischiefe still,
Too long thy craft my sences hath misled ;
Too long haue I beene slaye vnto thy will,
Too long my soule on bitter sweetes haue fed :
Now surfeiting with thy hell-poysned cates,
In deepe repent, her former folly hates ;
And humbly comes with sorrow-rented hart,
With blubbred eyes and hands vpreard to heauen,

To play a poore lamenting mawdline's part,
That would weepe streams of bloud to be forgiuen:

But oh, I feare mine eyes are drain'd so drie,
That though I would, yet now I cannot crie.

If any eye therefore can spare a teare
To fill the well-springs that must wet my cheekeſ,
O let that eye to this ſad paſt draw neare ;
Refue me not, my humble ſoule beſeekeſ ;
For all the teareſ mine eyeſ have euer wept
Were now too little, had they all bin kept.

XXVIII.

THOMAS PEYTON.

LINES,

From "The Glasse of Time in the First Age."

PARADISE.

O PARADISE, that first our parents stai'd,
Vntill such time God's will they disobay'd,
How far my pen doth of thy worth come vnder,
Mirrour of earth, of all the world the wonder !
Where sacred Thetis from her louely lap
Hath power'd her treasures, much inrich't thy hap,
With Euphrates and Tigris hath combin'd,
Their source diuided in foure parts, to winde
About thy borders, as heauen's dearest worke,
Within thy bowels glide along and lurke ;
Venting such jewels as were neuer found—
A welcome tribute to thy holy ground.

Nature her selfe hath much impal'd thy head,
And wreath'd thy browes as fortune hath her led,
With such a ridge of rocky mountaines small,
To hemme thee in as with a sacred wall
Vpon the top towards the east still stands
A smoky hill, which sends forth fiery brands
Of burning oyle from hel's infernall deepe,
Much like the sword the tree of life did keepe.

Deuinest land the sunne hath euer seene,
How fortunate, thrice happy hast thou beene,
To haue that God, which fram'd the world and all,
Frequent thy walkes before thy fearefull fall ;

Yet as thou art and as thou dost remaine,
The totall earth on euery side dost staine :
Where can a man in all this world below
Find bdelium, that pleasant tree, to grow,
Whose fragrant branches, sweet delightfull fruite,
And lofty height, hath made my sences mute ;
The onix stone and other things to bide,
In all the earth scarce in one place beside.

How is thy ground exceeding rich and faire,
A region seasoned with a temperate aire,
Thy channels crawling full of golden ore,
The fruitful'st soile that e'er the earth yet bore :
Neptune himselfe with foure great riuers greeing
To deck the bosome which gaue Adam being ;
Vpon thy temples all their treasures pow'rd,
And all their wealth at once vpon thee shew'rd.
After the floud, when all the world was kild
In Noah's time, there man began to build,
When hauing rambled in the sacred keele
About the world, on euery side did feele
Thy fragrant scent so pleasing, rich, and neate,
Of all the earth to make thy throne their seate.

Here was religion planted in her prime,
The golden age and infancy of time,
When man's worst actions like the turtle-doue
In all the world was little else but loue :
Deere Paradise, how famous was thy name,
When God himselfe erected first thy frame,
Endude thy land with such things it is set,
As time for euer neuer can forget !

The fabling prayses of Elizium fields,
The Turkes, Eutopia, nothing to it yeelds ;
The paradise of Rome's fantastike braine
Is but a iest a little wealth to gaine ;

And Aladenles, with his place of pleasure,
Comes far behind, and still is short of measure,
Worth honor, grace, when brought into compare,

With this so rich and glorious garden rare.
The Persian fancies of their heauenly land
In sight of this not able is to stand;
The world it selfe, and all that is therein,
I could forsake that very place to win :
And all the greatest kingdomes euer found
But dung and trash to that most holy ground.

The lofty walls were all of iasper built,
Lin'd thick with gould, and couered rich with guilt,
Like a quadrangle seated on a hill,
With twelue braue gates the curious eye to fill,
The sacred luster as the glistring zoane,
And euery gate fram'd of a seuerall stone :
On stately columes reared by that hand
Which graud the world and all that in it stand ;
The chalsedony and the iacynth pure,
The emerald greene, which euer will endure,
The sardonix, and purple amethyst,
The azurd burnish't saphire is not mist,
The chrisolite, most glorious to behold,
And tophaze stone, which shines as beaten gold,
The chrisophrasus of admired worth,
The sardius, berill seldome found on earth.
The dores thereof, of siluer'd pearle most white,
Do shew that none by wrong oppression might
Be crost, by cunning, wringing, wrestling guile,
By wicked plodding in all actions vile,
By foule offences like base enuy faste,
Can passe the dores but those are pure and chaste.

That sweete disciple which the gospell wrate,
And lent at supper (when Christ Iesus sate)

Vpon the bosome of his Lord and King,
He from the heauens this Paradise did bring,
Perus'd the walls, and view'd, and view'd the same
within,
Describ'd it largely, all our loues to win.
The christall river, with the tree of life,
God's deerest Lamb, and sacred spouse, his wife,
The various fruits that in the garden growes,
And all things else which in abundance flowes :
Hath rapt my sence to thinke how God at first
Fram'd all for Adam, and his offspring curst.

LINES,

From "The Glasse of Time in the Second Age."

THE TRANSLATION OF ENOCH.

GOD re-ascends, and lets the world alone,
Takes Enoch vp, that liu'd therein to mone,
Waile, grieve, lament, the abuses which he saw
Committed were against the conscience, law
Of noble nature, in that sinfull age ;
Small hope to mend, when hope could not asswage
The furious current of this stremme and tide,
Too good (sweete saint) with these foule men to bide.
The angels bright, and all the powers diuine,
Before thy face in glittring robes do shine,
Their number more than are the stars and sands,
With golden censors in their pure white hands,
Winged with Fame to mount the highest heauens,
Ranck't all in order, mustring iust by seauens,
Descending sweetely on thy louely brest,
To bring both soule and body to their rest.

By safe conueyance, in a charriot fram'd
Of burnisht gold, the horse with loue inflam'd,
Mount vp the aire with stately stomack fierce,
And at the last the brazen wall doth pierce ;
Where like a prince that Paradise had gain'd,
Of Eue and Adam thou art entertain'd,
With farre more love within so braue a field,
Then all the world and all therein can yeeld ;
There thou dost liue when they art wrapt in dust,
The seuenth from them, tipe of our sabaoth iust.

XXIX.

JOHN DAVIES.

STANZAS,

From "The Triumph of Death."

LONDON now smokes with vapors that arise
From his foule sweat, himselfe he so bestirres :
" Cast out your dead !" the carcase-carrier cries,
Which he by heapes in groundlesse graves interres.—

Now like to bees in summer's heate from hives,
Out flie the citizens, some here, some there ;
Some all alone, and others with their wives :
With wives and children some flie, all for feare !

Here stands a watch, with guard of partizans,
To stoppe their passages, or to or fro,
As if they were not men, nor Christians,
But fiends or monsters, murdering as they go.

Each village, free, now stands upon her guard,
None must have harbour in them but their owne ;
And as for life and death all watch and ward,
And flie for life (as death) the man unknowne !

Here crie the parents for their children's death,
There howle the children for the parents' losse,
And often die as they are drawing breath
To crie for their but now inflicted crosse.

The last survivor of a familie
Which yesterday, perhaps, were all in health,
Now dies to beare his fellowes companie,
And for a grave for all gives all their wealth.

The London lanes (thereby themselves to save)
 Did vomit out their undigested dead,
 Who by cart-loads are carried to the grave ;
 For all these lanes with folke were overfed.

The king himselfe (O wretched times the while !)
 From place to place himselfe did flie,
 Which from himselfe himselfe did seek t' exile,
 Who (as amaz'd) not safe knew where to lie.

For hardly could one man another meete
 That in his bosom brought not odious death ;
 It was confusion but a friend to greet,
 For, like a fiend, he banned with his breath.

Now fall the people unto publike fast,
 And all assemble in the church to pray ;
 Early and late their soules there take repast,
 As if preparing for a later day.

The pastors now steep all their words in brine,
 With " woe, woe, woe,"—and nought is heard
 but woe :
 " Woe and alas !" (they say) " the powers divine
 " Are bent mankind, for sinne, to overthrow !
 " Repent, repent," (like Jonas, now they crie)
 " Ye men of England ! O repent, repent,
 To see if ye maie move pittie's eye
 To look upon you ere you quite be spent."

And oft while he breathes out these bitter words,
 He drawing breath draws in more bitter bane ;
 For now the aire no aire, but death affords,
 And lights of art (for helpe) were in the wane.

The ceremonie at their burials
 Is " ashes but to ashes, dust to dust ;"
 Nay, not so much ; for strait the pitman falls
 (If he can stand) to hide them as he must.

But if the pitman have not so much sense
To see nor feele which way the winde doth sit,
To take the same, he hardly comes from thence,
But for himself, perhaps, he makes the pit.

For look how leaves in autumn from the tree
With wind do fall, whose heaps fill holes in
ground;

So might ye with the plague's breath people see
Fall by great heaps and fill up holes profound.

No holy turf was left to hide the head
Of holiest men; but most unhallow'd grounds,
Ditches, and highwaires, must receive the dead,
The dead (ah, woe the while!) so o'er abound.

Time never knew, since he begunne his houres,
(For aught we reade) a plague so long remaine
In any citie as this plague of ours;
For now six yeares in London it hath laine.

But thou in whose high hand all hearts are held,
Convert us, and from us this plague avert;
So sin shall yield to grace, and grace shall yield
The giver glory for so dear desert.

In few, what should I say? the best are nought
That breathe, since man first breathing did
rebell:
The best that breathe are worse than may be
thought

If thought can thinke, the best can do but well:
For none doth well on earth but such as will
Confesse, with grieve, they do exceeding ill.

STANZAS,

From "The Holy Roode."

To thee, my God, my Lord, my Jesus Christ,
Will I ascribe all glory, pow'r and grace ;
Thee will I serve, say pagans what they list,
And with the arms of love thee still embrace ;
That for my love in love dost deigne to die
This death of shame, my life to glorifie.

None other booke but thy unclasped side,
Wherein's contain'd all skills angelical ;
None other lesson but "Christ crucified,"
Will I ere learne : for that is all in all ;
Wherein selfe curiositie may find
Matter to please the most displeased mind.

Here, by our Master's nakedness, we learne
What weeds to weare: by his thorn-crowned head
How to adorne us : and we may discerne
By his most bitter gall how to be fed :
How to revenge, by praying for his foes ;
And lying on his crosse, how to repose.

O work without example ! and O grace
Without deserving ! Love, O largest love,
Surmounting measure, that for wormes so base,
And basely bad, such hels of woes doth prove !
Had we been friends what would he then have
done,
That, being his foes, no woes for us doth shun ?

XXX.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

THE PURPLE ISLAND.

CANTO XI.

THE early morn lets out the peeping day,
And strewed his path with golden marygolds ;
The moon grows wanne, and starres flie all away,
Whom Lucifer locks up in wonted folds,
Till light is quencht, and heav'n in seas hath
flung
The headlong day : to th' hill the shepherd's
throng,
And Thirsil now began to end his task and song.
Who now, alas ! shall teach my humble vein,
That never yet durst peep from covert glade ;
But softly learnt for fear to sigh and plain,
And vent his griefs to silent myrtis' shade ?
Who now shall teach to change my oaten
quill
For trumpets' 'larms, or humble verses fill
With gracefull majestie, and loftie rising skill ?
Ah, thou dread spirit ! shed thy holy fire,
Thy holy frame into my frozen heart ;
Teach thou my creeping measures to aspire,
And swell in bigger notes and higher art :
Teach my low muse thy fierce alarums to ring,
And raise my soft strain to high thundering :
Tune thou my loftie song ; thy battels must I sing :
Such as thou wert within the sacred breast
Of that thrice famous poet, shepherd, king,

And taught'st his heart to frame his cantos best
Of all that e'er thy glorious work did sing :
Or as those holy fishers once amongs
Thou flamedst bright with sparkling parted
tongues ;
And brought'st down heav'n and earth in those
all-conqu'ring songs.

These mighty heroes, fill'd with justest rage
To be in narrow walls so closely pent,
Glitt'ring in arms and goodly equipage,
Stood at the castle's gate, now ready bent
To sally out, and meet the enemie :
A hot disdain sparkled in every eye,
Breathing out hatefull warre and deadly enmitie.

Thither repairs the careful Intellect,
With his fair spouse Voletta, heav'nly fair :
With both, their daughter ; whose divine aspect,
Though now sad damps of sorrow much em-
pair,
Yet through those clouds did shine so glorious
bright,
That every eye did homage to the sight,
Yeelding their captive hearts to that commanding
light.

But who may hope to paint such majestie,
Or shadow well such beautie, such a face—
Such beauteous face, unseen to mortall eye ?
Whose pow'rful looks and more than mortall
grace
Love's self hath lov'd, leaving his heav'nly
throne,
With amorous sighs and many a loving moan
(Whom all the world would woo) woo'd her his only
one.

Farre be that boldnesse from thy humble swain,
Fairest Eclecta, to describe thy beautie,
And with unable skill thy glory stain,
Which ever he admires with humble dutie ;
But who to view such blaze of beauty longs
Go he to Sinai, th' holy groues amongs,
Where that wise shepherd chants her in his Song
of Songs.

The island's king with sober countenance
Aggrates the knights, who thus his right defended ;
And with grave speech and comely amenance,
Himself, his state, his spouse, to them commended :
His lovely childe that by him pensive stands
He last delivers to their valiant hands ;
And her to thank the knights, her champions, he commands.

The God-like maid awhile all silent stood,
And down to th' earth let fall her humble eyes ;
While modest thoughts shot up the flaming bloud,
Which fir'd her scarlet cheek with rosie dies ;
But soon to quench the heat, that lordling reignes,
From her faire eye a show'r of crystall rains,
Which with its silver streams o'er-runs the beauteous plains :

As when the sunne in midst of summer's heat
Draws up thinne vapours with his potent ray,
Forcing dull waters from their native seat ;
At length dimme clouds shadow the burning day :
Till coldest aire, soon melted into showers,
Upon the earth his welcome anger powres,
And heav'n's clear foreheade now wipes off her former lowres.

At length, a little lifting up her eyes,
A renting sigh way for her sorrow brake,
Which from her heart 'gan in her face to rise ;
And first in th' eye, then in the lip, thus spake ;
“Ah gentle knights, how many a simple maid,
With justest grief, and wrong so ill apaid,
Give due reward for such your pains and friendly
aid ?

“ But if my princely spouse do not delay
His timely presence in my greatest need,
He will for me your friendly love repay,
And well requite this your so gentle deed :
Then let no fear your mighty hearts assail :
His word's himself ; himself he cannot fail.
Long may he stay, yet sure he comes, and must
prevail.”

By this the long shut gate was open laid ;
Soon out they rush in order well arranged :
And fastning in their eyes that heav'nly maid,
How oft for fear her fairest colour chang'd !
Her looks, her worth, her goodly grace and
state,
Comparing with her present wretched fate,
Pitie whets just revenge, and love's fires kindle hate.

Long at the gate the thoughtful Intellect
Staid with his fearfull queen and daughter fair ;
But when the knights were past their dimme aspect,
They follow them with vowes and many a prayer :
At last they climbe up to the castle's height,
From which they viewed the deeds of every
knight,
And mark'd the doubtfull end of this intestine fight.
As when a youth bound for the Belgick warre,
Takes leave of friends upon the Kentish shore ;

Now are they parted, and he sail'd so farre
They see not now, and now are seen no more :
 Yet farre off viewing the white trembling sails,
 The tender mother soon plucks off her vails,
And shaking them aloft, unto her sonne she hails.

Mean time these champions march in fit array,
Till both the armies now were come in sight :
Awhile each other boldly viewing stay,
 With short delaye whetting fierce rage and
 spight.

Sound now ye trumpets, sound alarums loud ;
Hark, how their clamours whet their anger
 proud :

See, yonder are they met in midst of dustie cloud !

So oft the south with civil enmitie
 Musters his watrie forces 'gainst the west ;
The rolling clouds come tumbling up the skie,
 In dark folds wrapping up their angry guest :
 At length the flame breaks from th' imprison-
 ing cold,
 With horrid noise tearing the limber muld,
While down in liquid tears the broken vapours
 roll'd.

First did that warlike maid herself advance ;
 And riding from amidst her companie,
About her helmet wav'd her mighty lance,
 Daring to fight the proudest enemie :
 Porneios soon his ready spear addrest,
 And close advancing on his hastie beast,
Bent his sharp-headed lance against her dainty
 breast.

In vain the broken staffe sought entrance there,
Where Love himself oft entrance sought in vain :

But much unlike the martial virgin's spear,
Which low dismounts her foe on dustie plain,
Broaching with bloody point his breast before :
Down from the wound trickled the bubbling
gore,
And bid pale Death come in at that red gaping
door.

There lies he cover'd now in lowly dust,
And foully wallowing in clutter'd bloud,
Breathing together out his life and lust,
Which from his breast swamme in the steaming
floud :
In maids his joy, now by a maid defi'd,
His life he lost and all his former pride ;
With women would he live, now by a woman di'd.

Aselges, struck with such a heavie sight,
Greedy to venge his brother's sad decay,
Spurr'd forth his flying steed with fell despite,
And met the virgin in the middle way :
His spear against her head he fiercely threw,
Which to that face performing homage due,
Kissing her helmet, thence in thousand shivers flew.

The wanton boy had dreamt, that latest night,
He well had learnt the liquid aire dispart,
And swimme along the heav'ns with pineons light ;
Now that fair maid taught him this nimble art :
For from his saddle far away she sent,
Flying along the emptie element,
That hardly yet he knew whither his course was
bent.

The rest that saw with fear the ill successse
Of single fight, durst not like fortune trie ;
But round beset her with their numerous presse ;
Before, beside, behind, they on her flie,

And every part with coward odds assail :
But she redoubling strokes as thick as hail,
Drove far their flying troops, and thresh'd with
iron flail :

As when a gentle greyhound set around
With little cures, which dare his way molest,
Snapping behinde ; soon as the angrie hound
Turning his course, hath caught the busiest,
And shaking in his fangs hath welnigh slain ;
The rest, fear'd with his crying, runne amain,
And standing all aloof, whine, houl, and bark in
vain.

The subtil Dragon that from far did view
The waste and spoil made by this maiden knight,
Fell to his wonted guile ; for well he knew
All force was vain against such wondrous might :
A craftie swain well taught to cunning harms,
Call'd False Delight, he chang'd with hellish
charms,
That True Delight he seem'd the self-same shape
and arms.

The watchfull'st sight no difference could descrie ;
The same his face, his voice, his sail the same :
Thereto his words he feign'd ; and coming nigh
The maid, that fierce pursues her martial game,
He whets her wrath with many a guilefull
word,
Till she less carefull, did fit time afford :
Then up with both his hands he lifts his balefull
sword.

Ye pow'rful heav'ns ! and thou, their Governour !
With what eyes can you view this dolefull sight ?
How can you see your fairest conquerour
So nigh her end by so unmanly slight ?

The dreadful weapon through the aire doth
glide;

But sure you turn'd the harmfull edge aside :
Else must she there have fall'n, and by that tratour
died.

Yet in her side deep was the wound impight ;
Her flowing life the shining armour stains :
From that wide spring long rivers took their flight,
With purple streams drowning the silver plains :
Her cheerfull colour now grows wanne and
pale,
Which oft she strives with courage to recall,
And rouze her fainting head, which down as oft
would fall :

All so a lylie prest with heavie rain,
Which fills her cups with show'rs up to the brinks ;
The wearie stalk no longer can sustain
The head, but low beneath the burden sinks :
Or, as a virgin-rose her leaves displayes,
Which too hot scorching beams quite disarayes,
Down flags her double ruffe, and all her sweet
decayes.

Th' undaunted maid, feeling her feet denie
Their wonted dutie, to a tree retir'd ;
Whom all the rout pursue with deadly crie :
As when a hunted stag, now welnigh tir'd,
Shor'd by an oak, 'gins with his head to play ;
The fearfull hounds dare not his horns assay,
But running round about, with yelping voices bay.

And now perceiving all her strength was spent,
Lifting to list'ning heav'n her trembling eyes,
Thus whisp'ring soft, her soul to heav'n she sent ;
“Thou Chastest Love ! that rul'st the wand'ring
skies,

More pure than purest heavens by thee mov'd ;
If thine own love in me thou sure hast prov'd ;
If ever thou myself, my vows, my love hast lov'd ;

“ Let not this temple of thy spotlesse love
Be with foul hand and beastly rage defil'd ;
But when my spirit shall its camp remove,
And to his home return, too long exil'd,
Do thou protect it from the ravenous spoil
Of ranc'rous enemies, that hourly toil
Thy humble votarie with lothsome spot to foil.”

With this few drops fell from her fainting eyes
To dew the fading roses of her cheek ;
That much High Love seem'd passion'd with those
cries ;

Much more those streams his heart and patience
break :
Straight he the charge gives to a winged swain,
Quickly to step down to that bloody plain,
And aid her wearie arms, and rightful cause main-
tain.

Soon stoops the speedie herald through the aire,
Where chaste Agneia and Encrates fought :
“ See, see !” he cries, “ where your Parthenia fair,
The flow'r of all your armie, hemm'd about
With thousand enemies, now fainting stands,
Readie to fall into their murd'ring hands :
Hie ye, ho, hie ye fast ! the Highest Love com-
mands.”

They casting round about their angrie eye,
The wounded virgin almost sinking spi'd ;
They prick their steeds, which straight like light-
ning flie :
Their brother Continence runnes by their side ;

Fair Continence, that truly long before,
As his heart's leige, this ladie did adore :
And now his faithful love kindled his hate the
more.

Encrates and his spouse with slashing sword
Assail'd the scatter'd troops that headlong flie ;
While Continence a precious liquour pour'd
Into the wound, and suppled tenderly :
Then binding up the gaping orifice,
Reviv'd the spirits, that now she 'gan to rise,
And with new life confront her heartlesse enemies.

So have I often seen a purple flow'r
Fainting through heat, hang down her drooping
head,
But soon refreshed with a welcome show'r,
Begins again her lively beauties spread,
And with new pride her silken leaves dis-
play ;
And while the sunne doth now more gently
play,
Lays out her swelling bosome to the smiling day.

Now rush they all into the flying trains,
Bloud fires their bloud, and slaughter kindles
fight ;
The wretched vulgar on the purple plains
Fall down as thick as when a rustick wight
From laden oaks the plenteous akorns poures ;
Or when the thicken'd ayer that sadly lowers,
And melts his sullen brow, and weeps sweet April
show'rs.

The greedy Dragon, that aloof did spie
So ill successe of this renewed fray,
More vex'd with losse of certain victorie,
Depriv'd of so assur'd and wished prey,

Gnashed his iron teeth for grief and spite :
The burning sparks leap from his flaming
sight,
And from his smoking jawes streams out a
smould'ring night.

Straight thither sends he in a fresh supply,
The swelling band that drunken Methos led ;
And all the rout his brother Gluttonie
Commands, in lawlesse bands disordered,
So now they bold restore their broken fight,
And fiercely turn again from shamefull flight ;
While both with former losse sharpen their raging
spite.

Freshly these knights assault these fresher bands,
And with new battell all their strength renew :
Down fell Geloios by Encrates' hands ;
Agneia, Moechus and Anagnus slew ;
And spying Methos fenct in's iron vine,
Pierct his swollen panch : there lies the
grunting swine,
And spues his liquid soul out in his purple wine.

As when a greedy lion long unfed,
Breaks in at length into the harmless folds,
(So hungry rage commands) with fearful dread
He drags the silly beasts ; nothing controles
The victor proud ; he spoils, devours, and tears :
In vain the keeper calls his shepherd peers :
Mean while the simple flock gaze on with silent
fears :

Such was the slaughter these three champions made ;
But most Encrates, whose unconquer'd hands
Sent thousand foes down to th' infernall shade,
With uselesse limbes strewing the bloudie sands :

Oft were they succour'd fresh with new supplies,

But fell as oft :—the Dragon, grown more wise
By former losse, began another way devise.

Soon to their aid the Cyprian band he sent,

For easy skirmish clad in armour light :

Their golden bowes in hand stood ready bent,

And painted quivers furnisht well for fight

Stuck full of shafts, whose heads foul poison
stains ;

Which dipp'd in Phlegethon by hellish swains,
Bring thousand painfull deaths, and thousand
deadly pains.

Thereto of substance strong, so thinne and slight,

And wrought by subtil hand so cunningly,

That hardly were discern'd by weaker sight ;

Sooner the heart did feel, then eye could see :

Farre off they stood, and flung their darts
around,

Raining whole clouds of arrows on the ground ;
So safely others hurt, and never wounded, wound.

Much were the knights encumbered with these foes ;

For well they saw, and felt their enemies :

But when they back would turn their borrow'd
blows,

The light foot troop away more swiftly flies
Than do their winged arrows through the
winde :

And in their course oft would they turne
behinde,

And with their glancing darts their hot pursuers
blinde.

As when by Russian Volgha's frozen banks,
The false back Tartars, fear, with cunning feigne,

And posting fast away in flying ranks,
Oft backward turn, and from their bowes down
rain
Whole storms of darts ; so do they flying fight :
And what by force they lose, they win by
slight ;
Conquer'd by standing out, and conquerors by
flight.

Such was the craft of this false Cyprian crew :
Yet oft they seem'd to slack their fearful pace,
And yield themselves to foes that fast pursue ;
So would they deeper wound in nearer space :
In such a fight he wins who fastest flies.
Fly, fly, chaste knights, such subtil enemies :
The vanquish'd cannot live, and conqueror surely
dies.

The knights, oppres'd with wounds and travel past,
Did soon retire, and now were near to fainting :
With that a winged post him speeded fast,
The General with these heavy news acquainting :
He soon refresh'd their hearts that 'gan to tire.
But, let our weary Muse awhile respire :
Shade we our scorched heads from Phœbus' parch-
ing fire.

XXXI.

WILLIAM HALL.

MAN'S GREAT ENEMY.

SATHAN did tempt our parents first of all,
And the forbidden fruite caus'd them to eate,
Eating this fruite it broughts all into thrall;
Our misery no tongue can halfe repeate:

Deceiuer-like, hee said, Yee shall not dye,
To which they condescended willingly,

And eate the fruite forbidden of the Lord :
Hee first vnto the woman did it giue,
Shee to her husband; thus with one accord
Both sure of death, though promised to liue :
By his inticements hee them both allurede,
By which he them eternall woe procured.

Against the feebler sex his rage is shoun;

The woman he did first of all attempt ;

Thus his deceit was at the first made knowne ;

Yet from seducing he would not exempt,
Nor free himself, but, like an old deceiuer,
Of soule and bodie's good hee's a bereauer.

Hee's always ready for to lay his baites,
To catch all silly soules, and to insnare
Them in his subtil and deceiuing slight ;
For to withstand him then we must prepare ;
We cannot him resist doe what we can ;
Help vs, Lorde, for vaine is the helpe of man.

XXXII.

RACHEL SPEGHT.

THE FRAILTY OF LIFE.

MAN is in sacred writ compar'd to grasse,
Which flourishing to-day sends forth its flowre,
With'ring at night is cast into the fire ;
Of short persistance, like an Aprill shoure ;
For who so now perceiues the sunne to shine,
His life is done before that his decline.

Our dayes consume and passe away like smoake ;
Like thornes, soon kindled, soon extinct ;
Or like a ship that swiftly slides the sea ;
Vncertaine, fickle, irksome, and succinct,
Recite I all the fading types I can,
Yet none so momentarie as is man.

Vnto a shadow Iob doth life compare,
Which when the bodie moues doth vanish quite ;
To vanitie, and likewise to a dreame,
Whereof we haue an hundred in one night.
Dauid's resembling life vnto a span,
Doth shew the short continuance of man.

If happinesse consist in length of dayes,
An oke more happie than a man appeares ;
So doth the elephant and sturdie stagge,
Which commonly doe liue two hundred yeares ;
But mortall man, as Moses doth vnfoould,
If he liue fourscore yeares is counted old.

When Xerxes with ten hundred thousand men
Attempted warre, his eyes did shoure forth teares

To thinke, not one of those whome he employ'd
Should be aliue within one hundred yeares ;
For Adam's heyres ingaged doe remaine
To pay what he receiued and lost againe.

The day wherein we first beheld the light
Begins our death, for life doth daily fade :
Our day of death begins our happie life ;
We are in danger till our debt is paid.
Life is but lent, we owe it to the Lord ;
When 'tis demanded it must be restor'd.

XXXIII.

SIMON WASTILL.

COLOSSIANS.

ALL saints by Christ, who all things made,
From darkness are set free ;
What sufferings want I do fulfil,
His grace doth worke in me.

Be constant: legall rites and workes,
With precepts eke of men,
Since Christ, doe nothing helpe our soules ;
Hate ceremonies then.

Christ seeke aboue, and put him on,
Your members mortifie ;
Man, wife, son, seruant, here may learne
What vice to shun and flye.

Deale well with seruants, watch and pray :
Let words be full of grace ;
Walke wisely toward those without,
Salute these in their place.

XXXIV.

ROBERT AYLETT.

STANZAS,

From "Peace with her Faire Gardens."

O KING of Peace ! grant me this inward peace,
'Tis that for which the spirit alwayes prays,
That peace which brings all graces sweet increase,
And now thou art to heau'n gone, with vs stays.

This peace hell, death, nor tyrant's rage, dismayes.
Tis not peace as world to vs doth giue ;
In comforts she transcends sunne's gentlest rays ;
By her when wee in life of grace haue thriue,
With her we euer shall in glory liue.

This is the peace which sets our hearts as sure
As Sion's mount, which no force can remoue ;
This peace it is which euer shall endure,
If rooted in our hearts by faith and loue.

This peace which first descends from heauen
aboue,
And doth our troubled consciences still ;
Which makes the members like the head to proue ;
This is the peace of God the which doth fill
Both heau'n and earth with peace, and all men
with good will.

Now neuer let my soule enjoy true peace,
If now she doth not more my heart delight
Then all the pleasures, glory, wealth, and ease,
Which heere men's mindes to vanity inuite.

God of all peace, which hast me giu'n a sight
Of this most rich inualewable treasure,
Grant I on peace may set my whole delight,
True peace, like loue, which hath no bounds nor
measure ;
In this I ly downe safe, and take my rest and
pleasure.

XXXV.

AUGUSTINE TAYLOR.

CHRIST'S MERCY.

I ROSE more earely to prepare thy way,
For I saw sun-rise before he saw day :
I'll bring thee home, adorn'd with better things,
The power and honor of all earthly kings ;
And, let their powers together lincked bee,
All cannot make one worthy t' waite on thee.
I spent my dayes in sorrow for thy good,
I sayl'd to th' cradle in teares, to the graue in blood ;
And more than this I was content to doo.
My middle time had mickle sorrowes too ;
I liu'd releeuing poore, healing and feeding,
I wipt those eyes that wept, wounds that were
bleeding ;
I cur'd and cur'd for all that were in woe ;
None can complaine that they away did goe
Without a pardon for the greatest transgression ;
All those that broughtrepentance found compassion.
I haue been thine, thine both in word and deede ;
My tongue did preach and pray, my flesh did bleede ;
From my fresh wounds the smallest drop that fell
Is price sufficient to sauе Israell.

XXXVI.
ANONYMOUS.

STANZAS,

From "Machiauel's Dogge."

CHIDE sinners as the father doth his childe,
And keepe them in the awe of louing feare ;
Make sinne most hatefull, but in words be nice,
That humble patience may the better heare,
And wounded conscience may receyue reliefe,
When true repentance pleads the sinner's griefe.

Throw not the sinner headlong to damnation,
Nor fright the faithfull with a cursed feare,
But winne repentance vnto reformation,
And teach the christian how his crosse to beare.
Give comfort in thy cares, instruction
To sauе the faithfull from the soule's destruction.

Heale the infect of sinne with oyle of grace,
And wash the soule with true contrition's teares,
And when confession shewes her heauy case
Deliuier fayth from all infernal feares ;
That when high justice threatens sinne with death,
Mercy againe may giue repentance breath.

Yet flatter not the fowle delight of sinne,
But make it loathsome in the eye of loue,
And seeke the heart with holy cares to winne,
To work the best way for the soule's behoue :
So teach, so liue, that both in word and deed
The world may ioy thy heauenly rules to read.

XXXVII.

W. PARKES.

—
LINES,

From "The Curtain-drawer of the World."

WOULD I disclose the secrets I have seene
In closets, chambers, bosomes, I haue bene,
And here set downe what erst I haue neglected,
How minds of men and women are affected ;
Then should I write of some so strangely base,
Beares diuil's breast, that weares an angel's face ;
The subtil hammer of whose forge within,
That workes black mischief, shewes not out sinne.
Here's Vulcan vowing in his grymy breast
His wines and honour shall inrich his chest.
Of some whose meditation is their care,
To father on long daies deceittful ware.
Heere dwels a merchant that hath store of wealth,
A faire young wife, that wants as he wants health :
Within whose breast I see contriu'd and plotted
That which for fatall husband is alotted :
Which though enacted twenty times a day,
The tongue conceales, the face doth not betray.
Within some breasts and bosomes I haue gone
Conscience I find more harder than a stone ;
In other some, whose number is not small,
A little remnant : in some none at all.
Heere's one whose conscience beareth Iudas' curse,
That vowes damnation, but hee'll fill the purse.
A wayting mistresse that is poore and proud
Will do what virtue neuer yet alow'd ;
For silken trappings and for golden pay
Turnes whoore to-morrow, is resolu'd to-day.

An antient thefe of twenty yeares and more,
Hath vow'd from day to day to steale no more :
Yet now to make his broken summe vp iust
Will uenture once more, and be hang'd, I trust.

Should I go forward through a world of mind,
Kiss euery breast and bosome ill inclin'd,
And shew the purpose therein was intended,
My booke would still draw leaues, not heere be ended.

XXXVIII.

GEORGE WITHER.

THE LAMENTATION OF DAVID OVER SAUL
AND JONATHAN HIS SON.

THY beauty, Israel, is gone :
Slaine in the places high is he.
The mighty now are ouerthrowne !
Oh ! thus how commeth it to be ?

Let not this newes their streets throughout
In Gath or Askalon be told ;
For fear Philistia's daughters flout,
Lest vaunt the vncircumcized should.

On you hereafter let no dewe,
You mountaines of Gilboa, fall :
Let there be neither showers on you,
Nor fields that breed an offering shall ;

For there with shame away was throwne
The target of the strong, alas !
The shield of Saul, euen as of one
That neu'r with oile anoynted was.

Nor from their blood that slaughter'd lay,
Nor from the fatt of strong men slaine,
Came Jonathan his bow away,
Nor drew forth Saul his sword in vaine ;

In life time they were louely faire,
In death they undiuided ayre ;
More swift than eagles of the air,
And stronger they than lions were.

Weepe, Israel's daughters ! weepe for Saul,
Who you with skarlet hath aray'd,
Who clothed you with pleasures all,
And on your garments gold hath layd.

How comes it he that mighty was
The foyle in battell doth sustaine ?
Thou Jonathan ! oh, thou, alas !
Upon thy places high wert slaine.

And much distressed is my heart,
My brother Jonathan, for thee ;
My very deare delight thou wert,
And wondrous was thy loue to me :

So wondrous it surpassed farre
The love of women eu'ry way.
Oh ! how the mighty fallen are !
How warlike instruments decay.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

A BLEST conuersion and a strange
Was that, when Saul a Paul became ;
And, Lord, for making such a change
We praise and glorifie thy name ;

For whil'st he went from place to place
To persecute thy truth and thee,
And running to perdition was,
By powerful grace cal'd backe was hee.

When from thy truth we goe astray,
Or wrong it through our pointed zeale,
Oh, come and stop vs in the way,
And then thy will to vs reveale.

That brightnesse show vs from above,
Which proues the sensuall eyesight blinde ;
And from our eyes those scales remoue
That hinder vs thy way to finde.

And as thy blessed servant Paul,
When he a conuert once became,
Exceeded thy apostles all
In painefull preaching of thy name ;

So grant that those who haue in sinne
Exceeded others heretofore,
The start of them in faith may winne—
Loue, serue, and honour thee the more.

ST. PETER'S DAY.

How watchful neede we to become,
And how devoutly pray,
That thee, O Lord, we fall not from,
Upon our tryall day !

For if thy great apostle said
He would not thee denie,
Whom he that very night denayd,
On what shall we relie ?

For of ourselves we cannot leauue
One pleasure for thy sake ;
No, nor one vertuous thought conceiue,
Till vs thou able make :
Nay, we not onely thee denie,
When persecutions be,
But or forget, or from thee flie,
When peace attends on thee.

O let those prayers vs auail,
Thou didst for Peter daigne,

That when our foe shall us assaile
His labour may be vaine !
Yea, cast on vs those powerful eyes,
That mou'd him to lament ;
We may bemoane with bitter cries
Our follies, and repent.

And grant that such as him succeed
For pastors of thy fold,
Thy sheepe and lambes may guide and feede,
As thou appoint'st they should ;
By his example speaking what
They out in truth to say,
And in their lives confirming that
They teach them to obey.

THE PRAYER OF HABAKUK.

Habak. iii.

LORD, thy answer I did heare,
And I grew therewith afear'd ;
When the times at fullest are,
Let thy work be then declar'd :
When the time, Lord, full doth grow,
Then in anger mercy shew.

God Almighty, he came downe,
Downe he came from Theman-ward ;
And the matchlesse Holy One
From mount Paran forth appear'd ;
Heaven o'erspreading with his rayes,
And earth filling with his praise.

Sunne-like was his glorious light ;
From his side there did appeare
Beaming rayes that shined bright,
And his pow'r he showed there ;

Plagues before his face he sent :
At his feete hot coales there went.

Where he stood he measure tooke
Of the earth, and view'd it well ;
Nations vanisht at his looke,
Auncient hils to powder fell ;
Mountaines old cast lower were ;
For his waies eternal are.

Cushan tents I saw diseas'd,
And the Midian curtaines quake.
Have the flouds, Lord, thee displeased ?
Did the flouds thee angry make ?
Was it else the sea that hath
Thus prouoked thee to wrath ?

For thou rod'st thy horses there,
And thy saving charrets through ;
Thou didst make thy bow appeare,
And thou didst performe thy vowe ;
Yea, thine oath and promise past,
To the tribes fulfilled hast.

Through the earth thou riftes didst make,
And the riuers there did flow ;
Mountaines seeing thee did shake,
And away the flouds did goe.

From the deepe a voyce was heard,
And his hands on high he rear'd.
Both the sunne and moone made stay,
And remou'd not in their spheares ;
By thine arrowes' light went they,
By thy brightly shining speares :

Thou in wrath the lands did crush,
And in rage the nations thresh.

For thy people's safe releefe,
With thy Christ for ayd went'st thou ;

Thou hast also peirct their chiefe
Of the sinfull household through,
And display'd them till made bare
From the foote to necke they were.

Thou, with jauelines of their owne,
Didst their armies' leader strike ;
For against me they came downe,
To deuoure me wherllwinde-like ;
And they ioy in nothing more
Than vnseene to spoile the poore.

Through the sea thou mad'st a way,
And didst ride thy horses there,
Where great heapes of water lay ;
I the newes thereof did heare,
And the voyce my bowels shooke ;
Yea, my lips a quiv'ring tooke.

Rottennesse my bones possest,
Trembling feare possessed me,
I that troublous day might rest ;
For when his approches be
Onward to the people made,
His strong troupes will them invade.

Bloomlesse shall the fig-tree bee,
And the vine no fruit shall yeeld ;
Fade shall then the oлиue-tree,
Meat shall none be in the field ;
Neither in the fold or stall
Flock or heard continue shall.

Yet the Lord my ioy shall be,
And in him I will delight,
In my God that saueth me,
God the Lord my only might ;
Who my feet so guides, that I,
Hinde-like, pace my places high.

FOR SEASONABLE WEATHER.

LORD! should the sunne, the clouds, the winde,
The ayre and seasons be
To vs so foward unkind,
As we are false to thee,
All fruities would quite away be burn'd,
Or lye in water drown'd,
Or blasted be, or ouerturn'd,
Or chilled on the ground.

But from our duty though we swarue,
Thou still dost mercy shew,
And daign thy creatures to preserue,
That men might thankfull grow ;
Yet though from day to day we sinne,
And thy displeasure gaine,
No sooner we to cry beginne,
But pitty we obtaine.

The weather now thou changed hast
That put vs late to feare,
And when our hopes were almost past,
Then comfort did appeare ;
The heauen the earth's complaints hath heard,
They reconciled be,
And thou such weather hast prepar'd
As we desired of thee.

For which, with lifted hands and eyes,
To thee we doe repay
The due and willing sacrifice
Of giving thanks to-day ;
Because such offrings we should not
To render thee be slowe,
Nor let thy mercie be forgot,
Which thou art pleased to showe.

SONNET.

Philarete.

Now that my body, dead aliue,
Bereau'd of comfort, lies in thrall,
Doe thou, my soul, begin to thriue,
And vnto honie turne this gall;

So shall we both, through outward wo,
The way to inward comfort know.

For as that foode my flesh I giue
Doth keepe in me this mortall breath ;
So souls on meditations liue,
And shunne thereby immortall death :

Nor art thou euer neerer rest
Than when thou find'st me most opprest.

First thinke, my soule, if I haue foes
That take a pleasure in my care,
And to procure these outward woes,
Haue thus enwrapt me vnaware,

Thou should'st by much more carefull bee,
Since greater foes lay waite for thee.

Then when mew'd vp in grates of steele,
Minding those ioyes mine eyes do misse,
Thou find'st no torment thou dost feele
So grieuous as privation is ;

Muse how the damn'd in flames that glow
Pine in the loss of bliss they know.

Thou seest there's giuen so great might
To some that are but clay as I,
Their very anger can affright ;
Which if in any thou espie,

Thus thinke : if mortal's frownes strike feare,
How dreadfull will God's wrath appeare !

By my late hopes, than none are crost,
Consider those that firmer bee ;
And make the freedome I have lost
A meanes that may remember thee ;
Had Christ not thy redeemer bin,
What horrid thrall thou hadst been in !

These iron chaines, the bolts of steele,
Which other poore offenders griend,
The wants and cares which they do feele
May bring some greater thing to mind ;
For by their griefe thou shalt doe well
To thinke upon the paines of hell.

Or when through me thou seest a man
Condemned vnto a mortall death,
How sad he lookes, how pale, how wan,
Drawing with fear his panting breath ;
Thinke if in that such griefe thou see,
How sad will, Go, yee cursed ! bee.

Againe, when he that fear'd to dye,
Past hope, doth see his pardon brought,
Reade but the joy that's in his eye,
And then conuey it to thy thought ;
There thinke betwixt my heart and thee
How sweet will, Come, yee blessed ! bee.

Thus if thou doe, though closed here,
My bondage I shall deem the lesse ;
I neither shall have cause to feare,
Nor yet bewaile my sad distresse :
For whether liue, or pine, or dye,
We shall haue blisse eternally.

Willy.

Trust me ! I see the cage doth some birds good ;
And if they do not suffer too much wrong,

Will teach them sweeter descants than the wood.
 Beleeu't! I like the subiect of thy song,
 It showes thou art in no distempered mood;
 But cause to heare the residue I long,
 My sheep to-morrow I will nearer bring,
 And spend the day to heare thee talk and sing.
 Yet ere we part, Roget to, areed
 Of whom thou learn'dst to make such songs as
 these;
 I neuer yet heard any shepheard's reede
 Tune in mishap a straine that more could please.
 Surely thou dost inuoke at this thy need
 Some power that we neglect in other layes:
 For here's a name and words that but few
 swaines
 Haue mentioned at their meeting on the plaines.

Roget.

Indeed 'tis true; and they are sore to blame
 That doe so much neglect it in their songs;
 For thence proceedeth such a worthy fame
 As is not subject vnto enue's wrongs;
 That is the most to be respected name
 Of our true Pan, whose worth sits on all tongues,
 And what the ancient shepheards vse to prayse
 In sacred anthems sung on holy dayes.

Hee that first taught his musike such a straine,
 Was that sweet shepheard¹ who, vntill a king,
 Kept sheepe upon the hony, milky plaine,
 That is inricht by Jordan's watering:
 He in his troubles eased the bodie's paines
 By measures raised to the soule's rauishing;
 And his sweet numbers onely, most diuine,
 Gaue first the being to this song of mine.

¹ King David.

Willy.

Let his good spirit euer with thee dwell,
That I might hear such musicke every day.

Philarete.

Thankes ! but would now it pleased thee to play.
Yet sure 'tis late, thy weather rings his bell,
And swaines to fold or homeward drive away.

Willy.

And yon goes Cuddy, therefore fare thou well !
I'le make his sheepe for me a little stay ;
And if thou thinke it fit I'll bring him too
Next morning hither. * * *

Philarete.

* * * Prithee, Willy ! do.

LINES,

From "The Motto."

AND first, that no man else may censure me
For vaunting what belongeth not to me,
Heare what I have not, for I'le not deny
To make confession of my poverty.

I have not of myselfe the powre or grace
To be, or not to be ; one minute-space
I have not strength another word to write,
Or tell you what I purpose to indite ;
Or thinke out halfe a thought, before my death,
But by the leave of him that gave me breath.
I have no native goodnes in my soul,
But I was over all corrupt and foul :

And till another cleans'd me I had nought
That was not stain'd within me: not a thought.
I have no propper merrit; neither will,
Or to resolve, or act, but what is ill;
I have no meanes of safety, or content,
In ought which mine owne wisdom can invent.
Nor have I reason to be desperate tho,
Because for this a remedy I know.

I have no portion in the world like this,
That I may breathe that ayre which common is,
Nor have I seen within this spacious round
What I have worth my joy or sorrow found,
Except it hath for these that follow binn,
The love of my Redeemer, and my sinn.

I none of those great priviledges have
Which makes the minions of the time so brave;
I have no sumpteous pallaces, or bowers
That overtop my neighbours with their tow'rs;
I have no large demeanes or princely rents,
Like those heroes, nor their discontents;
I have no glories from mine auncesters,
For want of reall worth to bragg of theirs;
Nor have I baseness in my pedigree:
For it is noble, though obscure it be.

I have no golde those honours to obtaine,
Which men might heretofore by vertue gaine;
Nor have I witt, if wealth were given me,
To thinke bought place, or title, honour'd me.
I (yet) have no beliefe that they are wise
Who for base ends can basely temporise:
Or that it will at length be ill for me,
That I liv'd poore to keepe my spirit free.

I have no causes in our pleading courts,
Nor start I at our Chancery reports;
No fearfull bill hath yet affrighted me,
No motion, order, judgement, or decree.

Nor have I forced beene to tedious journeys
Betwixt my counsellors and my attorneys.
I have no neede of these long-gowned warriers,
Who play at Westminster, unarm'd, at barriers :
For gamster for those Common-pleas am I
Whose sport is marred by the Chancery.

* * * *

I have no complements, but what may show
That I doe manners and good breeding know ;
For much I hate the forced apish tricks
Of these our home-disdaining politicks :
Who to the forraine guises are affected,
That English honesty is quite rejected ;
And in the stead thereof, they furnisht home
With shadowes of humanity doe come.
Oh ! how judicious, in their owne esteeme,
And how compleatly travelled they seem,
If, in the place of reall kindnesses,
(Which nature could have taught them to ex-
presse,)

They can, with gestures, looks, and language
sweet,

Fawne like a curtezan on all they meete ;
And vie in humble and kind speeches, when
They doe most proudly and most falsely meane.

On this too many falsely set their face,
Of courtship and of wisdome ; but 'tis base.
For servile unto me it doth appeare
When we descend to soothe and flatter, where
We want affection : yea, I hate it more
Than to be borne a slave, or to be poore.
I have no pleasure or delight in ought
That by dissembling must to passe be brought
If I dislike, I'll sooner tell them so,
Then hide my face beneath a friendly show ;

For he who to be just hath an intent,
Needs nor dissemble nor a lie invent.
I rather wish to faile with honestie,
Then to prevaile in ought by treacherie.
And with this minde I'll safer sleep, then all
Our Macavillian polititians shall.

I have no minde to flatter ; though I might
Be made some lord's companion, or a knight ;
Nor shall my verse for me on begging goe,
Though I might starve unlesse it did doe so.

* * * * *

I cannot (for my life) my pen compell,
Upon the praise of any man to dwell :
Unlesse I know (or thinke at least) his worth
To be the same which I have blazed forth.
Had I some honest suit, the gaine of which
Would make me noble, eminent, and rich,
And that to compasse it no meanes there were,
Unlesse I basely flatter'd some great peere ;
Would with that suite my ruine I might get,
If on those terms I would endeavour it.

I have not bin to their condition borne
Who are enclyned to respect, and scorne,
As men in their estates doe rise or fall :
Or rich or poore, I vertue love in all.
And where I find it not, I doe despise
To fawn on them ; how high soe're they rise ;
For where proud greatnesse without worth I see
Old Mordecay had not a stiffer knee.

I cannot give a plaudit (I protest)
When, as his lordship thinks, he breakes a jeast,
Unles it move me ; neither can I grin
When he a causeles laughter doth begin ;
I cannot sweare him truly honourable,
Because he once receiv'd me to his table,

And talk't as if the Muses glad might be
That he vouchsafed such a grace to me :
His slender worth I could not blazen so
By strange hyperboles, as some would do ;
Or wonder at it, as if none had bin
His equall, since King William first came in.
Nor can I thinke true vertue ever car'd
To give or take (for praise) what I have heard.

For, if we prye them well, what goodly grace
Have outward beauties, riches, titles, place,
Or such, that we the owners should commend,
When no true vertues doe on these attend ?
If beautiful he be, what honor's that ?
As fayre as he is many a beggar's brat.
If we his noble titles would extoll,
Those titles he may have, and be a fool.
If seats of justice he hath climbed (we say),
So tyrants and corrupt oppressors may.
If for a large estate his praise we tell,
A thousand villains may be praised as well.
If he his prince's good esteeme be in,
Why so hath many a bloody traytor bin.
And if in these things he alone excell,
Let those that list upon his praises dwell.
Some other worth I find ere I have sense
Of any praise deserving excellence.
I have no friends that once affected were,
But to my heart they sit this day as neare
As when I most endear'd them (though they seeme
To fall from my opinion or esteeme :)
For pretious time in idle would be spent,
If I with all should alwayes complement ;
And till my love I may to purpose show,
I care not wher' they think I love or no.
For sure I am, if any find me chang'd,
Their greatnes, not their meannesse, me estranged.

PSALM LVII.

LORD, grant, oh grant me thy compassion ;

For I in thee my trust haue placed ;

Display thy wings for my saluation,

Until my greefs are over-passed.

To thee I sue, Oh God most high,

To thee that canst all want supplie.

From their despights who seek to rend mee,

Let help, O Lord ! from heaven be daigned,

And let thy truth and loue defend me ;

For I with lions am detained :

With men inflam'd, whose biting words

Are shafts, and speares, and naked swords.

Let over heauen God's praise be reared,

And through the world his glorie showed ;

For they who netts for mee prepared,

(They who my soul to ground had bowed,) (

Eu'n they within those trapps are caught,

Which for my fall their hands had wrought.

Oh God ! my hart now ready maketh,

My hart is for thy praise preparing ;

My tongue, my harpe, my lute awaketh,

And I myselfe betimes vprearing,

Will speak and sing in praise of thee,

Where greatest throngs of people be.

For, Lord, thy mercies forth are stretched,

As farr as are the sphears extended ;

Thy truth unto the clouds hath reached,

And thou thyself art high ascended.

Let still, thy fame and praise, Oh God !

Through heauen and earth be spread abrode.

XXXIX.

JOSEPH HALL.

PSALM I.

WHO hath not walkt astray
In wicked men's aduise,
Nor stood in sinners' way,
Nor in their companies
That scorneres are,
As their fit mate,
In scoffing chayre
Hath euer sate;

But in thy lawes diuine,
O Lord, sets his delight,
And in those lawes of thine
Studies all day and night.

Oh how that man
Thrice blessed is!
And sure shall gaine
Eternall blisse.

He shall be like the tree
Set by the water-springs,
Which when his seasons
Most pleasant fruite forth brings,
Whose boughes so greene
Shall neuer fade,
But couered bene
With comely shade.

So to this happy wight
All his designes shall thriue,

Whereas the man vnright,
As chaffe which windes do drieue,
With euery blast
Is tost on hy,
Nor can at last
In safety lie.

Wherfore in that sad doome
They dare not rise from dust,
Nor shall no sinner come
To glory of the iust.

For God will giue
The iust man's way,
While sinner's race
Run to decay.

PSALM VII.

ON thee, O Lord my God, relies
My onely trust from bloody spight ;
Of all my raging enemies
Oh let thy mercy me acquite ;
Lest they, like greedy lyons, rend
My soule, while none shall it defend.

O Lord, if I this thing have wrought ;
If in my hands be found such ill ;
If I with mischief ever sought
To pay good turnes, or did not still
Doe good unto my causeless foe
That thirsted for my overthrow ;

Then let my foe in eager chase
O'ertake my soule, and proudly tread
My life below, and with disgrace
In dust laye downe mine honour dead.
Rise up in rage, O Lord, eft soone
Advance thine arm against my fo'ne.

And wake for me, till thou fulfill
My promis'd right: so shall glad throngs
Of people flock unto this hill.

For their sakes then reuenge my wrongs
And rouse thyself. Thy judgments be
O'er all the world: Lord, judge thou me.

As truth and honest innocence
Thou find'st in me, Lord, judge thou me;
Settle the just with sure defence:
Let me the wicked's malice see
Brought to an end: for thy just eye
Doth heart and inward reines descry.

My safety stands in God, who shields
The sound in heart, whose doome, each day,
To just men and contemners yeelds
Their due. Except he change his way,
His sword is whet, to blood intended;
His murdering bow is ready bended.

Weapons of death he hath addrest,
And arrowes keene to pierce my foe,
Who late bred mischiefe in his breast;
But when he doth on travell goe,
Brings forth a lye; deep pits doth delve,
And falls into his pits himselfe.

Back to his own head shall rebound
His plotted mischiefe; and his wrongs
His crowne shall craze: but I shall sound
Jehouah's praise with thankful songs,
And with his glorious name expresse,
And tell of all his righteousnesse.

EXTRACT

From "Lachrymæ Lachrymarum."

(*Of the rainbowe, that was reported to be seen in the night over St. James's, before the Prince's death ; and of the unseasonable winter since.)*

WAS ever nightly rainbowe seen ?
Did ever winter mourne in greene ?
Had that long bowe been bent by day
That chased all our clouds away ;
But now that it by night appeares,
It tells the deluge of our teares :
No marvell rainbowes shine by night,
When suns yshorne do lose their light.
Iris was wont to be, of old,
Heauen's messenger to earthly mold ;
And now she came to bring us down
Sad news of Henry's better crowne.
And as the eastern star did tell
The Persian sages of that cell
Where Sion's King was borne and lay,
And over that same house did stay ;
So did this western breeze descry
Where Henry, prince of men, should die.
Lo ! there this arch of heavenly state
Rais'd to the triumph of his fate ;
Yet rais'd in dark of night, to shewe
His glory should be with our woe.
And now, for that men's mourning weed,
Reports a grieve not felt indeed ;
The winter weepes and mournes indeed,
Though clothed in a summer-weed.

XL.

WILLIAM WILLYMAT.

STANZAS,

From "A Prince's Looking-glasse."

ON God depend, to him be constant true,
To blesse you in your office to him sue ;
By the externe vse whereof let all men see
How the inward heart is fraught with pietie ;
In things indiferent let your gesture shew
An image plain of uertue's decent hew.

Remember well your passions to digest
Before you seeke great sutes to set at rest ;
For wrath short madnes is : doe nothing mad,
Th' effects whereof haue alwaies proued bad ;
The Apostles' rule chuse rather to obserue,
Let anger none from God's lawes make you
swarue.

Gladly aduance the good and uertuous,
With royall giftes that are most glorious ;
Yet see that none, though noble, too high growe,
Least stately kingdome thereby be brought lowe :
Due punishment let wicked men still haue,
For own desertes, not other's right doth craue.

XLI.

ANONYMOUS.

TO THE MOST RARE VERTUE OF TRUE
HUMLILITIE. VPON THE CROWNE
OF THORNES.

KING Godfrey would not weare
A diadem of golde,
When Christ his Lord did beare
A crowne of thornes, whose every cruell folde
That royal head did teare ;
Dipping their sharp points deepe,
While angels stood to weepe,
In that most precious bloud,
Whose venerable floud
Made wither'd stockes green bud, and leaues to
beare.

Godfrey's deuotion
Findes now a starry crowne,
In city more by much
Noble and faire then that recouered towne.
Whom Christ's thornes doe not touch,
Whom his blood moueth not,
Who hath Christ's loue forgot,
Were he the greatest thing
That euer was call'd king,
At being spurn'd to hell ought not to grutch.

XLII.

ÆMELIA LANYER.

THE TEARES OF THE DAUGHTER OF
JERUSALEM.

THRICE happy women ! that obtain'd such grace
From Him whose worth the world could not con-
taine,

Immediately to turne about his face,
As not remembering his great griefe and paine,
To comfort you, whose teares powr'd forth apace
On Flora's bankes, like showers of April's raine :
Your cries inforced mercie, grace, and loue,
From Him whom greatest princes would not
moue.

To speake one word, nor once to lift his eyes,
Vnto proud Pilate—no, nor Herod, king,
By all the questions that they would deuise,
Could make him answere to no manner of thing :
Yet these poore women, by their piteous cries,
Did moue their Lord, their louer, and their king,
To take compassion, turne about and speake
To them whose hearts were ready now to
breake.

Most blessed daughters of Jerusalem,
Who found such favour in your Sauior's sight,
To turne his face when you did pitie him ;
Youre tearefull eyes beheld his eies more bright ;
Your faith and loue vnto such grace did clime
To haue reflection from this heau'nly light :

Your eagles' eyes did gaze against this sunne,
Your hearts did think, he dead, the world were
done.

When spightful men with torments did oppresse
Th' afflicted body of this innocent doue,
Poore women, seeing how much they did trans-
gress,

By teares, by sighes, by cries intreat,—nay, proue
What may be done among the thickest presse ;
They labour still these tyrants' hearts to moue,
In pitie and compassion to forbear
Their whipping, spurning, tearing of his haire.

But all in vaine—their malice hath no end ;
Their hearts more hard than flint, or marble stone :
Now, to his grieve, his greatnesse they attend,
Where he, God knowes, had rather be alone ;
They are his guard, yet seeke all meanes to offend :
Well may he grieve, well may he sigh and groane ;
Vnder the burden of a heauy crosse
He faintly goes to make their gaine his losse.

XLIII.

SIR JOHN STRADLING.

STANZAS,

From "Beati Pacifici."

THE God of Peace, by this name is he knowne,
His peace all vnderstanding doth surmount ;
Then those whom he vouchsafeth for his owne,
If they to dwell with him doe make account,
 Must live in peace and perfect vnity,
Else, if they say th'are his, I'le sweare they lye.
Peace, Loue, and Concord, Christian badges be,
By them are Christ's disciples knowne from others :
But such as liue voyd of all charitie,
Are not his seruants, much lesse then his brothers ;
 They to another master doe retaine,
And he must pay them wages for their paine.
Sweet is the name of peace, but sweeter farre
The thing itself ; experience prooues it true :
An adage old doth tell me, Sweet is warre.
To whom ? To him that warre yet neuer knew.
 If any list to try before he trust,
Such will approoue my saying true and iust.
If men did vnderstand what ioy of heart,
What inward comfort to a soule distrest,
What ease of griefe, and what release from smart,
God's peace doth bring, and how it makes men
blest ;
They would sell all they have to get that trea-
sure,
Placing therein their only ioy and pleasure.

Of peace God is the author and the giuer ;
 A King so great and bountifull as he
 Bestowes not trifles on his true belieuer :
 Then peace, God's gift, must needs a good one be.
 All monarchs vpon earth, thou ioyn'd in one,
 May not compare their gifts with his alone.

Christ, when he came, brought peace, and when
 he parted,
 Left that behind to his disciples deere :
 Their doctrine, vnto those whom they conuerted,
 Was full of peace ; and whilst they liued heere
 They taught vs still to pray, *Da pacem nobis,*
 As Christ at parting says to them, *Pax vobis.*

Christ is our peace ; what can be spoke more full,
 In praise of that which needs none other glosing ?
 Yet are our wits, in things diuine, so dull,
 As rather leane on human sense reposing,
 Then on the truth : wherein he that doth rest
 (Say worldlings what they list) is surely blest.

Well spake the Hebrewes, when they wished good
 Vnto their neighbour whom they passed by,
 Peace be to thee ; which, rightly vnderstood,
 Implies all blisse, and all felicity.

That sacred tongue in briefe expresseth to vs
 What good peace (if we it imbrace) will doe vs.

Men of meeke spirit shall the land possesse ;
 Peace in abundance shall refresh their hearts :
 Of innocence and perfect vprightnesse
 Peace is the end—(good pay for high deserts) :
 The hauty-hearted, wicked, and vniust,
 Some other thing for hire expect they must.

Tell, who began to breake the sacred band
 Of blessed peace, wherein man liu'd at first :

Was't not that Cain, who lifted vp his hand,
And with a murthrous mind (O wretch accurst !)
Brake peace, and foully slue his onely brother,
Though they had both one father and one
mother ?

This was the first of men that so transgressed,
Yet long before the deuill led the dance ;
When Adam and his wife stood in state blessed,
In paradise ; it fell not out by chance,
But by suggestion of the wicked fiend,
That man made God his foe, which was his
friend.

The deuill was a make-bate and man-slayer
From the beginning, so continues still ;
All that be such must vnto him repaire,
Where they shall finde of brawles and stirs their
fill :
Let them not looke for peace,—ther's none in
hell ;
Nay, hel's on earth wheras peace doth not
dwell.

In heauen is peace,—earth's heauen where peace
dwelleth :

A man within himself may be at bate.
The peace of conscience all peace else excelleth ;
What so disquiets that, well maist thou hate.

This both with God and with our selues doth
set vs

At perfect rest, and then can nothing fret vs.

O what a hell is't in a countrey cot
Where dwels not peace, but harsh debate and
strife !

All plentie's there, they are not worth a groat,
Iarres being only 'twixt the man and wife :

If they alone do loue, and liue as friends,
For all defects besides that makes amends.

Children th' example of their parents follow ;
Good seruants doe their masters imitate :
Ther's none (but if he haue his heart all hollow)
That ioyes not in beholding such a state.

Such is the power of gracious vnity,
Makes earthly men as heauenly angels be.

Proceed yet further to a stately towne,
Where peace and concord swayes 'mongst all de-
grees ;

Riches and plenty doe their labours crowne,
They liue together like a swarme of bees ;

Both great and small bring honey to the hiue,
A drone is he that knowes not there to thriue.

Of kingdomes and of empires, large and great,
Like may be said, and more if it were need :
'Tis peace that doth adorne a prince's seat,
Making it glorious, like God's throne indeed :

As kings are God's lieutenants, so should shine
Their thrones, in sort resembling the diuine.

In heauen's kingdome there is no contending,
Those subiects know and doe their duties right :
All is so well, that there needs no amending ;
There God and King is euer in their sight.

That's not for terror, but t'increase their blisse,
For in his presence all contentment is.

Once yet, aboue there was a foule rebelling,
When factious troupes of angell mutiners,
Ioyn'd with great Lucifer, in damn'd pride swell-
ing,

Were tumbled downe, as vilde conspiraters,
From highest heauen, into that burning lake,
Which once to thinke on any heart would quake.

But since that time there neuer chanced more
The least disorder—neuer will againe ;
Those angels that were true to God before
Had this free charter, that whil'st he did raigne
(Which is for aye) they neuer should decline
Not the least iot from his good will diuine.

And so they liue in peace (there needs be spoken
No more), that is, in a most blessed state ;
Such peace as henceforth neuer can be broken,
Such loue as neuer can give way to hate ;
With psalms, and hymnes, and heauenly me-
lodie,
Yeelding laud to the glorious Trinitie.

XLIV.

NATHANAEL BAXTER.

THE DEITY.

THERE was one Soueraigne God, which we call
Pan,

That cannot be defin'd by mortal man.

Some call him Ioua, for his existence ;

Some Elohim, for his excellency ;

Some call him Theos, for his burning light ;

Some call him Deus, for his fearfull might ;

Some call him mightie Tetragrammaton,

Of letters fower in composition.

There is no region vnderneath the skie

But by fower letters write the Deitie.

For fower is a perfect number square,

And æquall sides in euerie part doth beare.

And God is that, which sometime Good we nam'd,

Before our English tongue was shorter fram'd :

Pan, in the Greeke, the shepheards do him call,

Which we do tearm the whole vniuersall :

All in himself, all one, all euerie where,

All in the center, all out, all in the spheare,

All seeing all, all comprehending all,

All blessed, all mightie, all æternall ;

Comprehended in no circumference,

Of no beginning, nor ending essence ;

Not capable of composition,

Qualitie, accident, diuision,

Passion, forme, or alteration ;

All permanent, without mutation ;

Principall mouer, alwaies in action,
Without wearinesse or intermission ;
Immortall, and without infirmitie,
Of everlasting splendent maiestie,
One in essence, not to be diuided,
Yet into Trinitie distinguished ;
Three in one essence, one essence in three,
A wonder, I confesse, too hard for mee ;
Yet diuine poets innumerable,
At theorems, and demonstrations,
Deliuier it to our contemplations.
The Father, Sonne, and Holy Ghost, these three
Are subsistent persons in the Deitie :
Abba, Ben, Ruach, blessed poets sing,
Are the true names of Pan, cœlestiall King.

MAN CREATED.

THEN formed He a prince, of royll dignitie,
Of a wonderfull grace and maiestie,
To sway this imperiall monarchie.
He framed first his bodie's lineaments,
With all his admirable complements,
As a yong man of thirtie yeares of age,
Beautifull, gratioues, of comely visage ;
Yet dead he lay as carkasse on a greene,
No life or motion in him felt or seene,
Like sweete Adonis sleeping on the mount,
Whom peerlesse Venus had in high account :
Then breath'd He into him the breath of life,
Where presently began a gentle strife,
When euery limme began it selfe to moue,
And stretch it selfe, his vitall force to proue ;
The closed eyes their curtaines did display,
The rowling eye had motion euery way ;

The nosthrils 'gan to feel the fragrant smell
Of sweetest-sented flowers, which there did dwell ;
The eare began to heare melodious notes
Of daintie birds, from out their warbling throates ;
The rubie, liquid, warming vitall blood,
Pass'd euerie veine, as riuers streaming flood
From Liuer's fountaine, t'impart nourishment
Vnto the heart that hath the gouernment,
And so through conduits, secretly contriu'd,
Is blood to euerie humane part deriu'd.
This life to euery part gaue perfect sense,
To feele according to their difference.
Within his head, by hidden instruments,
Were placed Nature's blessed ornaments.
The forehead kept obiected phantasie,
The hinder part reteyneth memorie ;
Intelligence hath her place principall
In the crowne of the head, highest of all,
Fit to receiue obiects from phantasie,
And to commit them vnto memorie ;
Within a branchie filme there lyeth the braine,
Close rampir'd vp with barracados twaine,
Both maters, and the flint-hardie scull :
Here reignes the soule, in maner wonderfull ;
From thence she doth diffuse her operation,
To euerie member in his scituacion.

XLV.

NICHOLAS BRETON.

INVECTIVE: THE HATE OF TREASON.

O THE sweet sence of love's humilitie !
Which feares displeasure in a dearest friend,
The onely note of Truth's nobilitie,
Whose worthy grace is graced without end ;
For who wants faith, wants little of a friend ;
While faithfull love, in humble truth approved,
Doth euer liue, of God and man beloued.

Alas ! the little time of Nature's leave,
To runne the course of her allotted care,
Where idle shadowes the eie deceauē,
That onely hunteth after Fortune's show,
And bad must leaue it, ere it be aware :
Looke, looke at heauen, and let the world go by,
Better to die to liue, than liue to die.

Let pride be hatefull vnto euery state,—
It is a vice with vertue not allowed ;
And such a vice as vertue hath in hate,
For vertue neuer makes the spirit proude,
And in advauncement of nobilitie
Gives greatest graces, Truth's humilitie.

Which grace is gracious in the sight of God,
Makes men as saints and women angells seeme,
Makes sinne forgotten, mercy vse no rod,
And constant faith to prooue in great esteeme ;
While wisdome's care can neuer truth misdeem,
But is in some a blessing of the highest,
And to the nature of himself the nighest.

A PRAYER.

OH, with thy grace my heart inspire,
To bring forth fruites of thy desire.
Give me thy Peter's penitence,
Paul's faith, and Job his patience,
And Marie's grace, and John his loue,
That in my heart I may approue.
When all these graces meeet in mee,
What ioy my soule shall have in thee:
But oh, my God! my heart doth ake,
My soule with trembling fear doth quake,
That sinne hath brought me in such plight
As makes me ouglie in thy sight;
And I (O wretch !) am one of those
Whom thou hast reckoned for thy foes,
And that thy mercie will not heare me,
Nor comfort euer shall come near mee;
My prayer turned into sinne,
No gate of grace shall enter in ;
But all my thoughts are farre amissee,
Shall banisht be from hope of blisse ;
And my poore soule, by sinne's desart,
Condemn'd vnto eternall smart.
And yet again, meethinks, I see
How thy great mercie lookes on mee,
And tels me faith may be victorious,
While grace will be in mercie glorious,
And what true hartes do truelie proue,
That turne to thee in teares of loue ;
In which vnfaigned faithfull teares,
Wherein the wofull spirit weares,
I humbly fall at mercie's feete,
Where grace, and loue, and glorie meeet ;
And in teares of true contrition
Thus makes my wofull soule's petition :

In mercie looke on me, deare God ;
Forgive my sinnes, forbeare thy rod ;
Behold my grieve and ease my paine,
And take me to thy grace againe,
That I may see that bright Supne shine,
Whose glorie neuer can decline ;
Where I with Simeon's ioy may sing
When I embrace my holy King,
And sinne and sorrowes cease,
As my soule may rest in peace.

XLVI.
GEORGE RALEIGH.

STANZAS,

From "Christ on his Crosse."

No sorrow long continueth, as we see,—
The winter cannot waste out all the yeere,—
As time requires, we sad or merry be ;
Ill fare sometimes ensweet'neth better cheere ;
When clouds are past, we may discerne the sky,
And night once past, the sunne approacheth
nigh.

The glasse is runne by which we took our taske,
Our tender muse hath labored as she could ;
Her sable vaile she must of force unmaske,
And leave in silence what is left untold ;
Begging good readers, in the end of all,
To make good use of this her funeral.

Thus have I now cast anchor on the shore,
Where news of comfort to good hearts I bring ;
After hard labour with an ebon oare,
Washt in the current of a sable spring,
Where shallows hindred, there I made to rise
A flood of tears, distilling from mine eyes.

What I have brought lies here in open view,
Nor is it strange nor common unto all :
What a young merchant giveth unto you,
Must be received, be it ne're so small :
You know great riches are not gain'd in haste ;
A little fire makes a great flame at last.

XLVII.

RO. VN.

A SIMILITUDE.

THIS body then, I say, is like
An house in each degree ;
The soule the owner of the house
I do account to bee.

As touching first this body, then,
I did of late declare,
Is like an house in euery poynt ;
But now I will compare

This house vnto a commonwealth,
Or as a cittie faire,
Or like a corporation,
Consisting of a mayer,

And many other officers
There needful to bee had,
And the commons too, among the which
Are people good and bad,

And therefore need of gouernment,
Such people for to guide ;
And as each towne and commonwealth,
Or cittie, hath beside

Appoynted places for to kepe
Their courtes of common law,
Yea, and their courts of conscience too,
To kepe these men in awe :

So hath each house his magistrates
And officers to serue,

Yea, commoners too, and places fitt
For courts which do deserue.
The chiefest seat in euery house
It is the hart of man,
Wherein if that the sperit of grace
Do sit as judge, euen than
The court of conscience uery well
We may it call; but see
These officers vpon this court
Always attendant bee.

XLVIII.

— JEROM.

STANZAS,

From "Origen's Repentance."

HERE's a fit obiect for thy loue and merits,—
A thirsty soule desires a sweete refreshing,
Whose birth-sinne by his father's claime inherits
Hell as right heire—much more by his transgres-
sions :

Heere yet let mercy triumph, cease thine ire,
And plucke me as a brand out of the fire.

I know my guilt is great, my fall is grosse,
My sinnes yell loude ; yet louder speakes
Me and my guilt : I bring thee and thy crosse,
Wherein my place thou pledge and surety stood ;
One drop of that balme will my conscience cure,
Applied by the hand of grace, and heale me sure.

Oh, it surmounts all juloups, all confectiones,
All cordials, drugs, bezar-vrmione,
All smaragde, diamonds, rubies, earthe's iniections,
All pearle, all gold, all mines that ere were torne ;
They helpe the heart and body in a swound,
But this reuiues the soull, cures conscience
wound.

As sacred oyle from Aaron's head distilling
Downe to his skirts did speedily descend,
So, Lord, with oyle of grace my soule be filling ;
Drop downe thy myrrh, this hard heart cause to
bend :

Me in thy garden set to gather spices,
Lop off my lusts, and weede out all my vices.

Lord, speake the word, thy seruant shall be whole;
Checke my soule's tempests, calmes will then
ensue;

Poure out thy spirit, I'le poure forth my soule ;
Reflect one glimpse of grace, 'twill me renue ;

Turne thou my tongue, and it shall sing thy
praises,

Touch thou my heart : my heart to heau'n thou
raises.

Giue thou me grace, and I shall giue thee glory ;
Lend me thy hand, I shall redeem my fall ;
Strike thou my heart, I shall be sinne-sicke sorry ;
Ope thou my eares, and I shall heare thy call ;

Vnloose my lips, and they shall swiftly moue,
To vent my heart's diuine thoughts of thy loue.

XLIX.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

PSALM CIV.

My soul, exalt the Lord with hymns of praise :
O Lord my God, how boundless is thy might !
Whose throne of state is cloath'd with glorious
rays,
And round about hast robed thyself with light ;
Who like a curtain hast the heavens displayed,
And in the watry roofs thy chambers laid ;

Whose chariots are the thickned clouds above,
Who walkst upon the winged winds below ;
At whose command the airy spirits move,
And fiery meteors their obedience show ;
Who on this base the earth didst firmly found,
And mad'st the deep to circumvent it round.

The waves that rise would drown the highest hill,
But at thy check they flie ; and when they hear
Thy thundering voice, they post to do thy will,
And bound their furies in their proper sphere ;
Where surging floods and valing ebbs can tell
That none beyond thy marks must sink or swell.

Who hath dispos'd, but thou, the winding way
Where springs down from their steepy crags do
beat,
At which both fostered beasts their thirsts allay,
And the wild asses come to quench their heat ;
Where birds resort, and, in their kind, thy praise
Among the branches chant in warbling lays.

The mounts are watred from thy dwelling-place,
The barns and meads are fill'd for man and beast;
Wine glads the heart, and oyl adorns the face,
And bread the staff whereon our strength doth rest;
Nor shrubs alone feel thy sufficing hand,
But even the cedars that so proudly stand.

So have the fowls their sundry seats to breed ;
The ranging stork in stately beeches dwells ;
The climbing goats on hills securely feed,
The mining coneys shroud in rocky cells :
Nor can the heavenly lights their course forget,
The moon her turns, or sun his times to set.

Thou mak'st the night to over-vail the day ;
Then savage beasts creep from the silent wood,
Then lions' whelps lie roaring for their prey,
And at thy powerful hand demand their food ;
Who when at morn they all recouch again,
Then toyling man till eve pursues his pain.

O Lord, when on thy various works we look,
How richly furnish'd is the earth we tread !
Where in the fair contents of Nature's book
We may the wonders of thy wisdom read :
Nor earth alone, but lo ! the sea so wide,
Where, great and small, a world of creatures glide.

There go the ships, that furrow out their way ;
Yea, thereof whales enormous sights we see,
Which yet have scope among the rest to play ;
And all do wait for their support on thee ;
Who hast assigned each thing his proper food,
And in due season dost dispense thy good.

They gather, when thy gifts thou dost divide ;
Their stores abound, if thou thy hand enlarge ;
Confused they are, when thou thy beams dost hide ;
In dust resolved, if thou their breath discharge :
Again, when thou of life renewst the seeds,
The withered fields revest their cheerfull weeds.

Be ever gloried here thy sovereign name,
That thou mayst smile on all which thou hast
made ;
Whose frown alone can shake this earthly frame,
And at whose touch the hills in smoak shall
vade :
For me, may (while I breathe) both harp and
voice
In sweet indictment of thy hymns rejoice.

Let sinners fail, let all profaneness cease ;
His praise (my soul), his praise shall be thy peace.

A HYMN.

OH, thou great Power ! in whom I move,
For whom I live, to whom I die,
Behold me through thy beams of love,
Whilst on this couch of tears I lie ;
And cleanse my sordid soul within,
By thy Christ's blood, the bath of sin.
No hallowed oyls, no grains I need,
No rags of saints, no purging fire ;
One rosie drop from David's seed
Was worlds of seas to quench thine ire :
O precious ransome ! which once paid,
That *Consummatum est* was said ;

And said by Him that said no more,
But seal'd it with his sacred breath :
Thou, then, that has dispong'd my score,
And dying wast the death of Death,
Be to me now, on thee I call,
My life, my strength, my joy, my all !

L.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THE CROSSE OF CHRIST.

RISE, O my soul, with thy desires to heaven,
And with divinest contemplation use
Thy time, where time's eternity is given ;
And let vain thoughts no more thy thoughts abuse,
But down in midnight darkness let them lie ;
So live thy better, let thy worst thoughts die.

And thou, my soul, inspired with holy flame,
View and review, with most regardful eie,
That holy crosse whence thy salvation came,
On which thy Saviour and thy sin did die ;
For in that sacred object is much pleasure,
And in that Saviour is my life, my treasure.

To thee, O Jesu ! I direct mine eies,
To thee my hands, to thee my humble knees ;
To thee my heart shall offer sacrifice,
To thee my thoughts, who my thoughts only sees ;
To thee myself—myself and all, I give ;
To thee I die, to thee I only live.

LI.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

AN ADDRESS TO DEATH.

PARTIALL devourer ever of the best !
With headlong rapture sparing long the rest,
Could not the precious teares his father shed,
That are with kingdomes to be ransomed,
His bleeding prayer, upon his knees, t'implore
That if for any sin of his, Heaven tore
From his most royall body that chief limme,
It might be ransom'd, for the rest of him ?
Could not the sacred eies thou didst prophane
In his great mother's teares ? the spightful bane
Thou pour'dst upon the cheekes of all the Graces,
In his most gracious sister's ? the defaces
With all the furies' overflowing galles
Cursedly fronting her neere nuptials ?
Could not, O could not the Almighty ruth
Of all these force thee to forbeare the youth
Of our incomparable Prince of men,
Whose age had made thy iron forke his pen,
T' eternise what it now doth murder meerely,
And shall have, from my soule, my curses yeerely ?
Tyrant ! what knew'st thou but the barbarous
wound
Thou gav'st the son, the father might confound ?
Both liv'd so mixtly, and were joynly one ;
Spirit to spirit cleft ; the humor bred
In one heart, straight was with the other fed ;
The blood of one the other's heart did fire—
The heart and humour were the son and sire ;

The heart yet (void of humour's slender'st part)
May easier live, than humour without heart :
The river needes the helpfull fountaine ever,
More then the fountaine the supplyed river.

A DESCRIPTION OF FEVER.

UP to her left side leapt infernall Death,
His head hid in a cloud of sensuall breath ;
By her sat furious anguish, pale despight,
Murmure and sorrowe, and possest affright,
Yellow corruption, marrow-eating care ;
Languor, chill trembling, fits irregulare ;
Inconstant choller, public-voic'd complaint,
Relentles rigor, and confusion faint ;
Frantick distemper, and hare-ey'd unrest,
And short-breath'd thirst, with th' ever burning
breast.

A wreath of adders bound her trenched browes,
Where torment ambush'd lay with all her throws ;
Marmarian lyons, fring'd with flaming manes,
Drew this grym furie, and her brood of banes :
Then burnt her bloud-shot eyes, her temples yet
Were cold as ice, her neck all drown'd in swet ;
Palenes spred all her breast, her life's heat stung ;
The mind's interpreter, her scorched tongue,
Flow'd with blew poison ; from her yawning mouth
Rheums fell, like spouts fil'd from the stormy south ;
Her swoln throte rattled, warm'd with life's last
spark,

And in her salt jawes painfull coughs did bark ;
Her teeth were stain'd with rust ; her sluttish hand
She held out, reeking like a new-quencht brand ;
In her left hand a quenchless fire did glow,
And in her right palm freez'd Sithonian snow.

THE END OF LEARNING.

THIS is learning ;—to have skill to throw
Reins on your bodie's powers that nothing knowe,
And fill the soule's powers so with act and art
That she can curbe the bodie's angrie part ;
All perturbations, all effects that stray
From their one object, which is to obey
Her soveraigne empire ; as herselfe should force
Their functions only, to serve her discourse ;
And that, to beat the streight path of one ende,
Which is—to make her substance still contend
To be God's image, in informing it
With knowledge, holy thoughts, and all forms fit
For that eternitie ye seeke in way
Of his sole imitation, and to sway
Your life's love too, that He may still be center
To all your pleasures ; and you (here) may enter
The next life's peace, in governing so well
Your sensual parts, that you as free may dwell
Of vulgare raptures here as when calme death
Dissolves that learned empire with your breath.

To teach and live thus, is the only use
And end of learning. Skill, that doth produce
But tearmes and tongues, and parroting of arte,
Without that powre to rule the errant part,
Is that which some call learned ignorance,
A serious trifle, error in a trance ;
And let a scholar all earthly volumes carrie,
He will be but a walking dictionarie,—
A mere articulate clocke, that doth but speake
By other's arts.

So that as travaylers seeke their peace through
storms,
In passing many sees for many forms

Of forraigne government, indure the paine
Of many faces seeing, and the gaine
That strangers make of their strange loving hu-
mors,
Learn tongues, keep note-books, all to feed the
tumors
Of vaine discourse at home, or serve the course
Of state employment, never having force
T'employ themselves ; but idle compliments
Must pay their pains, costs, slaveries, all their rents,
And, though they many men know, get few friends.
So covetous readers, setting many ends
To their much skill to talke, studiers of phrase,
Shifters in art, to flutter in the blaze
Of ignorant count'nance ; to obtain degrees,
And lye in learning's bottome, like the lees ;
To be accounted deepe by shallow men,
And carve all language in one glorious pen,
May have much fame for learning ; but th' effect
Proper to perfect learning, to direct
Reason in such an art, as that it can
Turn blood to soule, and make both one calme man.
So making peace with God, doth differ farre
From clerkes that goe with God and man to warre.

LII.

EDWARD HAKE.

NO GOLD, NO GOODNESSE.

O GOLD ! that goest in and out,
That rul'st and raignest at thy will ;
O thou, that bringest things about,
Why art thou absent from us still ?
But O, our God ! O where art thou,
That suff'rest gold to conquer now ?

You earthly men, who unto men
Nought give where you can nothing take,
I speake to you ; regard me then :
Your gold and goods your god you make ;
For whereas gold is, you are won,
But where gold is not, you have done.

Be honest, learned, skilfull, wise ;
Be what thou canst,—if gold thou want
Thou maist lie still, thou shalt not rise,
For nothing proves where gold is skant :
For gold it is that doth the deed,
But nothing prospers where is need.

What shall I then lie downe and die ?
Alas ! I cannot when I would ;
Or shall I sit me downe and crie,
And with my teares my grieve unfold ?
Lament and crie, do what thou wilt,
Thy cause is lost for lack of gilt.

Yet say I not that all men looke
To be rewarded of their deed ;

But this I say, that few men brooke
To helpe a man that is in need ;
For tho' he write with Homer's inke,
Yet go he shall, before he drinke.

COMPLAINING OF HIS WANT OF FRIENDS.

WAKING in my bed, I wept,
And silently complain'd ;
The cares that on me crept
All hope of sleepe restrain'd,

I called on my hap,
I cried on my chaunce,
Will none stand in the gap ?
Will none my state advance ?

My woe that never ends,
My want that never dies,
My state that never mends,
My soule that ever cries ;

All these are but the loome
That warpeth up my death ;
All these presage my doome,
The losse of later breath.

But is there not a joy
That worldly joy excels,
That helpeth all annoy,
And worldly woe expels ?

There is, no doubt: God grant it me !
So shall those woes extinguisht be.

LIII.

RICHARD CORBET.

AN ELEGIE ON DR. RAVIS,

BISHOP OF LONDON.

WHEN I past Paul's, and travell'd in that walke
Where all our Britaine sinners sweare and talk,
And then beheld the body of my Lord
Trood under foote by vice that he abhorr'd,
It wounded me, the Landlord of all times
Should let long lives and leases to their crimes,
And to his springing honour did afford
Scarce soe much time as to the prophet's gourd.
Yet, since swift flights of vertue have apt ends,
Like breath of angels, which a blessing sends,
And vanisheth withall, whilst fouler deeds
Expect a tedious harvest for bad seeds;
I blame not fame and nature if they gave,
Where they could give no more, their last, a grave.
And wisely doe thy grieved friends forbeare
Bubbles and alabaster boyes to reare
On thy religious dust; for men did know
Thy life, which such illusion cannot show;
For thou hast trod among those happy ones
Who trust not in their superscriptions,
Their hired epitaphs, and perjured stone,
Which oft belies the soul when she is gone;
And durst committ thy body as it lyes
To tongues of living men, nay, unborne eyes.
What profits thee a sheet of lead? what good
If on thy corse a marble quarry stood?

Let those that fear their rising purchase vaults,
And reare them statues to excuse their faults ;
As if, like birds that peck at painted grapes,
Their Judge knew not their persons from their
shapes :

Whilst thou assured, through thy easy dust
Shalt rise at first; they would not, though they
must.

LIV.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, EARL OF STIRLING.

AN INVOCATION.

THOU, of whose power (not reach'd by reason's height)

The sea a drop, we th' earth a mote may call ;
And for whose trophies, stately to the sight,
The azure arke was rear'd (although too small),
And from the lampe of whose most gracious light
The sun (a sparke) weake, for weake eyes did fall ;
Breath thou a heavenly fury in my breast :
I sing the sabbath of eternall rest.

Though every where discern'd, no where confin'd,
O thou, whose feet the clouds (as dust) afford,
Whose voyce the thunder, and whose breath the
winde ;

Whose footstoole the earth, seate heaven, works
of thy worde,

Guards, hosts of angels, moving by thy minde,
Whose weapons, famine, tempests, pest, and sword ;
My cloudy knowledge by thy wisdome cleare,
And by my weaknesse make thy power appeare.

Loe, ravish'd, Lord, with pleasure of thy love,
I feele my soule enflamed with sacred fires,
Thy judgements and thy mercies, whilst I move,
To celebrate, my Muse with zeale aspires :
Lord, by thy helpe, this enterprise approve,
That successe so may second my desires,
Make Sathan's race to tremble at my lines,
And thine rejoyce while as thy glory shines.

GOD VISIBLE IN HIS WORKS.

THE stately heavens, which glory doth array,
Are mirrours of God's admirable might ;
There, whence forth spreads the night, forth springs
 the day,
He fix'd the fountaines of this temporall light,
Where stately stars enstall'd, some stand, some
 stray,
All sparks of his great power (though small yet
 bright),
By what none utter can, no, not conceive,
All of his greatnesse, shadowes may perceive.

What glorious lights through christall lanternes
 glance,
(As alwaies burning with their Maker's love) ;
Spheares keepe one musicke, they one measure
 dance,
Like influence below, like course above ;
And all by order led, not drawne by chance,
With majestie (as still in triumph) move,
And (liberall of their store) seeme shouting thus :
“ Look up, all soules, and gaze on God through us.”

This pond'rous masse (though oft deform'd) still
 faire,
Great in our sight, yet then a starre more small,
Is ballanc'd (as a mote) amid'st the ayre ;
None knowes what way, yet to no side doth fall,
And yearely springs, growes ripe, fades, falles,
 rich, bare ;
Men's mother first, still mistresse, yet their thrall,
It centers heavens, heavens compasse it ; both be
Bookes where God's power the ignorant may see.

What ebbes, flowes, swels, and sinks, who firme
doth keep ?

Whilst flouds from the earth burst in abundance
out,

As she her brood did wash, or for them weepe :
Who (having life) what dead things prove, dare
doubt

Who first did found the dungeons of the deepe ?
But one in all, ore all, above, about ;

The flouds, for our delight, first calme were set,
But storme and roare, since men did God forget.

Who parts the swelling spouts that sift the raine ?
Who reines the windes, the waters doth empale ?
Who frownes in stormes, then smiles in calmes
againe,

And doth dispense the treasures of the haile ?

Whose bow doth bended in the clouds remaine ?

Whose darts (dread thunderbolts) make men looke
pale ?

Even thus these things to show his power aspire,
As shadowes doe the sunne, as smoke doth fire.

God visibly invisible who raignes,
Soule of all soules, whose light each light directs,
All first did freely make, and still maintaines,
The greatest rules, the meanest not neglects ;
Fore-knowes the end of all that he ordaines,
His will each cause, each cause breeds fit effects ;
Who did make all, all thus could onely leade,
None could make all, but who was never made.

LV.

HENRY ARTHINGTON.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD TOWARDS ALL
MANKIND MANIFOLD WAYES.

THE FIRST POINT:

In Creating all things for our use, and us for his glory.

O GLORIOUS God ! how much is man
For ever bound to praise thy Name,
No mortall wight can rightly scan,
As well thy workes expresse the same.
If man look up with fixed eyes,
How wonderfully doth appeare
Thy workmanship in azure skyes,
With all thy creatures planted there ;
The sunne and moone above the rest,
To guide and rule each day and night,
With glistering starrs all ready prest,
To pleasure us by shining bright ;
The clouds that hang above our heads,
As times and seasons do require,
Their fruitfull showers abroad do spread,
To satisfy our hartes' desire.
If man cast down his eyes below,
To view God's creatures here on earth,
How do they all his love foreshew,
Still to preserve man's vitall breath¹ ;
The foules that flye in firmament,
And all kind fishes in the sea,

¹ Gen. i.

To take and use for his content,
 With beastes on th' earth to rule away² ;
 And for man's meat did God provide
 All fruitfull trees (save only one),
 With every herb that beareth seed,
 For man all times to feed upon³.
 A pleasant place, cal'd Parradice,
 God planted mankind first therein,
 To have all times what hart could wish,
 So long as he avoided sinne⁴ ;
 And that man might live in this state,
 And never die (unlesse he would),
 The tree of life, thereon to eate,
 God planted in the sacred mould⁵ :
 How truely then might mankind say,
 How much are we, Lord, bound to thee,
 For all thy favours every way,
 Inlarged so abundantly⁶ !
 Much more if thou lift up thy mind,
 To meditate God's love to thee,
 A thousand fold thou shalt it finde
 Exceeding others in degree :
 For, in creating all things else,
 God only said, *Let it be so* ;
 And so they were (as Scripture tells),
 His mighty power, by word to shoe⁷ ;
 But in creating man, God said,
 Let us make man ; whereby we see
 His perfect person to be made
 Even by the blessed Trinity :

² Gen. i.⁵ Ib.³ Ib.⁶ Ps. viii.⁴ Gen. ii.⁷ Gen. i.

Which proveth man did farre excell
 All former workes, it is most plaine ;
 As that which followes (marke it well),
In our own image, doth containe¹.

For by *God's image*, in this place,
 Is meant these special qualities²,
 (His *knowledge, truth, and holinesse,*)
 All which in man were pure likewise³ :

For knowledge, Adam first did name
 All living creatures in their kind ;
 His *life also* was *without blame*,
 And all the *graces of his minde*⁴:

So that in these was no dissent
 'Twixt God and man, (for gifts most cleare,)
 Save (*all in God were permanent,*)
 But man might change, as did appeare⁵.

Behold God's love to man yet more,
 In placing him the supreame lord
 Of all his creatures made before,
 To guide and governe by his worde⁶.

And that which most did shew God's love,
 There was but one excepted tree,
 Which he forbad that man should proue,
 On pain of death eternally⁷.

What could God more have done for man,
 Or how much is man to him bound,
 No earthly wight can rightly scan ;
 Then be not slacke his praise to sound⁸.

¹ Gen. i. 26, 27.

² Gen. ii. 20.

³ Col. iii. 10.

⁴ Eph. iv. 24.

⁵ Gen. iii.

⁶ Gen. i.

⁷ Gen. ii.

⁸ Ps. viii.

LVI.

SIR WILLIAM LEIGHTON.

TO THE TRUE DEVOTED READER.

ALL curious quaint abiliments exil'd,
In humblest habite now my verse compil'd ;
Like a poor pilgrime, all alone I stand,
Taking my iorney to the Holy Land,
And fain would have, since thus transported hither,
All sorts, all sects, associate me thither ;
But all (alas ! woe worth) doe me disdaine,
And on my palmer's weeds with scorn com-
plaine,
Upbraiding me, that I, in time of yore,
Triumphant vertue's vestures viuely wore.
What though those lines a prisoner's pace now
walk,
Which whilom did in courtly measure stalke ?
To open view now they expose their faults,
Though like a weakeling that on crowches haultes ;
The fading flower those youthfull times,
Now reft of power, bewailes her ruthfull crimes,
And ruminating on a sea of sinne,
Bewraies without what her betraies within ;
Then with my poems playnness wract dispence,
Devour'd in zeal, is oft distract in sence.
Let not the rashnes of demolisht time
Explode my harshnes and unpolisht rime,
Nor shun me now, though I, like lowly Job,
This leprous corps of sinne with rags enrobe ;
But sit by me, read me, and turn me ore,
And with thine vnguent gently salue my soare.

Within this port weel'e anchor safe from rockes,
From swelling billowes, raging gusts, and shocks,
Till Thetis, Halcion, Neptune's force doth hayle,
Then shall our gallion spread a loftier saile,
And from outragious stormes and tempests stand
For safe arivall in the Holy Land.

LVII.

RICHARD BRATHWAITE.

THE AUTHOR TO HIS DISCONSOLATE
BROTHER.

LET not mishap deprive you of that hope
Which yields some relish to your discontent ;
Ayme your affections at Heaven's glorious scope,
Which showres downe comfort, when all com-
fort's spent :
Then rest secure ; that Power which you adore
Will make your joyes more full than ere
before.

Let not the sunne, now shadowed with a cloud,
Make you suspect the sunne will never shine ;
That ill which now seems ill, may once prove good :
Time betters that which was depravde by time.
Thus let my prayers, your teares, concord
in one, [comfort's gone.
To reaphe heav'n's comforts, when earth's

A DESCRIPTION OF DEATH.

DEATH is a raw-bon'd shrimp, nor low nor hie,
Yet haz he power to make the highest low ;
The summon-maister of mortalitie,
The poore man's wished friend, the rich man's foe,
The last remaines of Time's anatomie :
A thief in pace—in pace more shure than slow ;
A sleep, a dreame, whence we are said to have
In sleep a death, and in our bed a grave.
One who, how ere we seeme to have the power
To leave our states, wherein we oft times erre,

To such an one, as sole executour,
Spite of our nose plays executioner :
And as the leane kine did the fat devoure,
So does this meagre slave the mightier ;
Nor can we, if we should be choaked for't,
Remove Death's action to another court.

Arts though he know, yet he professeth none,
For little haz he, and as little nedes ;
Yet haz he trickes to catch the oldest one
That on this earthie globe or centre treades,
Nor will he leave him till his breath be gone,
Cheering the wormes that on his body feedes ;
Thus fearelesse he, as he haz ever beene,
Makes his stroke to be felt, not to be seene.

His signe's in Sagittary, and the but
He shoothes at is man's heart ; he ever fits
The shaffs he shoothes to th' quiver they are put :
Won is he not to be by threats, intreats,
Price, power, or prayer : at what's ere he shoothe
Or aimes to hit, he never fails but hits :
Darted he runnes as swift as ever ran
Shot-herring made, just like an Irish-man.

Nor differ they in habite ; though he weares
No mantle, flanning trowsers, being knowne
By his moath-eaten rayment ; he appeares
Right Irish—doublet, breeches, hose of one ;
He haz no shift, yet he no vermin feares,
(For vermin Death nor the Irish harbour none) :
Yea, in their kind of fight compar'd they are,
For they invade both at unaware.

Death is worm's caterer, who, when he comes,
Will have provision, though the market starve ;
He will be served before the mighty ones,
And knows before where he intends to carve :

It's he awakes the sin-belulled drones,
And cuts them short, as rightly they deserve ;
It's he that all things to subjection brings,
And plaies at foot-ball with the crowns of kings.

Two empty lodges haz he in his head,
Which had two lights, but now his eies be gone ;
Cheekes had he once, but they be hollowed ;
Beauty he had, but now appears there none :
For all those moving parts be vanished,
Presenting horrows if but lookt upon ;
His colour sable, and his visage grim,
With gastly lookes that still attend on him.

Fleshie he was, but it is pict away,
Belike, for that he haz so much to doe ;
If clothed with flesh, he should be forc'd to stay,
And shew (perchance) too much of mercie to
Some young wench, who on the holy day
Might force him love, if she could tell him how ;
Which to prevent, and better to restraine him,
He goes so ugly, none should entertaine him.

Yet entertained he will ; for though he be
Contemn'd by th' perfum'd curtezan, whose form
Seemes coy to give him hospitalitie,
Yet when he comes hee'l not one hour adjorne
To give her summons of mortalitie,
Converting that same beauty did adorne
Her composition, to corrupted earth,
Whence she deriv'd both period and birth.

Snaile-like, he comes on us with creeping pace,
And takes us napping when we least think on :
In's hand an hour-glassse, which inferres our race
Is near an end; and though we strive to shun him,
He moves when we move ; and that very place
Whereto we flie, and think we have out-run him,

There he appeares, and tells us it's not good
To strive against that which cannot be withstood.

If we shed teares, they're bootless ; for his eyes,
In stead of sight, are moulded up with clay :
If we assay to pierce his eares with cries,
Vaine is our labour, fruitless our assay,
For his remorceless eares all motions flies :
Nor will he give the prince a longer day ;
His payment must be present, and his doome,
“ Return to earth, thy cradle and thy tombe.”

Nor is his summons onely when we're old,
For age and youth he equally attends ;
Nor can we say that we have firmer hold
In youth than age, or further from our ends,
Save that we are by Nature's virdict told
With length of yeares our hope of life extends :
Thus young or old, if Death approach and say,
“ Earth unto earth,” he must perforce obay.

A breath-bereaving breath, a vading shade
Even in motion,—so, as it appears,
He comes to tell us whereto we were made,
And, like a friend, to rid us of our feares ;
So as, if his approach were rightly weighed,
He should be welcom'd more with joyes then tears,
Joy to dissolve to earth from whence we came,
That, after death, joy might receive the same.

Naked his scalpe, thrill-open is his nose,
His mouth from eare to eare, his earthie breath
Corrupt and noisome, which makes me suppose
Some mouldie cells the manor-house of Death ;
His shapeless leges bend backward when he goes,
His rake-leane body shrinking underneath ;
Feeble he seems, reft both of heart and power,
Yet dare he bend the mightiest emperour.

None he consorts with save worms, and men
Prepar'd for worms' meat ; though he make resort
To country, city, village, now and then ;
Yea, where hee's seldom welcome to the court,
There will he enter, and will summon them ;
And goe they must, though they be sorie for't.
Thus country, citie, village, court, and all,
Must their appearance make when Death doth
them call.

Chop-falne, crest-sunke, drie-bon'd anatomie,
Earth-turned, mole-eied, flesh-hook, that puls us
hence ;
Night-crow, fate's-doome, that tells us we must die ;
Pilgrim-remover, that deprives us sence ;
Life's-date, soule's-gate that leads from miserie ;
Man's sharp'st assault, admitting no defence ;
Time's exit, or our intreat to that clime
Where there's no time, nor periood of time.

Nor stands he much upon our dangerous yeare,—
All are alike to him : yea, oft we see,
When we are most secure, then hee's most neare,
Where th' yeare clymactericke is his jubile ;
For as he can transpose him every where,
East, west, north, south, with all facilitie,
So can he come, so cunning is his stealth,
And take us hence when we are best in health.

Since Death is thus described (for this he is),
Be still prepar'd, lest unprepar'd he come,
And hale you hence for spending time amisse,
(For death is sin's reward, transgression's doome),
So when thou dies thou shalt be sure of this,
To have accesse unto the marriage-room,
And for thy tombe, in stead of ivorie,
Marble or brasse, shall vertue cover thee.

LVIII.

HENRY PEACHAM.

PSALMI DAVIDICI.

To sundrie keies doth Hilarie compare
The holy Psalmes of that propheticque king,
'Cause in their natures so disposed they are,
That, as it were, by sundry dores they bring
 The soule of man, opprest with deadly sinne,
 Vnto the throne where he may mercy winne.
For wouldest thou in thy Saviour still reioyce,
Or for thy sinnes, with teares, lament and pray,
Or sing his praises with thy heart and voice,
Or for his mercies giue him thankes alway?
Set David's Psalmes a mirror to thy mind,
But with his zeale and heavenly spirit wind.

PENITENTIA.

THERE sits Repentance, solitarie, sad,
Herselfe beholding in a fountaine cleare.
As greeuing for the life that she hath lad;
One hand a fish, the other birch doth beare,
 Wherewith her bodie she doth oft chastize,
 Or fastes, to curbe her fleshly enimies.
Her solemn cheare, and gazing in the fount,
Denote her anguish and her grieve of soule,
As often as her life she doth recount,
Which conscience doth with howerly care enroule.
 The willoe greene she most delights to weare,
 Tells how her hope shall overcome dispaire.

VITA TOTA DIES VNUT.

OF all our life behold the very summe,
Which, as this flower, continues but a day ;
Our youth is morne, our middle age is come
By noone, at night as fast we doe decay
As doth this lillie, flowring with the sunne,
But withred ere his race be fully runne.

Wherfore our life's resembled to a shippe,
Which passeth on, though we do what we please ;
A shade, a flower that euery frost doth nippe,
A dreame, a froath, a wawe vpon the seas,
Which hath awhile his being, till anon
Some else intrude, and hee's forgot and gon.

LIX.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

LINKS,

From "The Tragedie of Philotas."

WITH what strange formes and shadowes ominous
Did my last sleepe my griev'd soul intertwaine !
I dreamt, yet O, dreames are but frivoles ;
And yet I'le tell it, and God graunte in vaine.
Me thought a mighty hippopotamus,
From Nilus floting, thrusts into the maine,
Upon whose back a wanton mermaid sate,
As if she rul'd his course and steer'd his fate ;

With whom t' encounter forth another makes,
Alike in kind, of strength and poure as good,
At whose ingrappling Neptune's mantle takes
A purple colour, dyde with stremes of bloud ;
Whereat this looker-on, amaz'd, forsakes
Her champion there, who yet the better stood ;
But se'ing her gone, straight after her he hies,
As if his hart and strength laye in her eies.

On followes wrath, upon disgrace and feare,
Whereof th' event forsooke me with the night ;
But my wak'd cares gave me these shadowes
were

Drawne but from darknes to instruct the light ;
These secret figures Nature's message beare
Of comming woes, were they deciphered right ;
But if as cloudes of sleepe thou shalt them take,
Yet credit wrath and spight, that are awake.

Prevent great spirit the tempest that begin,
If lust and thy ambition have left way
But to looke out, and have not shut all in,
To stop thy iudgment from a true survay
Of thy estate ; and let thy harte within
Consider in what danger thou dost lay
Thy life and mine, to leave the good thou hast,
To follow hopes with shadowes ou'rcaſt.

Come, come away from wrong, from craft, from
toile ;

Possesse thine owne with right, with truth, with
peace ;

Breake from these snares, thy iudgment unbeguile,
Free thine owne torment, and my grieve release.

But whither am I carried all this while ?

Beyond my scope, and know not when to cease :
Words still with my increasing sorrowes grow ;
I know t'have said too much, but not ynow.

Wherfore no more, but onely I commend
To thee the hart that's thine, and so I end.

LX.

THOMAS SCOT.

AQUIGNISPICIUM.

GOD bends his bow, but shoots not: see it stands
As if the stiffe string were in man's owne hands;
For God first plac'd it so, that man might know
How prone to peace he is, to war how slow.
That couenant which he made with Noah he keeps,
His mercy ever wakes, his justice sleeps;
And though our sins a second deluge craves,
Hee'l drench the world no more in those salt waves.
"What hurt from heauen fals, first from the earth
proceeds,
" And man's misfortunes springs from man's mis-
deeds;"
Misdeeds that from ourselves, friends, country,
come,
And where they shall on all, light but on some.
The snow, haile, raine, are by the sun's pure beams
Exhal'd from standing marshes, whose streames
Infect the ayre with foggy mists, and then
Are bottled up in clouds for sinfull men;
And for man's good in season they distill,
Or out of season, to amend his ill:
The plagues we feele fall at the head and foot
Are shafts against God our hands first upward shoot.
Presumptuous sins, in country and at court,
Greatnesse and grace, and favour, do support.
The pulpit flatters; justice sits and smiles,
Making a gainefull skill of ling'ring wiles:

"Who hath great friends lives free, and wanteth
faults ;

"But without friends the upright innocent haults."
Vice now provides us rayment, meate and drinke,
So how t' increas't, not how to curb't, we thinke.
Old men waxe impudent, lascivious, wilde—
That fits them best which scarce becomes a childe.
Young men are stubborne, disobedient, stout,
And rule and teach, even from the swathing clout;
They all things know, and can, but (what they
ought)

Themselves and vertue—these they never sought.
Fashions from Spain, France, Germanie, and Rome,
And Turkie too, with their religions come ;
So they are suited fayre from top to toe,
And each new suite in a new faith they goe.
Matrons that are not dead nor yet alive,
But betwixt both, in some part vegetive,
Crown their smooth scalps with haire, which now
makes brave

A second mistris, ready for the grave.
Young maids (that go for such) are mothers known,
And such as should be none, are virgins showne.
O Modesty, where dwel'st thou ? Womanhood
Is scarce by our high English understood :
Vice grows so common, that it is far more
Opprobrious to be chaste than be a whore.
All things are out of order ; lawes are made
Strong means not to defend, but to invade.
Then why should we limit the sea, or fire,
Without their bounds, and not our owne desire ?
Southward, th' Armado, and the fleetes of Spaine,
(Oft beaten)¹ seeme to threaten us againe ;

¹ Ann. Dom. 1588.

And east and west¹ the seas would meet, we see,
But that (O wonder !) northward blest we bee.
The want of water was the cause before
Those huge-built hulkes could not approach our
shore,
Who came resolv'de of conquest, and did stand
As if they meant to beare away our land.
Poor Ile, so small thou wert, and they so great,
Too scant a sea for them that was thy seat ;
But had they staide till now, now might they ride
On the swolne waves at ease in all their pride,
And into every haven their bold ships stere,
As if no sands, barres, shallowes, had been there.
We know, whens'ere they come, God can provide
Such seas so high, so uncontrol'd a tide,
Able, without their envie or their ayde,
To bury us : for see how he hath layd
Our workes all levell—draines, dykes, sluices, banks,
Fields, pastures, gardens, manors, farmes, and
franks ;
With man their owner, and what man doth feed,
Are buried with a sea of teares indeed.

¹ The seas broke in before West, now East.

LXI.

THOMAS RANDOLPH.

AN ECLOGUE,

(OCCASIONED BY TWO DOCTORS DISPUTING UPON
PREDESTINATION.)

Coridon.

Ho ! jolly Thirsis, whither in such haste ?
Is't for a wager that you run so fast ?
Or, past your howre, belowe yon hawthorne-tree
Doth longing Galathæa looke for thee ?

Thirsis.

No, Coridon ; I heard young Daphnis say,
Thenot hath challeng'd Colin Clowt to-day,
Who best shall sing of shepherd's art and praise :
But hark ! I heare them ; listen to their laies.

Thenot.

Colin doth reade : what meanes this mystique
thing ?
An ewe I had two lambes at once did bring,
The one black as jet, the other white as snowe ;
Say, in just Providence, how it could be soe.

Colin.

Will you Pan's goodnesse therefore partiall call,
That might as well haue giuen you none at all ?

Thenot.

Were they not both yeaned by the selfe-same ewe ?
How could they merit, then, a different hue ?
Poor lamb, and could'st thou, yet, alas, unborne,
Sin to deserve the guilt of such a scorne ?

Thou hadst not yet fowld a religious spring,
 Nor fedd on plots of hallowed grass, to bring
 Staynes to thy fleece ; nor browz'd vpon a tree
 Sacred to Pan or Pale's deitie.

The gods are ignoraunt, if they not foreknow,
 And, knowing, 'tis uniust to vse thee so.

Colin.

Thenot, with me contend, or Coridon ;
 But let the gods and their high wills alone :
 For in our flocks that freedome challeng wee,—
 This kid is sacrifiz'd, and that goes free.

Thenot.

Feed where you will, my lambs ; what boots it us
 To watch and water, drive and ffold you thus :
 This on the barren mountaines flesh can gleane,
 That fedd in flowry pastures will be leane.

Colin.

Plowgh, soaw, and compass, nothing boots at all,
 Unless the dew upon the tilths doe fall :
 So labour, silly shepherds, what we can,—
 All's vain, unless a blessing drop from Pan.

Thenot.

Doatard : you fowle on Pan's omniscience fall—

Colin.

And you his goodnes into question call.

Thirsis.

Ffy, shepherds, fy ; while you these strifes begin,
 Here creeps the woolf, and there the fox gets in ;
 To your vain piping on so deepe a reed
 The lambkins listen, but forget to feed.

It gentle swaines befits of loue to sing ;
How loue left heauen, and heauen's immortall King,
His co-eternall Father ; oh ! admire :
Loue is a son as auncient as his sire ;
Hys mother was a virgin ; how could come
A birth so great, and from so chast a womb ?
His cradle was a mangre : shepherds, see,
True faith delightes in pure simplicitie.
Deepe sages by a star his mansion sought,
Poore swaines by his own harbingers were brought.
He pressed no grapes, nor prunde the fruitfull vine ;
Nor did he plowgh the earth, and to his barne
The haruest bring, nor thresh and grinde the corne.
Without all these, Loue could supply our need,
And with fие loaues fие thousand hungry feed.
More wonders did He ; for all which suppose
How was He crowned,—with lillies or the rose,
The winding ivy or the glorious bay,
Or mirtle, with the which Venus, they say,
Girt her proud temples ? Shepherds, none of them ;
But wore, poor soule ! a thorney diadem.
Feete to the lame He gave, with which they run
To work their surgeon's last destruction :
The blind from him had eies, but use that light
Like basiliscks, to kill him with their sight.
Lastly, He was betrai'd—(oh ! sing of this)—
How Loue could be betrayed—'twas with a kis :
And then his inocent hand and guiltless feete
Were nail'd vnto the crosse, striving to meete,
In his spread armes, his spowse : so mild in show,
He seemed to court the embraces of his foe.
Through his pierced side, through which a spear
was sent,
A torrent of all-flowing balsam went.
Run, Amarillis, run : one drop from thence
Cures thy sad soule, and driues all anguish hence.

Go, sun-burnt Thestilis, goe and repaire
The beautie lost, and be againe made faire.
Love-sick Aminsas, get a philtre here,
To make thee lovely to thy truly deere :
But, coy Sycoris, take the pearle from thine,
And take the blood-shot from Palaemon's eyne ;
Wear this an amulet 'gainst all syrens' smiles,
The sting of snakes, and tears of crocodiles.
Now Loue is dead ;—oh ! no, He neuer dies ;
Three days He sleepes, and then againe doth rise,
(Like fair Aurora from the easterne bay),
And with his beames driues all our clouds away.
This pipe vnto our flocks, this sonnet get :
But, loa ! I see the sun ready to set.
Good night to all ; for the great night is come :
Flocks, to your foldes, and, shepherds, hye ye home.
To-morrow morning, when we all haue slept,
Pan's cornets blowes, and the great sheepshear's
kept.

LXII.

EDMOND GRAILE.

JACOB GOING DOWN INTO EGYPT.

OLD Iaacob, and his sons also,
Were pinch'd with penurie,
Wherefore hee charged them to goe
And food in Egypt buy.

They went with grieve, and bought in feare,
Not dreaming of their brother;
Nor did he countenance them beare
More kind then any other:

Till when they came to him againe,
Affection was so great,
He could no longer it containe
Within his breast for heate.

With weeping eye and joyfull tongue
Hee then did plainly tell
Hee was their brother Joseph, whom
To Egypt they did sell.

The joy of either was so much
That neither now could beare it;
Their sobbing passion was such
That Pharaoh's house did heare it;

Who, understanding what they were,
Commanded presently,
With charets, horse, and furniture,
For Iaacob they should hie.

So hee, with all his family,
Came thither out of hand,
And, welcomed most louingly,
Were plac'd in Goshen land.

In Goshen land did Iaacob see
The fulnesse of his dayes,
And in his sonne's prosperitie
His fill of earthly ioyes :

But solemnly before his death
Hee blest his sonnes each one ;
And Ioseph eke gaue vp the breath
Ere many yeeres were gone.

Now when these fathers both were dead,
And still their seed did grow,
There rose a Pharaoh in his stead,
That did not Ioseph know.

Hee, tyrant-like, with heavy hand
Of bondage prest them downe,
And gaue the midwiues strait command
The males to kill or drowne.

LXIII.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

AN HYMN OF TRUE HAPPINESS.

AMIDST the azure cleare
Of Jordan's sacred stremes,
Jordan, of Libanon the offspring deare,
When zephires flowres vnclose,
And sunne shines with new beames,
With graue and statelie grace a nymph arose.

Vpon her head shee ware
Of amaranthes a crowne ;
Her left hand palmes, her right a brandon¹ beare.
Vnvail'd skinne's whitenesse lay,
Gold haire in curles hang downe,
Eyes sparkled ioy, more bright than starre of day.

The flood a throne her rear'd
Of waues, most like that heauen
Where beaming starres in glorie turne enspear'd :
The air stood calme and cleare,
No sigh by windes was giuen ;
Birdes left to sing, heards feed, her voice to heare.

“ World-wand'ring sorrie wights,
Whom no thing can content,
Within these varying lists of dayes and nights
Whose life, ere known amisse,
In glittering griefes is spent,
Come learne,” said shee, “ what is your choicest
blisse ;

¹ Torch.

“ From toyle and pressing cares
How ye may respit finde,
A sanctuarie from soule-thralling snares,
A port to harbour sure,
In spite of waues and winde,
Which shall, when times’ hour-glass is runne,
endure.

“ Not happie is that life
Which yee as happie hold :
No ; but a sea of feares, a field of strife,
Charg’d on a throne to sit,
With diademes of gold,
Preseru’d by force, and still obseru’d by wit.

“ Huge treasures to enjoy,
Of all her gemmes spoyle Inde,
All Seres’ silke in garments to employ,
Deliciouslie to feed,
The phœnix’ plumes to finde
To rest vpon, or decke your purple bed ;

“ Fraile beautie to abuse,
And, wanton Sybarites,
On past or present touch of sense to muse ;
Neuer to hear of noise
But what the ear delites,
Sweet musick’s charmes, or charming flatterer’s
voice.

“ Nor can it blisse you bring,
Hidde nature’s depthes to know,
Why matter changeth, whence each forme doth
spring ;
Nor that your fame should range,
And after-worlds it blow
From Tanais to Nile, from Nile to Gange.

“ All these haue not the powre
To free the minde from feares,
Nor hiddeous horror can allay one howre,
When Death in stealth doth glance,
In sickness lurke or yeares,
And wakes the soule from out her mortall trance.

“ No ; but blest life is this :
With chaste and pure desire
To turne vnto the load-starre of all blisse,
On God the minde to rest,
Burnt vp with sacred fire,
Possessing him, to bee by him possest ;

“ When to the baulmie east
Sunne doth his light imparte,
Or when he diueth in the lowlie west
And rauisheth the day,
With spotlesse hand and hart,
Him cheerefullie to praise, and to Him pray ;

“ To heed each action so
As euer in his sight,
More fearing doing ill than passiuе woe ;
Not to seeme other thing
Than what yee are aright ;
Neuer to doe what may repentance bring :

“ Not to bee blowne with pride,
Nor mou'd at glorie's breath,
Which, shadow-like, on wings of time doth
glide ;
So malice to disarme,
And conquer hastie wrath,
As to doe good to those that worke your harme :
“ To hatch no base desires,
Or gold or land to gaine,
Well pleased with what by vertue one acquires ;

To haue the wit and will
Consorting in one straine,
Than what is good to haue no higher skill :

“ Neuer on neighbour’s well
With cockatrice’s eye
To look, nor make another’s heauen your hell ;
Nor to be beautie’s thrall ;
All fruitlesse loue to flie,
Yet louing still a loue transcending all,—

“ A loue, which, while it burnes
The soule with fairest beames,
To that vncreatde Sunne the soule it turnes,
And makes such beautie proue
That, if sense saw her gleames,
All lookers-on would pine and die for loue.

“ Who such a life doth liue
Yee happie euen may call,
Ere ruthlesse Death a whished end him giue ;
And after then, when giuen,
More happie by his fall,
For humane’s earth enioying angels’ heauen.

“ Swift is your mortall race,
And glassie is the field ;
Vaste are desires not limited by grace :
Life a weak tapper is ;
Then while it light doth yeeld,
Leauie flying ioyes, embrace this lasting blisse.”

This when the nymph had said,
She diu’d within the flood,
Whose face with smyling curles long after staid ;
Then sighes did zephyres presse,
Birdes sang from euerie wood,
And ecchoes rang—“ This was true happinesse.”

HUMAN FRAILTY.

A GOOD that neuer satisfies the minde,
A beautie fading like the Aprile flowres,
A sweete with floods of gall that runnes combin'd,
A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,
A honour that more fickle is than winde,
A glorie at opinion's frowne that lowres,
A treasurie which banckrupt time deouores,
A knowledge than graue ignorance more blinde,
A vaine delight our equalles to command,
A style of greatnessse in effect a dreame,
A swelling thought of holding sea and land,
A seruile lot deckt with a pompous name,—
Are the strange endes we toyle for heere below,
Till wisest death make vs our errores know.

FOR THE PRODIGAL.

I COUNTRIES changed, new pleasures out to finde,
But, ah ! for pleasure I did find new paine :
Enchanting pleasure so did reason blinde,
That father's loue and words I scorn'd as vaine,
For tables rich, for bed, for following traine
Of careful seruants to observe my minde :
These heards I keep my fellowes are assign'd,
Rocke is my bed, and herbes my life sustaine.
Now while I famine feele, feare worser harmes.
Father and Lord, I turne ; thy loue, yet great,
My faults will pardon, pittie mine estate.

This, when an aged oake had spred its armes,
Thought the lost childe, while as the heardes he led,
Not far off on the ackornes wilde then fed.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF FAITHFUL SOULS BY DEATH.

LET vs each day inure ourselues to dye ;
If this, and not our feares, be trulie death,
Aboue the circles both of hope and faith,
With faire, immortall pinniones to flie :
If this be death, our best part to vntye,
By running the iaile from lust and wrath,
And everie drowsie languor heere beneath,
Is turning deniz'd citizen of skie,
To haue more knowledge than all books containe,
All pleasures euen surmounting wishing pow're,
The fellowship of God's immortall traine,
And these that time nor force shall e'er deuoure :
If this be death, what ioy, what golden care
Of life can with deathe's ougliness compare ?

PROVIDENCE.

OF this fair volumne, which wee World doe name,
If we the sheetes and leaues could turne with care,
Of him who it corrects, and did it frame,
Wee cleare might read the art and wisedome rare ;
Finde out his power, which wildest pow'rs doth
tame,
His prouidence extending euery where,
His iustice, which proud rebels doth not spare,
In euery page, no period of the same :
But sillie wee, like foolish children, rest
Well pleased with coloured velumne, leaues of gold,
Faire dangling ribbones, leauing what is best,
Of the great writer's sense ne'er taking hold ;
Or if by chance we stay our mindes on ought,
It is some picture on the margine wrought.

LXIV.

JOHN BULLOKER.

THE ANOINTING OF OUR SAVIOUR.

WHILST at Bethania he,
Receiued in Simon's house, doth there remaine,
A woman, by him late from sinne set free,
Doth come, her louing Lord to entertaine,
Bringing a boxe of alabaster faire,
Fill'd with an ointment, costly, sweet, and rare.

O Love ! sole life of peace, and death of strife,
Strong knot to tye, sweet vnion of consent ;
Thought's purity, faire mappe of angels' life,
Heauen's new-made liuery, nurce of all content ;
How true it is the world of thee doth say,
That whoso loues can brooke of no delay !

This curious boxe she breaks, and quickly powres
This precious liquor on her Saviour's head,
Whose sweet-distilling drops full mainly showres
Adowne his neck, and on his garments shed,
Refining all the ayre neere which they fell
With fragrant odour of their pleasing smell.

But eniuious malice soon occasion finds
This woman's godly meaning to reprove ;
Some standers-by do murmur in their minds,
As discontent to see such zealous loue :
His owne disciples, too, that sate at bord,
Do grudge such cost bestow'd vpon their Lord.

Why need this needless waste be made, say they,
Of what was worth three hundred pence at least ?

It better had bin sold, and giuen away
To poore for almes against this holy feast :
'Tis pitie such sweet oyle, so dearley bought,
With idle vaine expence should come to nought.

Thus they : but Christ, that sought to sauе his foes,
Forgets not now to helpe a friend at need ;
He soon perceiues the grudging thoughts of those
That were mislikers of this woman's deed,
And mildly doth rebuke them for their sinne,
With praise of her that did the worke begin.

O why should you, whom I have chose for mine,
Against your louing Lord offended be ?
Why should your murmuring hearts with spite
repine

At her whose faith wrought this good worke on
me ?

Take heed, this lesson was first learnt at hell,
To grudge at grace, and enuie doing well.

The poore may be relieved when you will,—
No want of them the earth doth euer find ;
But me you shall not haue amongst you still :
The work's now done that heauen had erst assign'd ;
And she that knew I shortly hence must go,
Against my buriall did this cost bestow.

Of truth, therefore, I say, in each place where
The world's redemption shall be preacht or taught,
This woman's zeale shall be related there,
In memory of what she now hath wrought :

Great loue shall surely reape a great reward ;
Heauen do's the hart, not outward shews, regard.

LXV.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

A FUNERAL ELOGIE ON THE DEATH OF
THE LADY PENELOPE CLIFTON.

SINCE thou art dead (Clifton), the world may see
A certain end of flesh and bloud in thee ;
Till then a way was left for man to cry,
Flesh may be made so pure it cannot dye :
But now, thy unexpected death doth strike
With grieve the better and the worse alike ;
The good are sad they are not with you there,
The bad have found they must not tarry here.
Death, I confesse, 'tis just in thee to try
Thy power on us, for thou thyself must dye.
Thou pay'st but wages, Death, yet I would know
What strange delight thou tak'st to pay them so ;
When thou com'st face to face, thou strik'st us mute,
And all our liberty is to dispute
With thee behinde thy back, which I will use.
If thou had'st brav'ry in thee, thou wouldest chuse
(Since thou art absolute, and canst controule
All things beneath a reasonable soule,) Some look-for way of killing : if her day
Had ended in a fire, a sword, or sea,
Or hadst thou come hid in a hundred yeares
To make an end of all her hopes and feares,
Or any other way direct to thee
Which Nature might esteeme an enemy,
Who would have chid thee ? Now it shews thy hand
Desires to cosin where it might command :
Thou art not prone to kill, but where th' intent
Of those that suffer is their nourishment ;

If thou canst steal into a dish and creep,
When all is still as though into a sleep,
And cover thy dry body with a draught
Whereby some innocent lady may be caught,
And cheated of her life, then thou wilt come
And stretch thyself upon her early tombe,
And laugh, as pleas'd to shew thou canst devoure
Mortality as well by wit as power.

I would thou hadst had eyes, or not a dart,
That yet, at least, the cloathing of that heart
Thou strook'st so spightfully might have appear'd
To thee, and with reverence have been fear'd :
But since thou art so blind, receive from me
Who 'twas as on whom thou wrought'st this tra-
gedy.

She was a lady who for publique fame
Never (since she in thy protection came,
Who sett'st all living tongues at large,) receiv'd
A blemish : with her beauty she deceiv'd
No man when taken with it ; they agree
'Twas Nature's fault, when from 'em 'twas in thee
As ever any did ; yet hath thy hate
Made her as little better in her state
As ever it did any being here,
Shee liv'd with us as if she had been there.
Such ladies thou canst kill no more ; but so
I give thee warning here to kill no moe :
For if thou dost, my pen shall make the rest
Of those that live, especially the best,
Whom thou most thirstest for, t' abandon all
Those fruitlesse things, which thou wouldest have
us call

Preservatives, keeping their diet so,
As the long-living poore, their neighbours, do :
Then shall we have them long, and they at last
Shall passe from thee to hear, but not so fast.

LXVI.

WILLIAM WARNER.

HOW OUR RELIGION IS AUTHENTICALL.

*Of the chiefe Points wherein we dissent from the
Papists.*

CHAP. LII. OF THE NINTH BOOKE.

UPON the onely Scriptures doth
Our Church foundation lay,
Let pattriarches, prophets, gospell, and
Th' apostles for us say ;
For soule and body we affirme,
And all-sufficient thay ;
Yet ye adde canons, part corrupt,
Some books ye quite denay.
We by the Hebrew, and the Greeke
(Their primer *penores*) expound
Each Scripture, by the eldest clarks,
Whom doubtful textes be found,
Not by the Latin onely, as
Ye would that all weare bound :
So far forth yeat the Fathers and
The councels we approve,
As doe their expositions tende
To sincere faith and love.
Els fully Scriptures, in themselves,
Explain themselves, say we,
If searched with the humble spirit
By which they written be :
Through which is ofte from litrall speech
A spirituall sence set free,

Upon which sence the Catholic Church
Did, doth, and must agree.
Nor doth our Church admit, at least
Allow of those in her
That teach not faith sincerely, winne
To heaven, from hell deter.
That with new glozes tante the text,
Or such as be unreade
In that sweete promise of the seed
Should brooze the serpent's head—
The Alpha and Omega of
All Scriptures, and whereby
Of grace, through faith in Christ, our soles
Revive, and sinne doth die :
Our Church affects, how so effects,
Such pure theologies
And guides, and to our naturall prince
Grants sole supremacie.
God's cov'nant with the patriarchs,
And extending to the seede,
Us Gentiles to coequall, is
A primate in our creede ;
And Christ we know the end of it ;
In circumcision's place
Is baptisme ; and intirely we
The tables two imbrace,
Which God himselfe in Syria wrote,
And gave to Moses then,
To publish to the people, two
Commandements in ten :
Scriptures' idæa, crouched in
Our love to God and men.
Th' Apostles', Athanasian, Nice,
And Bizain Creeds we hold
Authentic, by the Holy Spirit
In sacred Writ enrold.

One Godhead of Three Persons,
In coequall Maiestie,
Doe we beleeve ; of whom the Sonne
Did for beleevers die,
The onely ransome that redeemes
From Sathan's tyrannie ;
Even Christ, the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Not crooked, glozed, fraile,
But right for rule, in promise firme,
Guerdon near to faile ;
Who to reprove the bad, approove
The good, and to assure
The wav'ring, and against the divell
Our safetie to procure,
Did giltless die, that we, lost soules,
Might live, naught els did make,
That he, his Deitie adorn'd,
Did humaine nature take.
Nor, glorifide, disclaimes he us,
Unlesse we him forsake.
And what is fruitles faith, but such
Apostasie ? and what
Ensues apostasie, but to
Be doomed dam'd for that ?
No doctrine or traditions we
Hold currant, save the same
The Gospell, or the Apostles' Acts,
Or pennes include or name.
Baptisme, incorporating us
In Christ, and us in one,
Christ's mysticall last Supper, whearein
Signe his death is knowne,
Be sacraments, except which twaine
Doe we accept of none.
By only Christ our advocate
We to the Father pray,

Nor think we saints deceased can
Our sutes to him convay ;
Howbeit, still most reuerently
Of saints we thinke and say.
Vnnecessarie burthens on
Our Christian freedome laide,
Contrarie thest, that beleefe and
Vertuous life perswaide ;
Yea, only faith doth iustice,
Say we, of God's free grace
By Christ : nor faith is idle, but
Doth charitie imbrace.
Who may, but will not helpe, doth hurt,
We know ; and curious thay
That, dribbling almes by art, disband
Wel-meant from wel-don's pay :
And he that questions one's distresse,
And doth not helpe indeavour,
Than he that sees, and nothing sayes
Or eares, is less deceivour.
Then hope we health when sinne is felt
Repentantly in heart ;
Adde then new life, and we to God,
God doth to us conuart.
Thus Peter vsed his keyes, nor thus
Play popes S. Peter's part.
For cleargie-men and laye our Church
Hath godly discipline,
Lawes worthie better than sometimes
Are those the lawes define.
Our princes in their policies
And lawes do we obey ;
Though God his cause they seeke to crosse,
Yeat we for them do pray
In patience, not peruerse attempts ;
For better times we stay.

Not as denide, but as devout,
We doe and should abstaine
From meates euen meet, the prouder flesh
From sinne's excess to waine ;
Which should we skant, and yet bee dronke
With lust, or like, were vaine.
Sauē also publique pollicie doth
Publique sparing craue,
In feast or differences of meates,
No other keepe we have.
Almes-deeds are workes of charitie
We practively professe,
And follow saints as they did Christ,
And leave wheare they transgresse.
Such and so much, as said, are we ;
Forgive vs, God, if lesse.
For godly though religion, prince
And pollicie they are,
Yet things, that of themselves be good,
Abuse brings out of square ;
And sundrie faultes in sundrie folks
We sometimes must forbeare ;
Howbeit with best-gouerned states
Our state may now compare.

LXVII.

LORD BACON.

PSALM XC.

O **LORD** ! thou art our home, to whom we fly,
And so hast alwaies beene from age to age :
Before the hills did intercept the eye,
Or that the frame was vp of earthly stage,
One God thou wert, and art, and still shall bee ;
The line of time it doth not measure thee.

Both death and life obey thy holy love,
And visit in their turnes as they are sent :
A thousand yeares with thee they are no more
Then yesterday, which, ere it is, is spent ;
Or as a watch by night, that course doth keepe,
And goes and comes vnwares to them that sleep.

Thou carriest man away as with a tide ;
Then downe swim all his thoughts that mounted
high,

Much like a mocking dreame that will not bide,
But flies before the sight of waking eye,
Or as the grasse that cannot term obtaine
To see the summer come about againe :

At morning faire, it musters on the ground ;
At euen, it is cut downe and laid along ;
And though it spared were, and fauour found,
The weather should performe the mower's wrong :
Thus hast thou hang'd our life on brittle pins,
To let vs know it will not beare our sins.

Thou buriest not within obliuion's tombe
Our trespasses, but entrest them aright ;

Ev'n those that are conceiu'd in darknesse' wombe
To thee appeare as done by broad daylight :
As a tale told, which sometimes men attend,
And sometimes not, our life steales to an end.

The life of man is threescore yeares and ten,
Or, if that he be strong, perhaps fourescore ;
Yet all things are but labour to him then,
New sorrowes still come on, pleasures no more.
Why should there be such turmoile and such strife
To spin in length this feeble line of life ?

But who considers duely of thine ire ?
Or doth the thoughts thereof wisely embrace ?
For thou, O God, art a consuming fire :
Fraile man, how can he stand before thy face ?
If thy displeasure thou dost not refraine,
A moment brings all back to dust againe.

Teach vs, O Lord, to number well our daies,
Thereby our hearts to wisdome to apply ;
For that which guides man best in all his waies
Is meditation of mortality :
This bubble light, this vapour of our breath,
Teach vs to consecrate to howre of death.

Return vnto vs, Lord, and ballance now
With daies of ioy our daies of misery ;
Help vs right soone,—our knees to thee we bow,
Depending wholly on thy clemency :
Then shall thy seruants both with heart and voice
All the daies of their life in thee reioice.

Begin thy worke, O Lord, in this our age,—
Show it vnto thy seruants that now liue ;
But to our children raise it many a stage,
That all the world to thee may glory giue :
Our handy worke likewise, as fruitfull tree,
Let it, O Lord, blessed, not blasted, be.

LXVIII.

JOHN TAYLOR.

— LINES,

*From "The Severall Seiges, Assaults, Sackings, and Finall
Destruction of the Famous, Ancient, and memoriable
City of Jerusalem."*

THE Justice, Mercy, and the Might, I sing,
Of heav'ns iust, merciful, Almighty King ;
By whose fore-knowledge all things were elected,
Whose power hath all things made & al protected,
Whose mercies'flood hath quencht his iustice flame,
Who was, is, shall be one, and still the same ;
Who in the prime, when all things first began,
Made all for man, and for himselfe made man,
Made, not begotten, or of humane birth,
No sire but God, no mother but the earth ;
Who ne'r knew childhood, or the sucking teate,
But at the first was made man compleat ;
Whose inward soule in God-like forme did shine,
As image of the Maiestie Divine ;
Whose supernaturall wisdome (beyond nature)
Did name each sensible and senceless creature,
And from whose star-like, sand-like generation
Sprung every kindred, kingdome, tribe, and nation.
All people then one language spake alone,
Interpreters the world then needed none ;
There lived then no learned deepe grammarians,
There were no Turkes, no Scythians, no Tartarians ;
Then all was one, and one was only all
The language of the universall ball.
Then if a traveller had gone as farre
As from the Artick to th' Antartick starre,

If he from Boreas unto Auster went,
Or from the Orient to th' Occident,
Which way soever he did turne or winde,
He had been sure his country-man to find.
One hundred thirty winters since the flood
The earth one onely language understood ;
Vntill the sonne of Cush, the sonne of Cham,
A proud, cloud-scaling towre began to frame,
Trusting that if the world again were drown'd,
He in his lofty building might rest sound ;
All future floods he purpos'd to prevent,
Aspiring to heav'n's glorious battlement.
But high Jehovah with a puff was able
To make ambitious Babel but a bable,
(For what is man, that he should dare resist
The great Almighty's pow'r, who in his fist
Doth gripe eternity, and, when he please,
Can make and unmake heav'n and earth & seas ?)
For in their expectation of conclusion
He plag'd them all with sundry tongues' confusion.
Such gibrish, gibble-gabble, all did fangle,
Some laugh, some fret, all prate, all different
wrangle ;
One calls in Hebrew to his working mate,
And he in Welch, *Glough whee comrage* doth
prate ;
Another gapes in English or in Scotch,
And they are answered in the French or Dutch,
Caldiac, Syriacke, and Arabian,
Greeke, Latine, Tuscan, and Armenian,
The Transilvanian, and Hungarian,
The Persian, and the rude Barbarian :
All these, and divers more than I can number,
Misunderstanding tongues did there incumber.

LXIX.

HENRY ANDERSON.

BIDDING THE WORLD FAREWELL.

DELUDING world, which hath so long amus'd,
And with false shapes my dreaming soule
abus'd :

Tyrannick court, where simple mortals buy
With life and fortune splendid slavery ;
Henceforth adieu ; my goodly stock of years
Laid out for that, I now lament with teares.
Monarchs, who with amazing splendour glare,
And favourites, who their reflections are,
Both shine, 'tis true, but 'tis like glass they do,
Brittle as that, and made of ashes too.
The houre is set wherein they must disown
The royal pomp, the treasure, and the throne ;
The dazzling lustre of majestic state
Shall be extinguished by the hand of fate :
Highness must stoop into the hollow grave,
And keep sad court in a cold dampish grave.
Beauty and jovial youth decayes apace ;
Age still and sickness oft doth both deface :
The favourite whom all adore and fear,
Whose strength doth so unshakeable appear,
Is but a towre built on flitting sands,
No longer than the tempest sleepeth, stands :
Nor can the calm of fortune long insure,
Or monarch's favour crazy man secure.
We moulder of ourselves, and soone or late
We must resign beloved life to fate.

From stately palaces we must remoue,
 The narrow lodging of a grave to proue :
 Leave the faire train and the light-gilded
 room,
 To lye alone, benighted in the tomb.
 God only is immortal : man not so :
 Life to be paid upon demand, we owe.
 The rigid lawe of fate with none dispence,
 From the least beggar to the greatest prince ;
 The crooked scythe that no distinction knows,
 Monarchs and slaves indifferently mows.
 One day we'd pity those we now admire,
 When after all the glory they acquire,
 When after all the conquests they have made,
 Fierce death their laurels in the dust hath
 laid.

THE LAW OF CHRIST CONTRASTED WITH THE LAW OF THE WORLD.

—i' th' world a hundred laws there be,
 Voide of all sense, but full of tyranny :
 Where foppish form our liberty restrains,
 And cripples us with false fantastick chains.
 You must pretend to love whom you detest,
 Fawn on the great one when by him opprest ;
 With sneering praise guild o'er his blackest
 crimes,
 And all those humours which debauch the times :
 Mask your displeasure with a smiling face,
 And swear you're highly pleas'd with his dis-
 grace :
 Triumph in show when you are overthrown,
 And all your discontents and griefs disown :

Cutting off quite, with base uneasy art,
The honest commerce of the mouth and heart.
O shameful slavery of poor mankind,
Unworthy of a man, or Christian mind ;
Instead of Christ, whom we should always owne,
False tyranny and passion we enthrone :
Cringing to those that from all virtue run,
To serve a thousand masters in their turn.
The crowded way of vice could never shew
Such pleasure, which true virtue doth bestow.
From innocence a native joy accrues,
But wracking sorrow always guilt pursues.
The ill man's never quiet, nor content ;
The good is full of cheer, though penitent :
His inward calm upon his brow appears,
And halcyon like, no blustering storm he fears.
Him all the turns of Fate's prepared to finde,
Meets frowns and favours with an equal minde.
If sickness warns him of approaching death,
Or fortune robs him of his worldly wealth,
It cannot his unshaken courage move :
Who above earth hath plac'd in heaven his
love,
His health, his riches, and his sole delight,
Is sure to serve his God with all his might ;
And that great Master faithfully to trace
Whose death was triumph, pleasure a disgrace.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF SERVING GOD.

Of monarchs he to Him is great alone
 Who to himself becomes a little one.
 The only greatness which poore man can have
 Is to be here his Great Redeemer's slave.
 That king that doth not heav'n's just King obey,
 A traitor is himself to majesty.
 The simple shepherd who with chaste desires
 And cheerful innocence to heav'n aspires ;
 The honest, painful labourer, who sweats
 From morn to night, to get the bread he eats ;
 If he serves heaven, is indeed more great
 Than kings, with all their pride and purple state.
 Thrice brave those monarchs who had dar'd to fly
 From all the alluring charms of majesty.

* * * * *

Thrice blest are those who fled from being great,
 From courts, to suffer cottage's retreat :
 Heaven kindly doth their humble thoughts defeat,
 For greatness while they strive to shun, they meet.
 They are made great, and far more glorious kings
 By being just, than by all earthly things.
 Ah ! how we win in losing for our God,
 While heav'n is gained for a poore sorry clod
 Of earth : when for a short grief here endur'd
 We are of everlasting joyes assur'd.
 Since for our pleasure we refuse our sense,
 We shall have millions for our recompence.
 Poore abus'd men, unlucky flocke that stray
 Without the shepherd, void of the right way ;
 Unthinking souls that perish with delight,
 Which all the threats of heav'n cannot affright.

For sure those pains which doth on sin attend,
Pain which begins, but never must have end ;
The immaterial fire that burneth still,
But to their great misfortune cannot kill ;
The devil's dungeons, and all sorts of paine,
Which human fortitude cannot sustaine,
Might, one would think, men's brutish courage
shake,
And in our soules a noble fear awake.

LXX.

JOHN NORDEN.

CUSTOME.

FOR *custome* is not simply dangerous,
Best actions may by custome waxe farre worse ;
Yet *custome* is not simply dangerous,
Though in the worser part suspitious.
Of slender sparke ariseth mighty flame,
But not vnless fit matter feed the same ;
So where as Custome sets its foote to rise
In ill, subdue her, lest she tyrannize.
While she is young she may be managed,
But growing olde she will be strong in head ;
But ever weakest is she found to bee,
When she should worke the mindes of men to mee.
And when she frames her will to aide my foe,
She's prest; the hag needs not constraine her goe;
Yet not of her selfe-inclination,
But as men's minds haue preparation.
For though she seeme a princesse by her law,
She is not absolute, but under awe ;
She doth command the mindes she can surprise,
(The seeming so), but not the truly wise :
By nature men are proanest to doe ill,
Without an outward prompter of the will ;
And where she finds the will prepared so,
She feeds affection as fond fansies goe ;
She offers still occasion of her aide,
Stil building more upon the plot she laide.
Thus custome alters, or begins anew,
A nature which at first her self withdrew ;

Both good and ill she can transforme and make,
As is the heart apt good or ill to take.

She's agent both for that foule hag and me,—
Regards not much whose instrument she bee ;
But that my foe hath her attendance most,
She brings me only those that hag hath lost,—
Decrepite, feeble, aged, impotent,
The wrong'd, oppressed, lowly, indigent,
They that, by her despite and pleasing charmes,
Have found her whichcraft, and doe feel their
harmes,

Not yet by nature, but b' instinct of grace,
That only light bewraies her vgly face.

Flie her, her pleasures and false instruments,
And set thy heart right on my rudiments :
I am delite, my wayes and workes delite,
My pleasures please not carnall appetite.
Heroicke acts, that make men honorable,
Are only sweet and most inestimable ;
The rest are false, found mere scurrilitie,
By which some loose both fame and dignitie ;
But such as have me patronesse and guide
Shall never fall, howso they seeme to slide :
They shall withstand, and get the victorie
Ouer that hagge and hellish companie ;
Whose conquest farre exceeds the manli'st hand
That swaies a sword, none stronger can withstand.

LXXI.

THOMAS TVKE.

TO THE MEN OF ROME, AS WELL
LAIQUES AS CLERIQUES.

PRIEST make their Maker Christ, yee must not doubt;

They eat, drink, box him vp, and beare about:
Substance of things they turne; nor is this all,
For both the signes must hold him severall:

Hee's whole¹ ith' bread, whole ith' cuppe;
Theye eat him whole, whole they suppe;
Whole ith' cake, and whole ith' cuppe.

This with you all doeth goe for veritie;

To hold contrary is meer heresie:

This is pure catholique, pure divine.

And thus feast ye; he with his Christ, thou with thine:

Without bread and wine, indeed,
For this is your Roman creed;
Whom ye make, on him ye feed.

The bread and wine themselves away are gone,
Shewes of them tarry still, but substance none:

They make their God, and they eat him vp;

They swallow down his flesh, and blood vp sup.

They'll taste no flesh on frydayes (that's not good);
But of their new-mad God, and of his blood.

And as the whale did Jonas, so they eat
Him up alive, body and soule, as meat.

¹ Vnder the shewes, as they talke, of bread and wine.

As men eat oysters, so on him they feed,
 Whole and alive, and raw, and yet not bleed.
 This cookerie, voyd of humanitie,
 Is held in Rome for sound divinitie.

And is not this strange to heare,
 That God, whom ye say ye feare,
 Ye should eat as bely-cheare ?

The graver, painter, baker, even these three,
 Your priest have reason for to magnifie :
 Perhaps the baker thinks he merits more,
 Yet both advance their honor and their store ;
 For they, with their gentlefeat,
 Help them to money and to meat,
 Making gods to begge and eat.

And now, me thinks, I heare old Laban say¹,
 " See, they have stoln and born my gods away."
 Me thinks, I heare and see that mountineer,
 Micha of Ephraim², who did idols feare,
 Chiding with the Danits, for that they had
 Took's priest and gods away, which made him mad.
 Mee thinks I see the Philistins bereft
 Of their vaine gods, which they to David left³,
 And how that noble worthy made them bee
 Destroyed of his souljers presentlie⁴.
 Both men and beasts (a thing to be deplored)
 May bear away the things you adored :
 The things you worship with your heart and minde,
 Men like yourselves can burne, can melt, can grinde.
 Baruch's base things⁵ (a shame it is to thinck)
 Can marre the things ye worship, and make stinck.
 And is not this great folly,
 More than childish vanity,
 To dote on things so silly ?

¹ Gen. xxxii. ² Judg. xviii. 2. 24.
⁴ 1 Chron. xiv. 12.

³ 2 Sam. v. 21.
⁵ Bar. vi. 12, 22.

The foolish heathens were not all so mad,
For they devoured not the gods they had :
The wiser knew their vanities were wood,
Or such like stiffe ; not gods, nor flesh and blood⁶.
But yee, as if bewitcht, do count and call
That poore thing God, Maker and Lord of all,
Which is plaine bread, in substance very bread,
Made of wheat-flower, ground with man's hand,
and knead.

⁶ Vid. Basil. school. in Psal. cxiii. Lactan. lib. ii. cap. 2.
Aug. in Psal. cxiii. Conc. ii.

LXXII.

ELIZABETH MELVILL.

LADIE CULROS' DREAM.

UPON a day as I did morne full sore
For sundrie things wherewith my soull was grieved,
My grieff increased, and grew more and more,
I comfort fled, and could not be relieved ;
With heaviness myne heart was sore mischieved,
I loath'd my lyfe, I could not eat or drink ;
I might not speak, nor look to none that lived,
But mused alone, and divers things did think.

This wretched world did so molest my mynd,
I thought upon this fals and yron age,
And how our hearts were so to vyce inclyn'd,
That Satan seem'd most frightfully to rage.
Nothing on earth my sorrow could asswadge,
I felt my sinne most stronglie to increase ;
I greiv'd the Sprite had want to be my pledge,
My soull was plunged in most deep distress.

All merriness did aggravate my payn,
All earthlie joyes did still increase my wo ;
In companie I could no way remayn,
But fled resort, and still alone did go.
My sillie soull was tossed to and fro
With sundrie thoughts, which troubled me full sore ;
I preass'd to pray, but sighs ore set me so,
I could do nougnt but groan, and say no more.
The trickling tears most abundantlye ran down,
Myne heart was eas'd when I had mourn'd my fill :

Then I began my lamentation,
And said, "O Lord! how long is it thy will
That my poor sayncts shall be afflicted still?
Alace! how long shall subtle Satan rage?
Make haste, O Lord, thy promise to fulfill;
Make haste to end my paynfull pilgrimage."

LXXIII.

S. A. GORGES.

TO THE KINGE'S MAIESTIE.

WHEN Tyme our styled yeare did end,
And chaunge beganne your raigne,
Then Time reft vs a soueraigne blisse,
Which chaunge repay'de with gaine.
Time now, by shortninge his owne time,
Hath chaung'd the aged yeare :
Yet in my long-borne zeale Time's chaunge
Can make no chaunge appeare.
But many a blessed chaunge of times
Heauens graunt your time may see ;
That Time chaunge not your royll race,
Till Time no more shalbe.

Most humble and loyall,

S. A. GORGES.

Of many now that sounde, with hope's consort,
Your wisdome, bountie, and peace-bless'd raygne,
My skill is least, but of the most import,
Because not school'd by favours, gyfts, or gaine;

And that which more approves my truthfull layes,
To sweete my tunes I straine not flattrye's
strynge ;
But holde that temper in your royll prayse
That longe I did before you were my kinge ;
As one that vertue for it selfe regards,
And loues his kinge more than his king's rewards.

LXXIV.

ROGER TISDALE.

THE LAWYER'S PHILOSOPHY.

AWAKE, my Muse, and from this slumb'ring trance
Lightly arise, and on thy wings advance
Thy nimble-soaring spirit to the sunne,
Above the clouds that yet doe overrunne
Thy bright-ey'd beauty ! Rowse away this dream,
That eddies in thy braine, like to a stream,
Whose giddy windings with plebeian stormes
Turne and returne, begetting sundry formes.
What though my sighs like clouds do fill the aire,
Thinke it not night : nor let us so duspaire,
As fainting to lye down in sorrowes deepe,
And there take up our last, eternall sleepe.
No, no ; shake off the dewfalls of the night
That dampe thy plumes, and soare into the light
With cheerfull notes ; whilst I retir'd, sit still,
Sighing a sad *faburthen* from my quill
To thy more nimble warblings. Let not feare
Distract our hopes : there's One above will heare,

If all the world neglect us. And for rumours,
Breath'd from the vulgar, which are only tumours
And swelling water-bubbles, that together
Doe rise and fall, according to the weather,
Why should we feare them ? Let the inward man
Looke upward, then doe Envy when she can.
Set therefore now thy voice in tune to mine,
In descant manner ; and again to thine
I'le tune a ground ; and both together we,
Two parts in one, so sweetly will agree,
As, whilst the rabble and rude multitude
With their vncivill clamours doe intrude,
Breaking all *law* and *right*, true musick's lore,
We will in tune them out of tune deplore.

LXXV.

J. W.

EPITAPH ON ARCHBISHOP WHITGIFT.

PURE saints, by heaven refyn'd from earthlie
drosse,

You duelye can esteeme your new increase ;
But our soules' eyes are dymme to see the loss,
Great prelate, wee sustaine by thy decease.

We never could esteeme thee as we ought,
Although the best of men did the best esteeme ;
For hardly can you square a mortall thought,
That of so great worth worthilie can deeme.

This straight found cedar, new cut from the stemme,
As yet is scarcelie mist in Labanus :
This richer then the Wise King's richest gemme,
New lost, as yet is scarselie mist of us.

But yeares to come, and our deserved want,
Proudlie foretold their bookes of eternities :
But if my Muse were like mine argument,
Theis lynes would outlive both their memories.

For their best maister-pieces doe contayne
But pictures of false gods, and men's true faultes ;
Whereas in my verse ever should remayne
A true saint's praise, whose worth fills heaven's
great vaults.

Shyne bright in the Triumph Church, faire soule,
That in the Militant has shyn'd so longe :
Let rarest witts thy great deserts enrolle.
I can but sing thee in a mournfull songe,
And wish that with a sea of teares my verse
Could make an island of thy honour'd herse.

LXXVI.

JOSHUA SILVESTER.

LACHRIMÆ LACHRIMARVM,

*A Funeral Elegie upon the all-lamented Death of the
all-admired (late) Prince.*

HOWEVER short of other's art and witt,
I knowe my powers for such a part unfitt ;
And shall but light my candle in the sunne,
To doe a work shalbe so better donne :
Could teares and feares give my distractions leave
Of sobbing words a sable webbe to weave,—
Could sorrowe's fulnes give my voice a vent,
How would, how should my saddest verse lament
(In deepest sighs, instead of sweetest songs,)
This losse (alas !) which unto all belongs ;
To all the godly now, and future, farr,
To all the *world* (except s. P. Q. R.):

To all together, and to each a-part,
That liues, and loves religion, armes, or art :
To all abroad, but to us most of all,
That nearest stood to my high cedar's fall ;
But more than most to mee, that had no prop
But Henry's hand, and, but in him, no hope.

O deerest Henry, heav'n and earth's delight !
O clearest beame of vertue's rising bright !
O purist spark of pious princely zeale !
O surest ark of justice' sacred weale !
O grauest presage of a prudent kinde !
O bravest message of a valiant mynde !
O, all-admired, benign and bounteous !
O all-desired (right) Panaretus !
Panaretus (all-vertuous) was thy name,
Thy nature such ; such ever be thy fame.

LXXVII.

RICHARD ZOUCHE.

THE DOVE.

TAKE wing, my Muse, and, like that silent douse
Which o'er the world, new-bath'd, did hou'ring fly,
The low-coucht seas, and high-plac't land above,
Discerne with faithfull, though with fearfull eye,
That what both land and sea resounding ring
We may to this All-maker's prayses sing.

He who directs the sparowe's tender flight,
And sees him safely reach the heartlesse ground,
Guide thee in all thy passages aright,
And grant thy course be sure, thy resting sound,
From Mount of Oliues, as from hill of bayes,
Blest with the branch of peace, though not of
praise.

And you, whose care our floating houses yet saues
From sinking in the deluge of despayre,
Whils't with poore feather'd oares she passe the
waues
Of this all-vulgar-breath'd, storme-threatening
ayre,—
Deare Lord, vouchsafe with patient looke t' at-
tend
Her flight's both trembling rise and humble end.

THE WORLD.

To our small Isle of Man some will compare
The world, that greater continent's hugh frame ;
Nor much vnlike, eyther's perfections are—
Their matter and their mixture both the same :

Whence man's affection it so much allures,
Sith greatest likenesse greatest love procures.

But if their outward formes we looke vpon,
Wee shall their figures divers plainly see ;
For man's erected tall proportion
To his heav'n-hoping soule doth best agree :
Whereas the world, each way being framed
round,
The aptest forme for turning change hath found.

Like Nature's rarist workmanship, the eye,
The well-contrived instrument of seeing,
Which, by exact and apt rotunditie,
Performes his duty, and preserves his beeing ;
Of many curious circling spheres composed,
And orbs within the orbs without inclosed.

LXXVIII.

RAPHE CRANE.

THE WORKS OF MERCY, BOTH CORPORALL
AND SPIRITUALL.

MAN of polluted lips, dar'st thou aspire
So high a worke ? Call for celestiall fire ;
Invoke some holy hand to guide thy pen,
Some circumcized heart to teach thee : when
Thou but conceiv'st a verse, sett'st doun a line,
Sigh for thy state, weepe for those sinnes of thine,
Those actuall ones, that justice have cal'd downe,
And made th' Almighty, with an angrie frowne,
Fright blessednesse from thee, making thy life
A vale of miserie, a den of strife,
Scarce suff'ring thee, in almost sixtie yeeres,
See ought but dangers, mischiefes, debts, and feares,
Laying on thy soule such heavinessse, such woe,
As, but His mercy helpe thee, thou must goe
(And speedily) unto a grave, forlorne,
Wayling, and wishing thou hadst nev'r beene borne.

Alas ! but what am I, that he should daigne,
In his abundant grace, to raise againe,—
Me (groveling earth) that in confusion lies,
Not daring to his throne erect mine eyes !

O my dejected spirit, rouse thy selfe,
Be not with cares (as worldlings are with pelfe)
Wholly be-numm'd : thy God (benigne and good)
Knowes ev'n for thee thy Saviour shed his bloud :
Be thou but penitent, and he will smile,
Wash thee with teares, and he with sacred oyle

Will cheere thy lookes, and thou shalt cleerely see
The loving kindnesse he intends to thee.

The scales are falne already : I behold
Divine infusion, (happy man,) am told
That his blest Providence (never forsaking)
Did first excite thee to this undertaking ;
He bids thee write ; relie on him, and send
Thy prayers up, and he will fairely end
This thy designe, and thou shalt comforts finde,
Both to thy travail'd life and troubled minde.

Lead by this fiery-conduct (this darke night),
Loe, thus I wander, (hopefull Israelite.)

LXXIX.

THOMAS GOKINS.

HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

OUR Father, which doest sit on heauen's high
throne,

All praise and glory be to thee alone.

Our Father—where or how shall we begin ?

Thou high and pure, we deeply fraught with sin.

Can we the organs be to sound thy praise,

Which, chain'd to earthly clogs, can no way raise

Our thoughts on high beyond our earthly leuell ?

We cannot raise ourselues, but when we reuell

In anticke pleasures, or in fond delights,

Or when we feede our eyes with pleasing sights,

When we to thee do pray, we feare like blockes ;

When thou to vs dost speake, we stand like stockes.

We have no sence of thy great loue or powre,

Or that the zeale of thee should vs deuoure,

We neede not feare. Wee vnderstand thee not ;

No, nor our selues : we are the staine and blot

Of all thy workmanship ; for we recoile

When we should doe our charge, and alwayes soile

Our best performance with some muddy thought.

What shall we say, Lord ? we are worse than
nought.

From the first moouing spheare vnto earth's center

All creatures faile thee not ; but man dares venture

To stray and wander, like a blazing starre,

Foreshewing troubles, change, dearth, and warre.

Thou lookest down from heaven, thy statefull
throne,

And doing good thou didst behold not one.

We have our naturall corruption within,
Which since our fall is alwayes prone to sinne :
We have the world without vs, and the diuell
To draw and lead us to a world of euill.
We are not worth the silly widowe's mite ;
How canst thou then in our poore gifts delight ?
'Tis true, O Lord, the widowe's gift was small—
A lesser gift could not be giuen at all ;
Yet was the mite accepted well from her,
Which, being poore, did all she had conferre.
But we have nothing good ; no, not a motion ;
Nor one poore drop of grace but from thine ocean.
And all our store is but meere pouerty,
Except thine all-sufficient grace supply ;
But so supplied, thou takest recreation
In one good thought, or one eiaculation :
Our poore endeauors and desires of good
By thee as reall acts are vnderstood.
Our Father, then, we may thee iustly call,
Our Treasure, King, our Lord, our All in all.
Let Three in One be ioyn'd in adoration,
As Three in One were in the world's creation.

LXXX.

DOCTOR BROOKE.

O' TEARS.

WHO would have thought there could have bin
Such joy in tears wept for our sin ?
Mine eyes have seen, my heart hath proved,
The most and best of earthly joys,
The sweets of love and being loved,
Masks, feasts, and playes, and such like toyes ;
Yet this one tear which now doth fall
In true delight exceeds them all.

Indeed, mine eyes at first let in
Those guests that did these woes begin ;
Therefore mine eyes in tears and grief
Are justly drown'd : but that those tears
Should comfort bring, is past belief,—
Oh God, in this thy grace appears ;
Thou that mak'st light from darkness spring,
Mak'st joyes to weep, and sorrowes sing.

Oh where am I ? what may I think ?
Help, help ! alass, my heart doth sink :

Thus lost in seas of wo,
Thus laden with my sin,
Waves of despair dash in,
And threat my overthrow.

What heart opprest with such a weight
Can chuse but break, and perish streight ?

Yet as at sea in storms men choose
The ship to save, their goods to loose :

So in this fearful storm,
This danger to prevent,
Before all hope be spent,
I'le choose the lesser harm ;
My tears to seas I will convert,
And drown my eyes, to save my heart.

Oh God, my God ! what shall I give
To thee in thanks ? I am and live
In thee, and thou didst safe preserve
My health, my fame, my goods, my rent ;
Thou makest me eat while others sterve,
And sing while others do lament.
Such unto me thy blessings are,
As if I were thy only care.

But, oh my God ! thou art more kind,
When I look inward on my mind :
Thou fillest my heart with humble joy,
With patience, meekness, fervent love
(Which doth all other loves destroy),
With faith (which nothing can remove),
And hope assured of heaven's bliss ;—
This is my state,—thy grace is this.

LXXXI.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

STANZAS,

From "Troia Brittanica, or Great Britaine's Troy."

THIS vniverse, with all therein conteined,
Was not at first of water fashioned,
Nor of the fire, as others oft haue feyned,
Nor of the ayre, as some have vainly spred,
Nor the foure elements in order train'd,
Nor of vacuitie and atoms bred ;
Nor hath it been eternall, as is thought
By naturall men, that haue no further sought.

Neither hath man in perpetuity bin,
And shall on earth eternally perseuer
By endlesse generation, running in
One circuit, in corruption lasting euer :
Nor did that nation first on earth begin
Vnder the mid equator : some indeauour
So to perswade, that man was first begunne
In the place next to the life-giuing sunne.

Neither was he of earth and water framed,
Tempered with liuely heat, as others write ;
Nor were we in a former world first named,
As in their curious problems some recite.
Others, more ripe in iudgement, haue proclaimed
Man fram'd of clay, in fashion exquisite,
In whom were breathed sparkes of celestiall fire,
Whence he still keepes his nature, to aspire.

But this most glorious vniuerse was made
Of nothing,—by the great Creator's will :
The ocean bounded in, not to inuade
Or swallow vp the land ; so resteth still
The azure firmament, to ouershade
Both continent and waters, which fulfill
The Maker's word : one God doth sole extend,
Without beginning, and shall see no end.

That powerfull Trinity created man,
Adam, of earth, in the faire field Damaske ;
And of his rib he Euah formed than,
Supplying them with all things they can aske.
In these first two humanity began,
In whom confined Jehovah's six daies' taske.
From Adam, then, and Euah's first creation,
It follows we deriue our British nation.

Inspire me in this task, Ihoue's seede, I pray ;
With Hippocrenes' drops besprinke my head,
To comfort me vpon this tedious way,
And quicken my cold braine, nigh dull and dead ;
Direct my wandering spirits when they stray,
Least foreen and forbidden paths they tread :
My iourney's tedious, blame not then my feares ;
My voyage dymes at many thousand yeares.

Oh, giue me leaue from the world's first creation
The ancient names of Britons to deriue,
From Adam to the world's first invndation,
And so from Noah to us that yet suruiue ;
And hauing of Troye's worthies made relation,
Your spurs the chariot of my Muse must drive
Through all past ages and precedent times,
To fill this new world with my worthless rymes.

Oh, may these artlesse numbers in your eares,
Renowmed James, seem musically strung,—

Your fame, oh Ioue's-star'd Prince, spread euerywhere,

First giue my still and speechlesse Muse a tung ;
From your maiestike vertues, prised deare,
The infant life of these harsh meeters sprung.
Oh take not then their industrie in skorne,
Who, but to emblaze you, had yet been vnborne.

Nor let your princely peeres cold in disdaine
To haue their auncestry stilde and inrolde
In this poore register : a higher straine
Their merits aske, since brazen leaues vnfold
Their neuer-dying fame ; yet thus much daine,
Not to despise to heare your vertues told
In a plaine style, by one whose wish and heart
Supplies in zeale his want both of skill and art.

Times faithfully conferd the first inuention
Of most thinges now in vse : heare you shall finde,
Annex't with these, the vse and comprehension
Of poesie, once to the goddes desceind.
Suffer our bluntnesse then, since our intention
Is to good vse, sent from a zealous mind :
If stones, in lead set, keep their vertues, then
Your works the same, though blazde by a rude pen.

LXXXII.
PETER SMALL.

LINKS,

From "Man's May."

WHILST one may labour, and take paine to live,
To idlenesse his minde let him not give ;
Whilst one may have a thing, a thing that's offer'd
him,
Let him not leave the thing which time hath pro-
fer'd him :

Whether it be preferment, art, or glory,
Health, wealth, or pleasure, which are transitory.
The man that may, and will not, mend his state,
May not redresse it when it is too late.

Time is so swift that none can stay his course,—
Time is so strong that none can match his force :
Like to a thiefe, Tyme stealingly doth haste ;
No man can call time backe when Time is past :
Time still describ'd in poets thus we finde,
Bushy before, but very bald behinde.

Even as the bee sucks hony out of thyme,
So may a man sucke sweetnesse out of Time.
Thyme is a sweete flower, Time a sweeter word,
And more commodity doth farre afford :
But even as the spider poysone sucketh
From that same herbe from whence the poore bee
plucketh

The purest hony ; so the slothfull wight,
That doth in nought but idlenesse delight,
Sucks sowre from sweet, sucks gall instead of hony :
Time cannot be recall'd for love or money.

Time is as swift as thought,—the swift'st-wing'd
swallow

Cannot endure the flight of Time to follow:

Time is of the Ubiquitaries' race,—

Time's here, Time's there, Time is in every place;

Time is divided in a three-fold summe,

Time past, Time present, and the Time to come.

Of present Time I presently intreat,

For therein lyes the summe of my conceit;

For Time (once past) can never be recal'd,

And therefore is he feyned to be bald:

So Time to come, untill it present be,

Is neither May, nor opportunitie.

Prudence, Fore-care, and Diligence (they say,

With fit occasion,) are the flow'rs of May;

And these in winter doe as faire appeare

As in the summer-season of the yeere.

Carelesnesse, Sloth, Excuse, and Time's delay,

With Ignorance, are tearm'd the weedes of May;

And these are neither sweet, or faire appeare,

Neither in spring, nor yet in all the yeere.

May may be fitly tearm'd (in my opinion)

The mistris of the moneths, and Nature's minion,

May, Nature's beauty, beautifying Nature,

May, Nature's joy, delighting every creature.

All Nature's impes she trimmes with colours
gay,

And glories her rich beauty to display,

Decking the bosome of the earth with flowres,

Nose-gayes for ladies and their paramours.

In May the little buddes do sprout and spring,

In May the little birds do chirpe and sing;

In May the earth is clad in gaudy greene,

To entertaine and welcome sommer's queene.

The winde doth whistle musicke to the leaves;

They dance for joy: thus ev'ry thing receives

Pleasure by Maye's approach, and true content,
And doth rejoice with generall consent,
And strive (in emulation) who shall be
Most richly clad in Nature's livery ;
To entertaine the parragon of Time,
Each thing is in his chiefest pomp and prime.

LXXXIII.

SANDS PENUEN.

IXYON.

OH, if a man whose guilt speaks in his face,
Whose sins exclude from all good hope of grace,
May dare attempt, with blood-polluted hands,
To touch thy pedestell, whereon there stands,
Wrought by Divine art, such a world of glory,
As to all worlds shall be an ample story ;
Then let Ixyan (rich in nougnt but shame,
And all the adjuncts to a vast defame,)
With teares petitionarie thee desire
To purge his sins with thine immortall fire,
Clense what's corrupt, make pure what is most
fowle,
And of my speckled make a glorious soule :
The more my sin, the greater is my fame,
If thou do purge it with thy hallowed flame.
Will not yon christall-stellified gate
Ope, and with milde aspect adorne my fate ?
Heare me, dread Iove, or if thou wilt not heare,
Yet take some notice of these penitent teares.

Could my tongue speak as loud as doth my sinne,
With my shril praiers ere now th'adst rouzed bin ;
Yet still Ile pray, and with my dismall cries
Fan ope thy glories curtaine, the blew skies,
And, till my sinnes with mercie be commixt,
A kneeling living statue here be fixt.

At this th' appeased Heavens began to smile,
And this great Deitie, that had all this while,
With an attentive care, observed the prayers
Ixyon spent, his penitence and teares,
(Prompted by pittie,) doth resolve once more
To make Ixyon happier then before ;
And for his kingdome's losse hee meanes to give
A place of residence, where hee shall live.

LXXXIV.

J. F.

—
LINES,

From "Christ's Bloody Sweat."

THIS Man of men did in his troubled spirit
Into a stremme of soft compassion melt
His icye bloud, that frailty might inherit
The sun of comfort, by the grieves he felt:
Each drop of bloud he shed, he shed it then
To wash a severall sin from severall men.

Here saw he princes in the awfull throne
Of eminencie, how wantonly they strove
For thirst of glory, to protect alone
Religious name, not for religious love;
Graceing the gracelesse, in whom grace was lost,
Such parasites as knew to flatter most.

For those he sweated bloud, that they whom Heaven
Created gods on earth, should so prophane,
By courses indirect and lawes un-even,
Of will and sensuall lust, the law first drawne
By that eternall royalty, who stood
To watch their faults: for kings he sweated
bloud.

Here saw he such who under those were plac't
In seates of greatnesse and commaundes of state,
How fond in their madnesse they did wast
Their greatnesse in ambition and debate,
Ayming not to support, but scorne the good,
By unjust force: for such he sweated bloud.

Here saw he how in Moses' chayre there raign'd
Scribes cloath'd in wool of lambes, and speaking
well,

But wolves in nature, so coruptly stayn'd,
As if they were but messengers of hell;

Abusing unlearn'd soules and Levit's power,
More ready then to cherrish, to devoure.

Those whom the breath of God at first inspir'd
To shine as lampes, and speake the heavenly sound
With angels' tongues, were silent, if not hir'd;
More studying with the scriptures to compound

Their own traditions; and for those, indeed,
In heavy droppes the sweat of Christ did bleed.

Here saw he lawyers soberly engoun'd,
Wanting the robe of justice; not regarding
The poor man's right, nor where the case was
sound,

But giving judgment as he felt rewarding;
Whose tongue was bought against that side was
weake,

Most times as well to hold his peace as speake:
For them he sweated bloud. And here he saw
Intrusted jurisdiction over-sway'd
By partiall favour, above forme of law,
Cold conscience, by which conscience was be-
tray'd;

For those condemning, were condemn'd to much,
As they condemn'd: he sweated bloud for such.

Here saw he souldiers, toyling in the heat
Of cruelty, not measuring the right
Why they bore armes, but, to content the great
And their own lawlesse hate, prepar'd to fight,

For prey and spoyle adventuring to rent
Their lives and soules: for those his bloud hee
spent.

Heere saw he others that did keepe the sword
Of office and authority, in peace,
Compacted in a knot, not to accord
Or set at unity, strifes but increase ;
Wounding or sparing with a watchfull hand,
As some superiour person should commaund.

LXXXV.

WILLIAM LITHGOW.

—
LINES,

From "The Pilgrim's Farewell."

THIS worthlesse honour, that desert not reares,
Is but as fruitlesse showes, which bloome, then
perish :

Where merite buildes not, that foundation teares.
There's nought but trueth that can man's standing
cherish :

This great experience dayly now appeares,
What one upholdes, another he downe casts,
This gentle blood doth suffer many blasts.

I smyle to see some bragging gentle-men,
That clayme their discent from king Arthur great;
And they will drinke, and sweare, and roare : what
then ?

Would make their betters foote-stooles to their
feet,

And stryve to bee applaus'd with print and pen ;
And were hee but a farmer, if hee can
But keepe an hound,—O there's a gentle-man !

But, foolish thou, looke to the grave, and learne
How man lies there deform'd, consum'd in dust ;
And in that mappe thy judgement may discearne
How little thou in birth and blood shouldst trust.
Such sightes are good,—they doe thy soule con-
cerne.

Wer'st thou a kinglie sonne, and vertue want,
Thou art more brute than beastes which desarts
hant.

And more, vaine worlde, I see thy great transgression,

Each day new murther, blood-shed, craft, and thift,
Thy lovelesse law, and lawlesse proude oppression,

Thy stiffeneckt crew their heads ov'r saincts they lift,

And, misregarding God, fall in degression :

The widdow mournes, the proude the poore oppresse,

The rich contemne the silly fatherlesse :

And rich men gape, and, not content, seeke more,
By sea and land, for gaine, run manie miles ;
The noblest strive for state, ambition's glore,
To have preferment, landes, and greatest stiles,
Yet nev'r content of all, when they have store ;

And from the sheepheard to the king, I see,
There's no contentment for a worldlie eye.

O ! is hee poore, then faine he would bee rich ;
And rich, what tormentes his great griede doth feele :

And is hee gentle, hee strives moe hightes t' touch ;
If hee unthrives, hee hates another's weeble ;
His eyes pull home what his handes dare not fetch.
A quiet minde, who can attaine that hight,
But either slaine by griede or envie's spright ?

Man's naked borne, and naked hee returns,
Yet whiles hee lives God's providence mistrustes ;
Hee gapes for pelfe, and still in avarice burns ;
And, having all, hath nothing but his lustes,
Insatiate still, backe to his vomite turnes.

Vilde dust and earth, believ'st thou in a shadow,
Whose high-tun'd prime falles like a new-mowne medow ?

I grieve to see the world and worldling playing :
The wretch, pufte up, is swell'd with hellish grievede ;
The worlde deceives him with a swift assaying ;
And as hee stands, hee cannot take good heede,
But for small trash must yelde eternal paying :

And dead, another enjoyes what hee got,
And spendes up all, whiles hee in grave doeth
rot.

LXXXVI.

JOHN WEEVER.

STANZAS,

From "An Agnus Dei."

Now Pontius Pilate on the iudgment-seate,
His wife sends to him, fairely to entreate
That in no wise with Jesus he would mell,
For in a sleep strange things to her befell
Concerning him : he Jesus would haue quit,
But none would grant which on the bench did sit.
He puts al to the people's choice : they choose
Jesus for death, and Barrabas let loose.
Prevailing not, then Pontious Pilate stands
Before them all, took water, washt his hands,
Appealing both to heuens and to the earth
That he was guiltlesse of this iust man's death.
Then answered the destraughted multitude—
“Vpon us and our children bee his blood.”

LXXXVII.
CHARLES FITZGEFFREY.

THE BLESSED BIRTH-DAY,
CELEBRATED IN SOME SANCTIFIED MEDITATIONS ON
THE ANGELS' ANTHEM.

LUKE II. 14.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will
towards men.

WHY should not we with joy resound and sing
The blessed natals of our heavenly King ?
Why should not we with mirth salute the morn
Of his birth-day by whom we are new born ?
See how each creature in his kind rejoices,
And shall not we lift up melodious voices ?
Hark how the angels sing !—shall we be sad ?
The greatest good is ours—be we most glad.
Hark how the star-enamel'd heavens rebound
With echos of angelick anthems' sound !
It is for us that they those joyes expresse ;
And shall not we shew forth some thankfulness ?
Joyn we in consort these sweet quires among,
In sundry voices sing we all one song,
 Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
 And let good-will towards Christians never
 cease.

LXXXVIII.

WALTER QUIN.

YOUTH ADDRESSED BY VICE AND VIRTUE.

Vice.

BRAVE youth ! if to this woman, sterne and grim,
Thou care doe give, and wilt her footsteps tread,
In a most irksome way she will thee lead,
With great turmoile and dangers manifold,
In summer's parching heat and winter's cold,
Through many a thorny steepe and craggy ground,
Wherein no pleasing mates are to be found,
But savage beasts and monsters fell, to whom,
In end, a wofull prey thou shalt become.
But if thou wilt resolve to goe with mee,
In this my way, thou shalt be wholly free
From all such toile and danger : passing still
Through flowrie fields and medowes, where at will
Thou maist most pleasant company enjoy,
And all delightful sports without annoy.

Virtue.

To please thine eyes
I use no curious art, without disguise
True and unstain'd to be ; which to thy view
Her inward falsehood and my truth may shew,
As painfull, dreadfull, dangerous, my path—
Yea, and pernicious, she traduced hath ;—
Her's vaunting to be pleasant and secure,
And such as might all joy to thee procure.
In both she a most shamelesse liar is ;
For that my path, though painfull, leads to blisse

And glory : yea, the pains thereof are sweet,
For that with solid inward joyes they meet :
Whereas her way, though pleasant she it name,
Leads to destruction, infamy, and shame.

LXXXIX.

SAMUEL ROWLANDS.

A MORAL.

HE that performes not what he ought,
But doth the same neglect,
Let him be sure not to receive
The thinge he doth expect.

When once the tall and loftie tree
Vnto the ground doth fall,
Why euery peassont hath an axe
To hew his boughes withall.

He that for virtue merrits well,
And yet doth nothing clayme,
A double kind of recompence
Deserueth for the same.

Acquaint me but with whom thou goest,
And thy companions tell,
I will resolute thee what thou doest,
Whether ill done or well.

He knowes enough that knoweth nought,
If he can silence keepe :
The tongue oft makes the heart to sigh,
The eyes to waile and weepe.

He takes the best and choycest course
Of any man doth live,
That takes good counsell when his friend
Doth that rich iewell give.

XC.

ANONYMOUS.

AN EXCELLENT SONG,

WHEREIN YOU SHALL FINDE GREAT CONSOLATION FOR A
TROUBLED MINDE.

AYME not too hie in things above thy reach,
Be not too foolish in thyne own conceit ;
As thou hast wit and worldly wealth at will,
So give Him thankes that shall increase it still.

Beware of pride, the mother of mishap,
Whose sugred snares will seek thee to entrap ;
Be meeke in heart and lowly minded still,
So shalt thou God's commandments fulfill.

Cast all thy care upon the Lord, and he
In thy distresse will send to succour thee ;
Cease not therefore to serue him eu'ry day,
Who with His blood thy ransome once did pay.

Driue from thy heart ill thoughts that may offend,
Desire of God his Holy Spirit to send,
Which will direct thy life into such a sort
As thou thereby shall find ioy and comfort.

Feare to offend his heavenly Maiestie ;
Faith doth confirm true loue and loyaltie,
Without which faith, as holy Scriptures say,
No man to heaven can find the perfect way.

Great is the Lord, and mercifull, doubtlesse,
To those that with true zeale their faults confesse ;
But unto those in mischiefe dayly runnes,
He lets alone to taste what after comes.

Hope in the Lord, on him repose thy trust,
Serue him with feare, whose iudgements are most
iust;

Desire of him thy life so to direct,
That to thy soule he may have good respect.

Iniure no man, but love thine enemie,
Though to thy hurt, yet take it patiently,
And think the Lord, although he suffer long,
When time shall serve will soon revenge thy wrong.

Keefe thou no ranckor hidden in thine heart,
Remember well the word Christ did impart,
That is, forgive offences ouer-past,
As thou thyself wilt be forgiuen at last.

Lay not thy treasure up in hoarding sort,
But therewithall thy poore feed and comfort ;
If thou cold water giue in Christ his name,
Thrice double cold he will reward the same.

Misorder not thy selfe in any wise ;
In meat and drink let reason still suffice ;
Moderate thy mind and keefe thy selfe content,
So shalt thou praise the Lord omnipotent.

GOD'S BOUNTY ENLARGED.

From "Divine Meditations," Chap. XVIII.

OH that my Muse could on her nimblest wings
 Mount you aloft beyond the foggy aire,
 Past the reflection of all terrene things,
 And sublamate your soules to things more faire ;
 That, touching these terrestrial beauties, we
 Might rather heare thinke why, than what
 they be !

First, what a spacious and maiestick hall,
 Full of officious seruants for your vse,
 Hath Heauen ordained to entertaine you all ;
 Wherein, if any want, 'tis but th' abuse
 Of foul excesse, whose surfets wasts the store
 That might supply the needies' wants twice o'er.

With what a downie carpet hath he spread
 The flowerie earth to entertaine your feete,
 Where euery plant and flowre that shews his head
 Brings with it profit, wonder, and delight ;
 How many a pretty flie with spotted wing
 Vpon there slender stalke their canzons sing !

How many fruitfull champains feeding flocks,
 How many beautious forrests clad in greene,
 Where watery nimpes with soft embraces locks ;
 Such shady groues, as for true loue may seeme
 Fit chappels to the winged singers' layes,
 And burbling streames to chaunt true beau-
 tie's praise.

Yet more, he lodges in earth's secret vaines
Ten thousand things of farre more valued prise ;
And th' sea for pleasure and for vse conteines
The choisest beauties, richest smells and dies :
 Thus hath our Maker for touch, tast, and smell,
 For eye and eare, puruey'd compleatly well.
But man himselfe alone must feed the mind,
And contemplation onely cooks the dish :
What is it, then,—hath Heauen all these assigned
For our vse, to that end we should be his ?
 Then must we giue him one poor little part,
 The onely thing he craues—a thankfull heart.

GOD'S BENEFICENCE.

IF from a friend some trifle we receiue,
Some bracelet, gloues, or some such common
thing,
We think ourselues ungratefull if we leaue
These vnrequited ; and can we lesse bring
To Him, which giues us all that we possess,
Than the poore heart's true loue and thank-
fulness ?

How can his roiall bounties be exprest ?
The things ordained for ornament and vse ;
The various fare prepared to feast his guests,
Where each one for his appetite may choose.
 Oh, who can count the various kinds of crea-
 tures,
 Their wondrous shapes, their colours, and their
 features !

Ten thousand flocks that ore our heads still houers
Which daily seeme to bid us kill and eat ;

Ten thousand fruits, which time to vs discouers ;
Ten thousand plants, and rootes, and seeds for
meat ;
The sculles, oh Lord, of all the lakes and
fountaines,
The heards are thine upon ten thousand
mountaines.

Ten thousand creatures for delight assign'd ;
Ten thousand stones that precious vertues hold ;
Ten thousand flowers to recreate the mind ;
Ten thousand healthfull drugs, more worth than
gold ;
Ten thousand more then I can sum or count ;
Thy blessings, Lord, all tongues and wits
surmount.

And euery blessing is so double blest,
That they not only food for us containe,
But bounteous Nature locks within the least
Of these some helpe for our disease and paine :
One thing sometimes hath such varietie,
That many pretious vertues hidden lie.

For all which God requires but thankfulnes,
Though thanklesse we too often not agnize
The Author of these benefits of his,
But either Chance or Nature's gift them prize ;
For those that with these blessings most
abound
Are commonly the most ingratefull found.

TO EARTH.

EARTH, thou art a barren field
Of delight and true contending ;

All the pleasures thou dost yeeld
Give but cause of sad lamenting.

Where desires
Are the fires,
Still our soules tormenting.

Riches, honour, dignitie,
Are the highway to misfortune ;
Greatnesse is a lethargie
That to death can soon transport one.

To be faire
Causeth care,
Gifts chaste thoughts importune.

To be wittie, quick of tongue,
Sorrow to themselves returneth ;
To be healthfull, young, and strong,
Feeds the flames where passion burneth.
Yet doe men
Couet them
More than what adorneth.

To have friends and louers kind,
That vs round enuiron ;
Wife and children, though we find,
These be robes that best attire one ;
Yet their losse
Is a crosse,
Melting hearts of iron.

To be perfect here, and wise,
Is to know our indiscretions ;
And our goodnes chiefly lies
In observing our transgressions :
For we dwell
As in hell,
Thrall to bad impressions.

Then, alas ! why long we so
With lou'd sorrow still to languish ?
Is there ought on earth but woe,
Aye renewing cares and anguish ?
Where new feares
Still appeares,
Darts at vs to brandish.

XCII.

PATRICK HANAY.

SONNET.

O FATHER God ! who by thy word didst make
The azurd vault and all the host of heauen,
The hils, vales, plaines, fresh streams, and brinie
lake,
And vnto each inhabitants hast giuen :
O Word, which, for our sakes, did flesh become,
With sinners, to purge sinne, hadst habitation :
Crimeles accus'd, condemn'd, the crosse thy doome,
Sufferedst death, buriall, rose for our saluation :
O Holy Ghost, which doth from both proceed,
Sweet soule-inspiring spirit with peace and loue,
Comfort to all, cast down for sinfull deed,
Lessening their woes with hopes of heauen aboue :
O Trinall-One, one God and Persons Three,
Reform my waies, and draw me vnto thee.

XCIII.

RICHARD MILTON.

LINES,

From "London's Miseric, etc."

SUCH is the force of Death's fell conquering hand,
That none in this world can his power withstand.
'Tis not the power of a mighty king
Can serue to free him from Death's deadly sting,
Much less the title of a lord or knight
Can keepe their persons from this pale-fac't wight.
'Tis not the wisdome of a learned man—
No, there is neither arte nor wisedome can
Be forcible enough, with arte or will,
Eyther to stay Death's stroke, or him beguile.
Marke it, I pray you, how he makes men reele ;
His bow is iron sure, and his arrowes steele.
How many through his might doe daily dye,
How many likewise doe there sprawling lye,
How many also dead in fields are found,
And suddainly in streetes do fall to ground
Euen as they passe, and them before were well,
And felt but little paine vntill they fell.

XCIV.
ANONYMOUS.

LINES,

From "Catascopos."

I SEE good lawes for godlie vse deuised ;
The iust man's right, and rigor for offenses,
By filthy lucre masqued and disguised ;
Truth's but a sound to shadow foule pretenses ;
For pride, ambition, ire, and auarice,
Do dull, dimme, blanch, and blind the wisest eies.
I see how wars, the canker of estate,
Hel's image and al commonweales' downthrow,
Spring from the proud ambitious hart's debate,
Where rancor, spleene, and enuie overflow :
Not multitudes of men conquest atchieve ;
'Tis onely God that victorie doth giue.

XCV.

JOHN ABBOTT.

THE FORCE OF CONTRITION.

In the first age, when world did new begin,
With many raines thou didst drowne man and sin:
Againe vnto the watery flouds giue scope,
Againe the cataracts of heauen let ope.
We not of Abana and Pharpar dreame,
We must be curd'e in onely Iordan's stremme—
Blest stremme, which from thy mercies' head doth
rise,
And thence descending runneth through our eies.
Waters beginning from earthe's slimie vaines
Not able are to purifie our staines.
Such are those teares which from hel's feare do
grow,—
Such are those teares which from self-loue do flow.
The raine which this detested elfe must drowne
Must from aboue, must from high heauen come
downe :
Wherfore salt teares for sin send down apace—
O happie dying in such streames of grace !—
A sea of griefe in eu'ry place abound,
And in the waues let vgly sin be drown'd.
Each one of vs a sinner's title beares,—
Let vs be Magdalens in shedding teares :
Of Hesebon, large fish-pondes be our eyes ;
The waters wofull plaintes, the fish sad cries.

XCVI.

JOHN RHODES.

A SONG OF PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING TO
GOD FOR THE KING'S MAJESTY RAINGE.

WITH cheerefull voice we sing to thee,
O Lord, accept our melodie ;
For thou in mercy, as we see,
Hast delt with us most louingly,
In giuing vs a royll king,
Whose fame in all the world doth ring.
God save King James, and still pull downe
All those that would annoy his crowne.

In wisdome like to Solomon,
His grace doth sit in princely seate,
With sword of iustice in his hand,
And maintaines truth for small and great :
He doeth succeede our Hester, shee
Who neuer will forgotten bee.
God save King James, etc.

Like Constantine the emperour,
He dooth begin his royll raigne,
Whereat his foes are danted much,
And seekes to him for grace amaine.
Lord, make their peace to bee in thee,
And then thrice happy shall we be.
God save King James, etc.

The Gospell pure he dooth maintaine,
Among vs preached as before :
Blind ignorance it shall not raigne,
As some did hope and threaten sore.

Our realm God hath established,
And former feares from vs are fled.

God save King James, etc.

Lift vp your hearts to God on hie,
And sing with one consent of minde
Laude and prayse to the Trinity,
For our good king that is so kinde.

Let vs reioyce in God alway
That we have seene this happie day.

God save King James, etc.

All countries ioyne with vs in loue,
To beat down Turke and Pope apace.
The king and counsel's acts approue ;
Let vertue now all vice deface.
Amidst all ioyes prepare to dye,
That we may liue eternally.

God save King James, etc.

XCVII.

ANONYMOUS.

THE MIRACLES OF OUR SAVIOUR.

AN angel's trumpe from heauen proclaim'd his name
IESUS, who came lost Adam's impes to sauе ;
Whose wondrous actes deserues eternall fame :
He Lazarus reuiued from the graue,
Whose stincking coarse, and rotten carkas colde,
Four daies and nights was couered in the molde.

What shall I speake of other dead, reuiued ?
Or make rehearsell of such obiects sere,
Of blind and lame, of sence and sight depriued ?
He made the dumbe to speake and deafe to heare ;
He fowle infected soules from sinne did cure,
And vgly vller'd leapers clensed pure.

When waltring waues and windes would ouerthrow
The shaking ships amid the seas ytost,
He caus'd the sturdie stormes to stoope below,
And saued ships and men like to be lost :
He made the lame in leaping beare his bed,
And with fие loaves, two fish, fие thousand fed.

He water euen conuerted into wine ;
He daunted deuills, and furies put to flight ;
He for thy sake did let them strangle swine ;
He taught all sorts of men to follow light.
His workes within no leaues can be enrol'd ;
The ample world his wonders cannot hould.

XCVIII.
THOMAS COLLINS.

MERCY.

DAVID did mercy craue, and nothing more,
In all his troubles and aduersities ;
'Cause mercy paies sins' debt, and cleares the score,
Leauing no sign of our iniquities,
To feare our soules or to offend our eyes.
Wherfore, with him, I will for mercy craue,
That of my sins I may remission haue.

Mercy's the sum and substance of my sute ;
Mercy's the marke at which I aime by prayer ;
Mercy's soule's manna, heauen's sacred fruit ;
Mercy's the idea of the onely faire ;
Mercy's God's seat, his hie and only chaire ;
Mercy's the loadstone, that to life doth drawe ;
Mercy's the gospell, that fulfills the lawe.

Mercy's the obiect of the angells' loue ;
Mercy's the arke doth in sin's deluge sauе ;
Mercy's the martir's oylie-bringing doue ;
Mercy's the means that men saluation haue ;
Mercy's the most good that a man can craue ;
Mercy's the sauue that cures sin's vgly sores ;
Mercy's the porter of heauen's pretious dores.

Mercy mou'd Christ to come, and die for men ;
Mercy moues man to deeds of charitie ;
Mercy may sauе me, sinfull publican ;
Mercy the saints pray for continually ;
Mercy doth pardon man's iniquitie ;
Mercy's most royll, bred and borne in heauen ;
Mercy's God's gift, the best that ere was giuen.

XCIX.
TRISTRAM WHITE.

SAPPHICKS.

Nonne subiecta erit anima mea Deo.

O MY deare-bought soule, to thy God Creator
No rebell be thou ; for, alas, too feeble
Is thy fraile temper set against his wil's force.

Thunder obeys him.

Humble vnto his pleasure all thy spirits ;
Wings are weak organs to auoid his eye-sight—
Earth, sea, and heauen's selfe are within that orbe's
space,

Hee's so beyond place.

Downe, high heart—downe then, whether shall he
adiure,
And see thou welcome what hee throwes vpon thee ;
Hang on his precepts, liue a life well order'd,
And fly no thunder.

Here's thy clay-frame,—God, doe with it thy plea-
sure ;

Here's thine owne semblant by my sinnes abused ;
Here's thy deare Sonne's price : O, be good, my
soule cryes,

And be thou gracious.

Downe, high heart—downe then, whether shall he
adiure,
And see thou welcome what hee throwes vpon thee ;
Hang on his precepts, liue a life well order'd,
And fly no thunder.

O, my deare-bought soule, to thy God Redeemer
Simply be subiect ; for, alas, without him
Dwels nothing hopeful : then, O soule, to him still
Simply be subiect.

C.

HENRY RAYMONDE.

AN ODE.

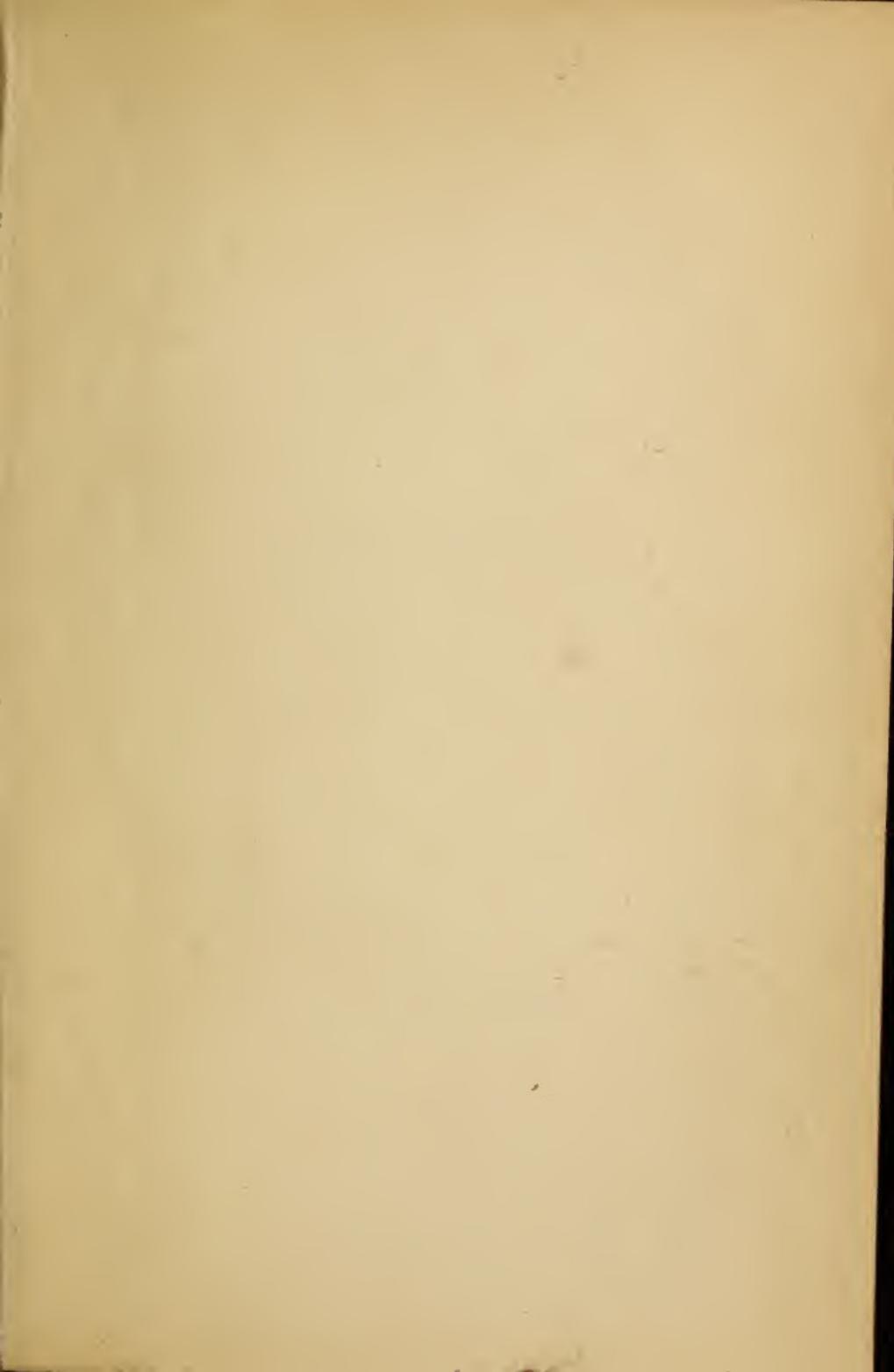
WITH prouidence reflect thy looke
Into thy liue's accounting booke ;
And thou shalt see how time destroyes
Thy youth, thy friends, thy foolish ioyes :
Which pleasures, mocking all desires,
Shew them but seruants vnto liers.
And looke on this with eies of minde,
With which men see when they are blinde.
None euer had such ioy a day,
That from them did not slide away ;
For that soone turneth into was¹
Which sprung of late as tender grasse.
With ioy let none himselfe deceiue,
For euery lust will take his leauue.
Rich miserie is great men's share,
Pompous distresse and glittering care,
With which they toile as troubles lent,
Till death exact of them their rent.
Still in thy pleasure beare in minde
That sorrow is not far behinde.
Rivers present our image plaine,
Which passing neuer turne againe.
Such is this world when it is best,
That each degree finds little rest :
He that is highest in his pride,
His fortune changeth as the tide.

¹ Waste.

All signifies a fading flower,
Rust, time, and wormes, will all devoure.
Life, ioy, and euery pleasant weede,
Scarce hangeth by a slender threede.
To all, this period fate doth doome,
That all must vnto nothing come.
As child in nurse's arms, by Death
Included, here we draw our breath,
Where all our solace is vnstable,
Our death vnknown, ineuitable:
Which none by strength alleuiate may,
Riches, or birth, or other way ;
And earth is promiser of rest,
Which is not as it seem'd possesst.
None have contentment at their call,
And smalest sweet abounds in gall.
When we think surest for to stand,
Then greatest slidings are at hand :
One danger seldome comes alone,
But moe proceed ere that be gone.
The castels which repulse a foe
Cannot demand a man from woe ;
Wherfore old Solon did commend
To call none happy till their end ;
And Dyon gaue this sentence rare,
“ The shorter life, the lesser care.”
From birth to prison we ascend
On earth, as stage to take our end.
And here a life enui'd we haue,
And no true rest vntill our graue.
Wherfore, fooles' heauen, but wise men's hell,
Vaine earth, I bid thy ioyes farewell.

THE END.

Calloway
Nov 1917
2nd



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